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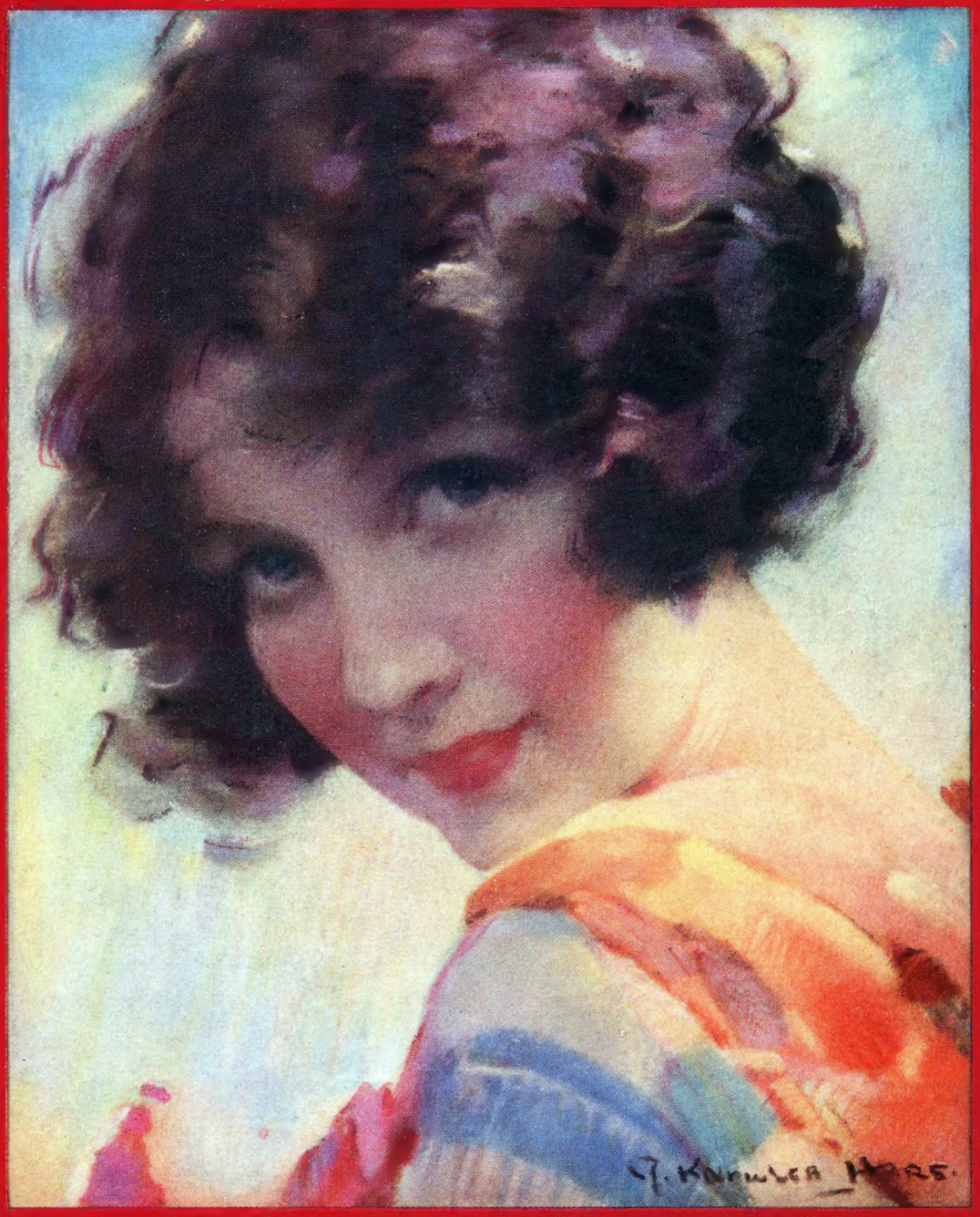

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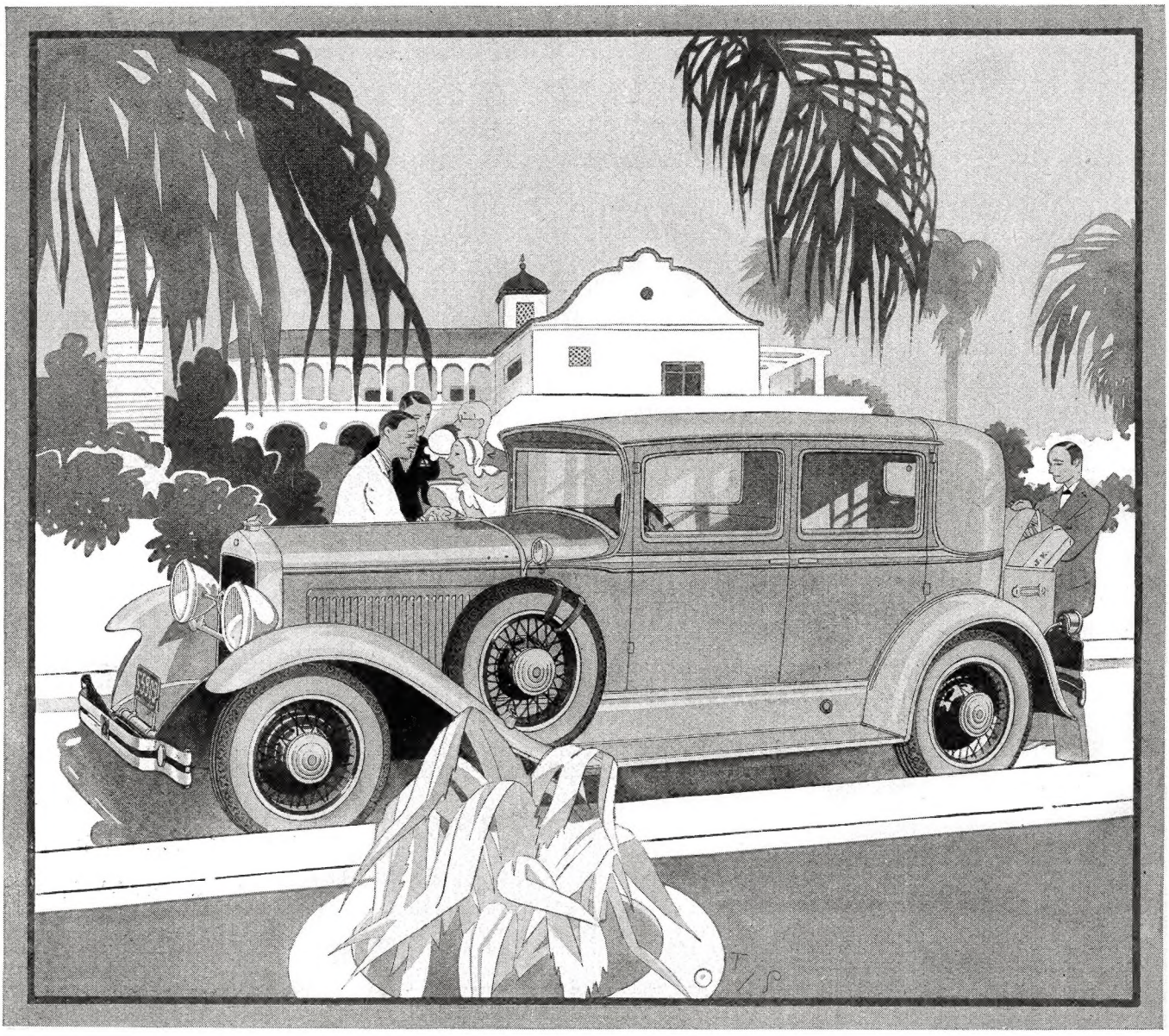

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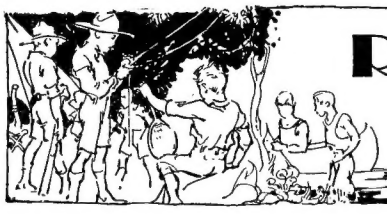

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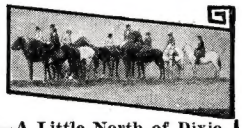

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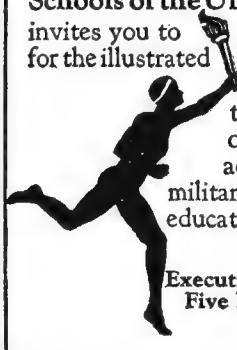

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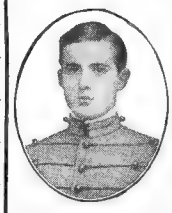

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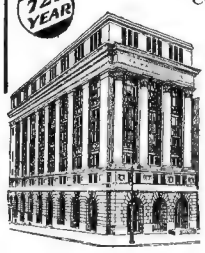

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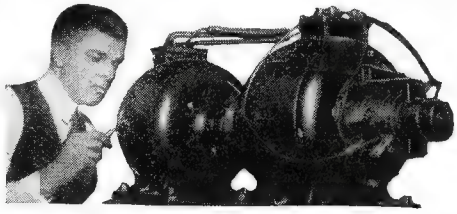

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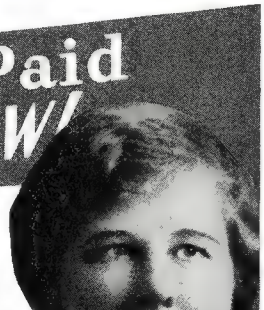

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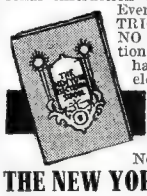

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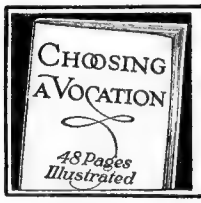

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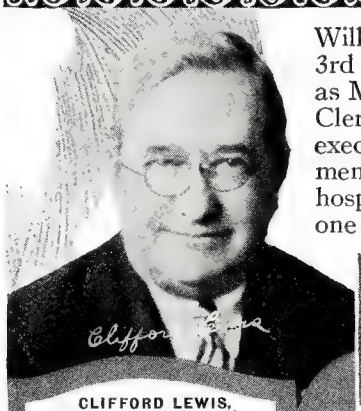

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French *is as Easy as this:*

parlez ..... **par-lay**
(speak)

bouquet ..... **boo-kay**
(a bunch of flowers)

beaucoup ..... **bow-koo**
(much, many)

mais oui ..... **may we**
(but, yes)

The few words appearing above illustrate the simple Hugo key to pronunciation. It is impossible to mispronounce a French word if that key is followed. And every other phase of Hugo's FRENCH-AT-SIGHT is just as clearly and plainly marked, just as easy to master.

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She that is Loved

"But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in Heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

Who lives—what maiden or what great lady of renown—more surely than Annabel Lee?

We know of her only that which Poe, the poet, wrote of her upon half a page; but two lines are enough to insure her immortality:

"And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me."

For men of greatest mind and soul, Goethe, the supreme genius, has spoken: "One of heaven's best gifts, it is, to hold such a dear creature in one's arms."

And Victor Hugo: "The greatest happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved."

For women of high fame, George Eliot speaks: "Man may content himself with the applause of the world and the homage paid to his intellect, but the woman's heart has holier idols."

Declared Madame de Staël: "Love is the emblem of eternity; it confounds all notion of time; effaces all memory of a beginning, all fear of an end."

Is it altered in any way today? Who puts before it fame? Or wealth? Or power and position?

Who may win more than Annabel Lee?

"For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

Others may taste the triumphs which time dims or destroys. It is she that is loved who is safe.

Decoration by José Segrelles

by
Arthur D.
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Illustrated
by
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Women America Remembers—

THE woman who made the greatest social success in this country was neither pretty nor witty nor distinguished by any especial taste in dress—Dolly Madison, who was mistress of the White House for sixteen years, and played an important rôle in political society before and after this term of supreme power.

"A fine, portly, buxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody," reported Washington Irving. And Henry Clay was diverted to see her produce a large bandanna when she took snuff in the interim of a reception. "This is for rough work," she told him, laughing. And touching the tiny fragment of lace protruding from her corsage: "This is my polisher."

Her Quaker father, John Payne, became dissatisfied with the general atmosphere of Virginia after the Revolution, and freed his slaves, sold his plantation and removed to Philadelphia. There his favorite daughter Dolly dutifully assented to a marriage arranged by her parents with a worthy young member of the Society of Friends, John Todd. This was in 1790; and although there could not have been any passion on either side, they got along very well together until the terrible yellow fever epidemic of 1793 carried off John Todd and the youngest of the two sons born to them. Dolly was left a widow at twenty-five.

John Payne had died too; Dolly's mother was conducting a select boarding-house, which was patronized by the members of Congress who

Second in a series of intimate portraits of women famous for personality, beauty, wit or audacity, or because of the tragedy left in their train.

II. Dolly Madison

He came, a small, pale-faced, scholarly-looking man with fair hair receding from his brow, whose retiring manner and plain black clothes made him seem older than his forty-three years. And he fell in love with Dolly that evening. Naturally, Dolly was flattered. What woman wouldn't have been? Madison was one of the truly eminent statesmen produced by the Revolution, wealthy, a Virginia aristocrat, a very different sort of person from plodding John Todd, who was already become a shade in her memory. So she said yes, and was married on September 15, 1794, less than a year after John Todd's death. Everyone thought she did quite the right thing.

thronged Philadelphia after the seat of government was removed from New York. Dolly, with a year-old baby, went to live with her mother.

One of Mrs. Payne's steadiest patrons was Senator Aaron Burr of New York, who had a cynical fondness for meddling in other people's lives. It struck Burr that it would be amusing to bring Dolly into contact with his friend Representative Madison of Virginia, who had become a misogynist since his jilting by a sixteen-year-old minx ten years before. So Burr made a point of talking to Madison about Dolly, with such effect that after Madison chanced to see her in the street one day, Dolly was able to write her sister with girlish satisfaction: "Aaron Burr says that the great little Madison has asked to be brought to me this evening."

It was Jefferson's accession to the Presidency which brought the Madisons prominently into public life. They came to the new capital which was just rising from the marshes on the shores of the Potomac, Madison as Secretary of State and right-hand man of the President, Dolly as mistress of the President's palace, since Jefferson's wife was dead and both his daughters were too absorbed with the problems of maternity—and perhaps too mistrustful of their father's casual habits—to be interested in presiding at the Presidential board. But Dolly loved

The brilliant American victories over the reputedly in-

the business of giving dinners and arranging receptions and making calls; and in her tactful, light-hearted way she saw to it that the President's refusal to tolerate anything approaching a ritual of etiquette offended as few people as possible.

She was called "Queen Dolly" now. Again, as in Philadelphia, she was friendly with the people on both sides of the fence; no matter how a man thought or voted, she was as jolly and considerate with his wife as she was with the wives of her husband's cronies. The extraordinary thing about her was that she could have been so popular, and yet have managed to avoid committing herself upon any controversial question. She never talked politics. She said frankly that she wasn't interested in "other people's business." And friendly as she was with Mrs. Hamilton, then and in after-years, she was never known to express an opinion on the circumstances of Hamilton's tragic death. She had learned, and without difficulty, as she herself also said, "to hold her tongue well"—which, after all, is another way of saying that she was a good politician.

When Madison succeeded Jefferson in 1809, she saw to it that the pomp of the Federalist era was restored. Cannon boomed a salute as the oath was administered, and an escort of troops conducted the new President back to the Palace, as the building later known as the White House was still called. That evening four hundred guests attended the first Inaugural Ball, which seems to have been enjoyed by everyone present except John Quincy Adams, who complained in his diary that "the crowd was excessive, the heat oppressive and the entertainment bad."

Whatever of the Quaker had been left in Dolly oozed out in the following eight years. She had a gorgeous time, and she saw to it that everyone she met had a gorgeous time too, the young and gawky and inexperienced as much as those whose help or enmity must be figured upon. She did so well, in fact, that although Madison, proceeding logically in the path of Jefferson's policies, hamstrung the country's maritime trade and got himself into a disastrous war, he was renominated and reëlected.

She had her great moments too, when the brilliant American victories over the reputedly invincible British ships offset the defeats suffered on land —as when Lieutenant Hamilton strode into the Assembly Room at Tomlinson's Hotel, in the midst of the naval ball given to celebrate the taking of the *Alert* and the *Guerrière,* and bending his knee before her, proffered the shot-torn flag of the frigate *Macedonian.* But against that should be contrasted the hysterical fears of the last week of August, 1814, when the British column under Admiral Cockburn brushed aside the paltry resistance of the American militia at Bladensburg, and captured Washington itself—as inglorious an episode as there is in American history!

Dolly, scanning the horizon from an upper window all day, received word late in the afternoon of the rout, and had to flee with such valuables as she and the servants hastily scrambled together: the official plate, the Cabinet papers, her jewels and the portrait of Washington, which she had torn from its frame in the Red Room. Stopping at a tavern in Virginia

vincible British ships offset the defeats suffered on land

for the night, she had the unpleasant experience of being expelled by the proprietress as soon as she was recognized: "Mis' Madison! Mis' Madison! You come downstairs, and git out. Your husband has got mine out fightin', and damn you, you aint agoin' to stay in my house."

The Washington to which she presently returned was a wreck, the President's Palace, the unfinished Capitol and other public buildings ruined by the fires the invaders had set. The Madisons had to live in temporary quarters for the remainder of their second term, and they were more pleased than anyone else to hear the British tide of conquest had been checked at New Orleans. But nine days later, on February 13, 1815, they were still more pleased to receive news of the signing of peace. It was Dolly who was sorry when that second term ended; Madison was as weary of office as any man who has been responsible for eight years of executive authority. And say this for Dolly: she went home with him to Montpelier, cheerful and uncomplaining, and for the next twenty years devoted herself to making him comfortable, conducting the affairs of the plantation, caring for his aged mother, reading to him after his eyes failed.

But when that chapter was finished, she set off for Washington again, intent on fresh schemes of conquest. She was sixty-eight, and her zest for life was as ardent as ever. With her niece Anna Payne, she settled in a little house on what is now Lafayette Square, across the way from the building which was occasionally being referred to as the White House because of the coat of paint which had been slapped on to cover up the havoc wrought by Cockburn's sailors. And people flocked to see her. She was as popular as she had ever been; and no affair of moment, whether official or private, was considered complete unless her stout figure was on hand, elaborately garbed in an antique swathing of black velvet and capped by the inevitable turban. Andrew Jackson, mindful of the reception she had given him as a conquering hero after New Orleans, honored her in the concluding years of his administration. Van Buren delighted to single her out as a direct link with the departed generation of Revolutionary statesmen. Tyler, a Virginian and a young friend of Madison, carried on the tradition. After the Presidents' receptions on New Year's Day, the first house people called at was hers. And when she knew poverty, as a result of the extravagance of a scapegrace son by her first husband, Daniel Webster saw to it that her larder was filled, and Congress purchased Madison's reports and letters for sums which kept her in reasonable comfort.

Hers was a happier old age than most people know. One evening in February, 1849, President Polk entered in his diary a description of the last levee he held: "It was what would be called in the society of Washington a very fashionable levee. Foreign ministers, their families and suites; judges, members of both Houses of Congress, and many citizens and strangers were of the company present. Towards the close of the evening I passed through the crowded rooms with the venerable Mrs. Madison on my arm." .... Five months afterward she died, as peacefully and tactfully as she had lived.

This Abides

By ANGELO PATRI

Decoration by Franklin Booth

IT is well, in these days of swift bewildering change and motion, to know that nothing truly beautiful ever passes out of our lives. What measure of beauty we receive we hold in spite of time, in defiance of distance and separation.

The lilacs that grew in the dooryard cast their perfumed spell over your soul as you played in their shade. All their exquisite beauty has come with you through the years. The color, the sweet breath of them, the inner joy they brought your careless spirit, will remain within you forever and a day.

The friend whose handclasp soothed your sorrow, whose smile lighted your dark hour, whose thoughtful silences and gay laughter brought sweet content and richer meanings to your life, has never left you. Though time and distance lie like a desert between you, the friend is still near. Having once entered your heart and called you by your name, he abides there always.

The children who played at your feet, who cried out their hurt on your loving breast, whose first wavering footsteps you strengthened and sustained, have not left you desolate. Though they scour the seven seas and go out to the uttermost parts of the earth, they abide with you, ever a part of you.

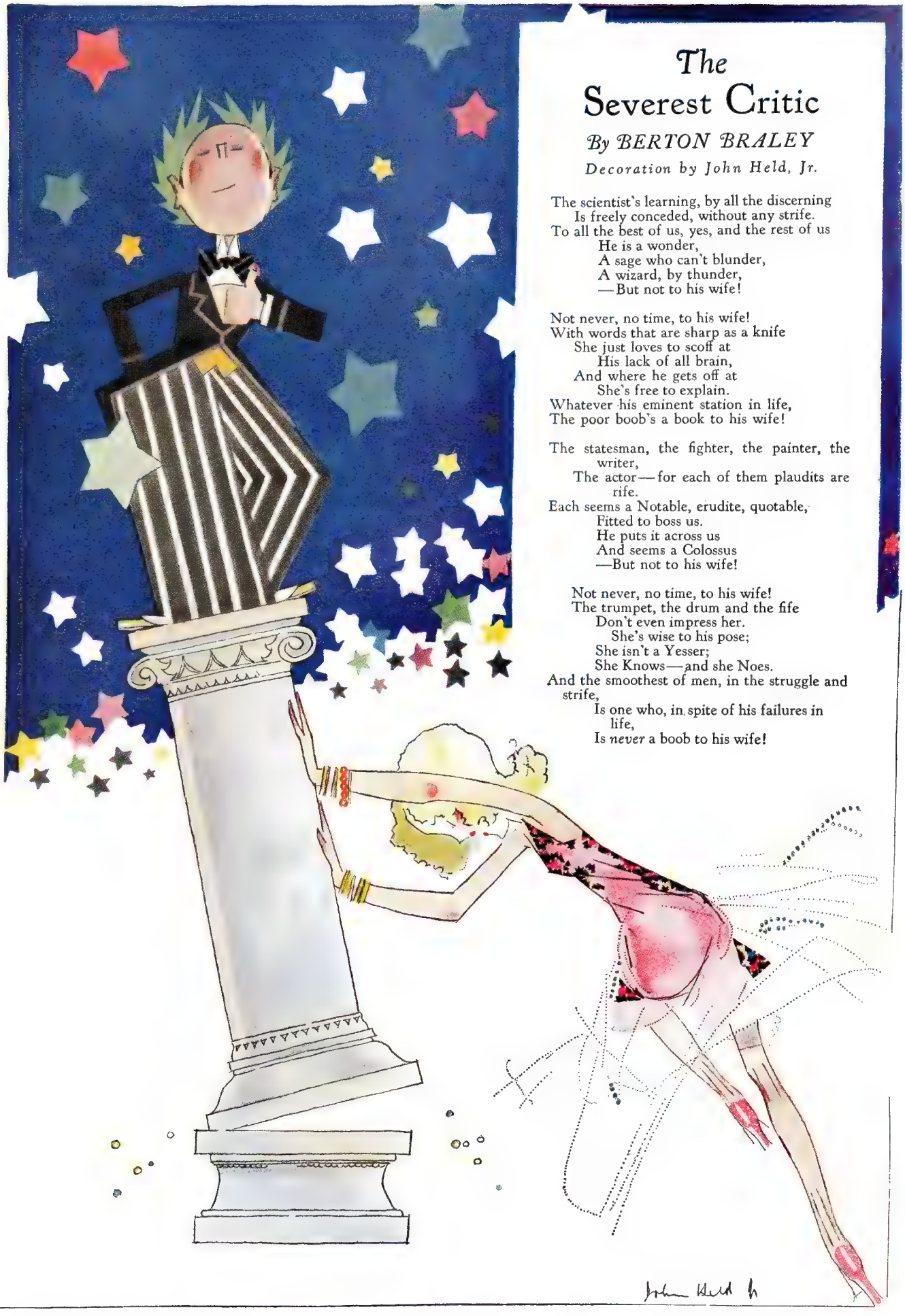
Love, the mysterious mother of all beauty, does not dwell in the physical presence of people and things. Eternal, intangible, serene in infinite power, love sweeps through every medium that matter can impose, surmounts every height, sounds every depth, knows not fear nor failure. Triumphantly it completes its perfect work and knits soul to soul in inseparable unity.

True, the old landmarks are passing. The peaceful shade of the village street gives way to the hard white light of this new day. Friendly old houses that welcomed us with dignity and calm make way for towers of steel and concrete. Much that we cherished goes down before the march of the machine. Life is swifter, louder, harder. Neighbors and children and friends, family and home itself, seem to mingle and dissolve, leaving us bereft and alone.

It is not and cannot be true. All we ever held we hold. All that we ever loved we are. Each is part of the other, and where one travels all abide. The absent child is no farther away than the length of a battered little shoe. His voice speaks in every corner, and his dreams and visions people your world.

When family and friends, bent upon the business of living, go far, they go on the strength your love has woven into their souls. All the tender services, every healing touch and every gentle word, every trill of laughter, every tear, shared between you, has bound each to each with ties eternal.

The abiding quality that merges you with yours is love—dream stuff, if you wish, but oh, so real, so close, so satisfying.



The Severest Critic

By BERTON BRALEY

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

The scientist's learning, by all the discerning
Is freely conceded, without any strife.
To all the best of us, yes, and the rest of us
He is a wonder,
A sage who can't blunder,
A wizard, by thunder,
—But not to his wife!

Not never, no time, to his wife!
With words that are sharp as a knife
She just loves to scoff at
His lack of all brain,
And where he gets off at
She's free to explain.
Whatever his eminent station in life,
The poor boob's a book to his wife!

The statesman, the fighter, the painter, the writer,
The actor—for each of them plaudits are rife.
Each seems a Notable, erudite, quotable,
Fitted to boss us.
He puts it across us
And seems a Colossus
—But not to his wife!

Not never, no time, to his wife!
The trumpet, the drum and the fife
Don't even impress her.
She's wise to his pose;
She isn't a Yesser;
She Knows—and she Noes.
And the smoothest of men, in the struggle and strife,
Is one who, in spite of his failures in life,
Is *never* a boob to his wife!

"Use no soap except Palmolive"

says NIRAUS, of Madrid

Known throughout Spain as one of the foremost specialists on care of the skin

"All my clients are asked to use no soap except Palmolive. The pure palm and olive oils of which it is made give the skin deep, thorough cleansing. Daily cleansings with Palmolive have a tonic and rejuvenating effect on the skin."

Niraus

MADRID

Niraus' reputation extends throughout Spain. His salon is one of the handsomest in the South of Europe and his smart clientele includes many royal personages.

"THE basis of all complexion care is, or should be, to cleanse the skin thoroughly twice a day, using soap and water." That is the opinion of Niraus, well known beauty specialist of Madrid, Spain.

But Niraus warns against the use of ordinary soaps. He realizes that some soaps have a tendency to irritate the skin—bringing coarse pores, causing the texture to lose its smooth loveliness. For that reason he specifies one soap and one only—Palmolive. Like most modern beauty experts, Niraus believes in the use of vegetable oils in facial soap. These cosmetic oils are so bland, so gentle on the skin, that 18,012 beauty specialists, all over the world, advise the daily use of Palmolive.

An assistant giving a facial treatment in the salon of Madame Elin Dahlstrand of Stockholm, who finds that "Palmolive Soap lather revives and strengthens the tissues."

"No soap but Palmolive"

"All my clients are asked to use no soap except Palmolive," says Niraus. "The pure palm and olive oils of which it is made give the skin the deep, thorough cleansing that is required in order to rid the pores of all accumulations."

Niraus is a skin specialist of wide experience and enviable reputation. He advocates this simple daily treatment, to be used morning and night: massage a fine creamy lather of Palmolive Soap gently into the skin, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Rinse, with warm water, then with cold. And you're ready for rouge and powder!

Use Palmolive every day. Consult your beauty specialist regularly. And remember—a clean skin is absolutely necessary in order to get best results from special beauty care. Palmolive is made entirely of palm and olive oils. These oils—and nothing else—give it nature's fresh green color. And these oils make it the perfect skin cleanser and beautifier.

One week's use will show you why millions use it for bath as well as face.

5075

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Redbook

FEBRUARY 1930

EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*
DONALD KENNICOTT, *Associate*

VOLUME LIV
NUMBER 4

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

What It's All About

BY BRUCE BARTON

I RECALL two conversations which somehow seem to typify this extraordinary year:

The first was at a business dinner in the home of a wealthy man. Our host was in high spirits.

"Why worry about business?" he chuckled. "I'll give you a better formula. Let the Star Dust Twins do your work."

We look at him inquiringly.

"I had a luncheon appointment yesterday," he explained. "The other man was late, so I called up my broker to ask about the market. He said they were giving Star Dust a ride.

"'Star Dust?' I answered. 'Never heard of it.'

"He assured me it was all right and that he had put me down for two thousand shares.

"I give you my word I never knew until yesterday that there was such a stock," he concluded. "But I notice by today's paper that I have made ten thousand dollars in it."

The other conversation was also with a wealthy man. He was mentally restless.

"I used to think that if I could ever accumulate a million dollars, I'd be perfectly happy," he told me. "Well, I've got considerably more than a million. I own a fine house. I have three automobiles, and a lot of servants, and everything.

"Sounds silly, but sometimes I think my wife and I had more fun when I was getting fifty dollars a week, and we lived with our kids in a six-room flat. What's the object of the game, anyway, if it doesn't make you happier to win? What's it all about?"

I do not know how it may be with you, but I feel better than I have for some time. It's a thrill to have a job you have to lick instead of a job that runs itself; a relief to hear men talk about their work again, instead of about the market.

Perhaps sometime in the far future humanity will be so perfect that it can stand uninterrupted prosperity without growing soft. I do not think it has reached that point yet. I know that I have not.

At Christmas time we took our children up to our little place in the country. We skated, and did our own cooking, and washed our own dishes.

There came a telegram, and before I opened it I said to my wife: "This can't be important. The worst it can possibly tell us is that our apartment has burned down or that we have lost a little business.

"We are healthy, and we have the kids, and this place in the country, and our appetites, and the sun and the moon and the stars. Everything that is really important is right here around us.

"This—and hard work—are life. This is what it's all about."

The 1930 Valentine –

Sweet thoughts in a sweet form. Whitman's Chocolates are appreciated — a really *wanted* Valentine.

Send a Sampler to women who you wish to please — your mother—wife—sister (or *someone's* sister).

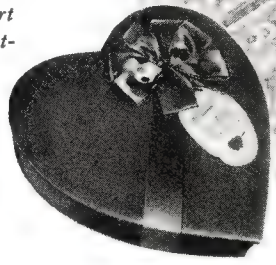
Whitman's Sampler as a Valentine is an example of 1930 good taste and good sense. America's favorite!

Whitman's CHOCOLATES

The Winsome Valentine

HEART BOXES

Most typical of Valentine is, of course, the red heart. Whitman's name assures you of quality—and the assortment is specially selected. Choose your heart boxes at your Whitman agency.



The SALMAGUNDI

A feminine favorite because of its charming appearance and delightful assortment. Then too, the metal box is so useful.
In one and two pounds.
$1.50 the pound

©S.F.W.&Son,Inc.

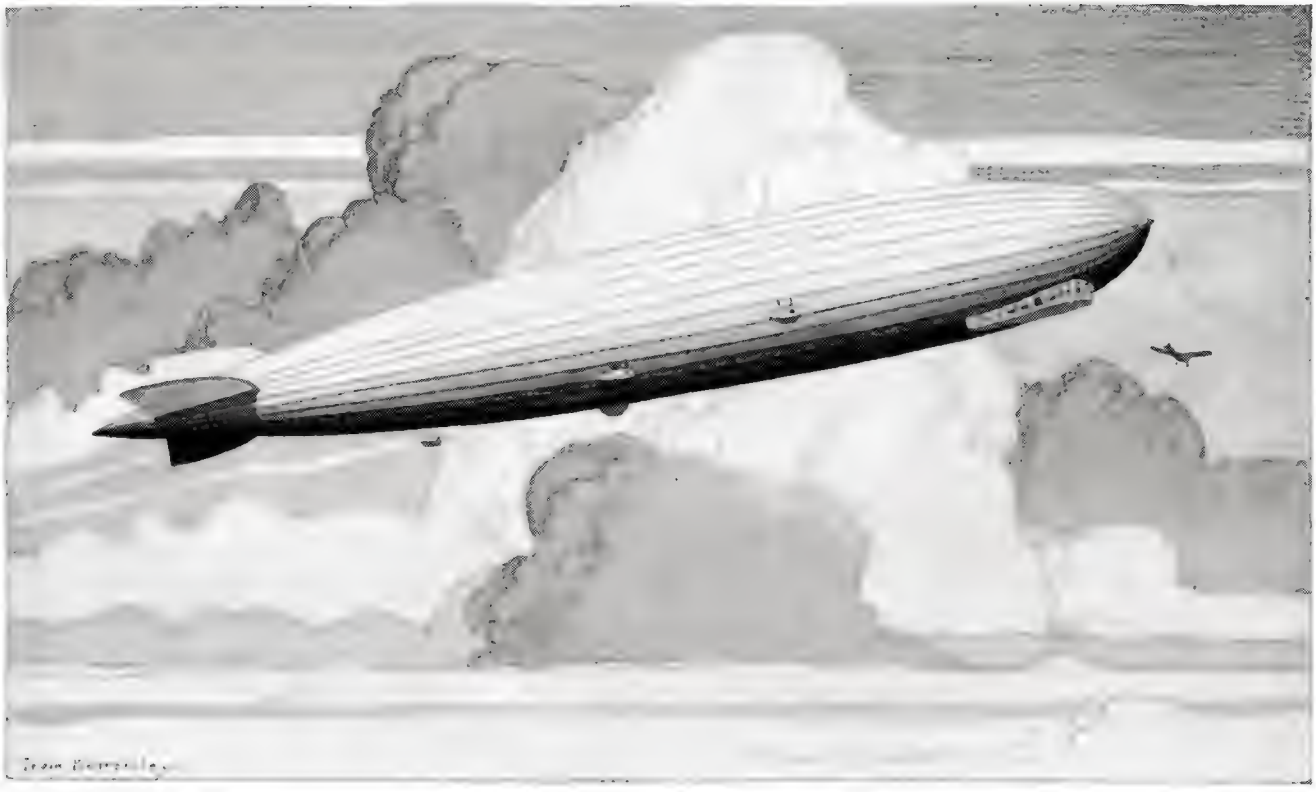
The PRESTIGE

The de luxe Valentine! With its useful box distinguished with heraldic design, the Prestige appeals to the eye, the taste, and the practical side of any woman. Each piece, of small Parisienne size with luscious costly centers, is made with infinite hand work.
In one, two and three pounds.
$2 the pound

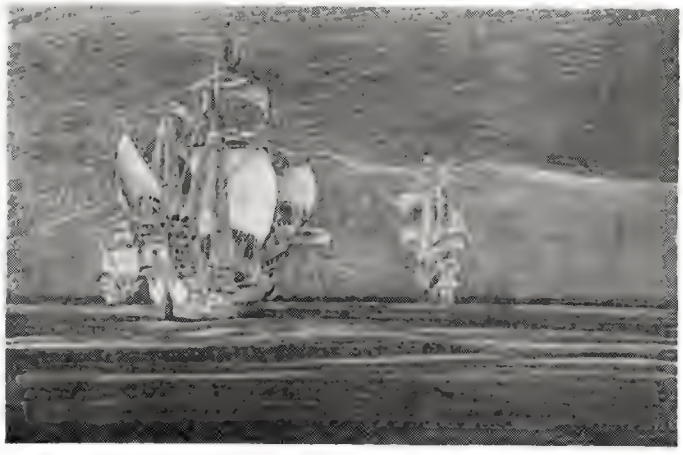
The SAMPLER

Each year more and more people send the Sampler as their Valentine. What more charming—more able to carry a sweet thought! And it is guaranteed a double welcome—for your thought and for itself. Send the Sampler and win a smile.
In one, two, three and five pounds.
$1.50 the pound

ANY WHITMAN AGENT WILL BE GLAD TO MAIL YOUR VALENTINE



Our Tremendous Day



THE news of great achievement may be quickly appreciated. It can come to you in radio flashes from the car of the *Graf Zeppelin* or from under the wings of Byrd's plane soaring over the last titanic pinnacles protecting the terrible plateau of the South Pole.

The effects of advance make a tale so much more tremendous that no news can tell it; no record of physical measurements can relate it. For the effects pass immediately into the most fascinating field of story-telling—into the lives of men and women and children who are changed forever by what has happened; and this whether they had anything to do with it or not, whether they wished it or not.

A few men, and one woman, concerned themselves in the Great Adventure of Columbus. The mass of the then "known" world was utterly ignorant; but this voyage swept, finally, from off the face of the new world, the native civilizations which had been developing here since the start of time; and it turned Europe about upon its very axis—faced Europe west toward the Atlantic instead of south toward the Mediterranean, swept England from the edge of things to the most favored position in the center.

This—not Elizabeth—brought about the great literature of the Elizabethan Age. This made possible Shakespeare. No matter if he concerns himself only in a lesser way with America; it was the stir that followed the finding of the new world which made the mind of the great age of English letters.

We are living on the entering edge of a similar and almost surely a greater age of American letters; for as it took a hundred and fifty years for the effect of Columbus to recreate England, it has required four hundred to carry the fuller effects to the hemisphere then discovered, and to raise the United States to the place to which England was elevated long ago.

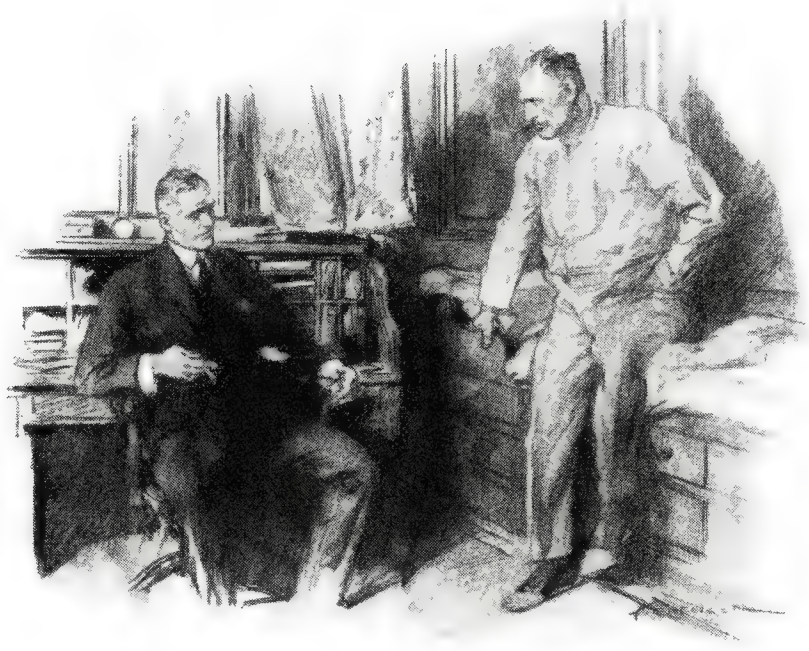
And we pass to leadership in world affairs at a time when, also, the personal and intimate life of each of us is being changed as never before—one of those times noted and described by the historian George Burton Adams: "The old feelings and judgments and desires no longer existed in their relative strength. New interests had arisen which men had not known before, but which now seemed of . . . . supreme and immediate importance."

Such new judgments and desires, with their altered sense of values, enter the life of each one of us and make us over. The story of the transformation they are working in us is the most vital and fascinating tale which can be told today.

This, REDBOOK represents to you in the best work of writers who are alive to what is going on about us and within us.

Some feel the force of these new influences chiefly from their romantic aspects; and, indeed, what day surpasses ours in splendid audacity, daring and self-sacrifice? Other authors feel chiefly the power of those more intimate alterations which may be represented adequately only by the methods of realism. Both sorts of stories REDBOOK will bring to you.

No one can possibly encompass, in one mind or in one method, the tale of our day. It is so tremendous, indeed, that no one can hope to relate more than a tiny part; but as each month by month gives you what he or she finds and feels, altogether they will give greatly; and theirs are the stories significant of our time.



"What makes you think the criminal is on board this ship?"

The MURDERS ON THE SHIP

The story of events that startled the little cut-off world of a ship at sea. A new, great case of Lieutenant Valcour, told by the author of "Murder by the Clock"

by Rufus King

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger

Lat. 32° 50′ north
Long. 64° 49′ west

MR. GANS, the wireless man, was dead. His body, looking tired and flat, sprawled on the boat-deck close by the entrance to Captain Sohme's quarters. There were bruises upon a neck that had always been thin and ineffective. Some one had closed his fingers about the throat and kept them there until the lungs no longer functioned. His heart had stopped beating. Mr. Gans had given up what must have been (judging from his slight physique) a feeble sort of struggle, and he had died. . . . .

Up to the moment on their first night out when the elder Miss Sidderby had happened upon Mr. Gans' tired, flat body, it had been the start of what had promised to be an extremely pleasant voyage. There were unusual things about it, unusual even for the sea, so many of whose pathways journey toward the strange.

Mrs. Poole, of course, was the focal point. The elder of the Misses Sidderby (she was always referred to by the one who accompanied her as "Margaret, my elder sister") was very adept at making people out; but so far, she had failed completely in her effort to make out Mrs. Poole.

The whole business was such nonsense—about Mrs. Poole, that is, with her wardrobe, her jewels, her husband, her maid, and her dataless past, being on board at all. It wasn't the type ménage you find on the passenger-list of a cheap little passenger-carrying freighter—ever; and yet, there it was. If nothing else beyond the mere business of Mrs. Poole and her expensive belongings (the husband looked the least expensive of all of them) being there had happened during the *Eastern Bay's* tragic and uncompleted passage from Bermuda to Halifax, the voyage would have been memorable.

No one, it seemed, had seen Mrs. Poole embark when they had sailed from Hamilton; the husband—yes; the flat-featured, big-boned Nordic maid—yes; and the numberless pieces of plain, unlabeled, expensive luggage had certainly all been seen—but Mrs. Poole, no.

Miss Sidderby did have a faint recollection of a shadow done in cool lilac-colored linen passing somewhere along the deck during the momentary excitement up forward when there had been trouble with one of the cranes, and a crate of cargo had crashed down into the hold. Perhaps then—not that it mattered, really: except just as any triviality, magnified by the circumscribing plates of a vessel, mattered.

It was not until luncheon, after the hot sun-baked wharves and the impudent greens of Bermuda had misted into a memory on the lip of the clean, singing sea, that Mrs. Poole had appeared.

The elder Miss Sidderby, who capitalized her age inasmuch as her sister insisted on exploiting it, was seated at Captain Sohme's right. As on all of the ships belonging to the Mercantile Transport line, there was a single oblong table in the diminutive dining-saloon, seating twelve people, and the several captains of the Company were in the habit of gracing the head. This was not from any personal desire to mingle with the odd lots of humanity who selected their boats as an inexpensive means for travel, but because

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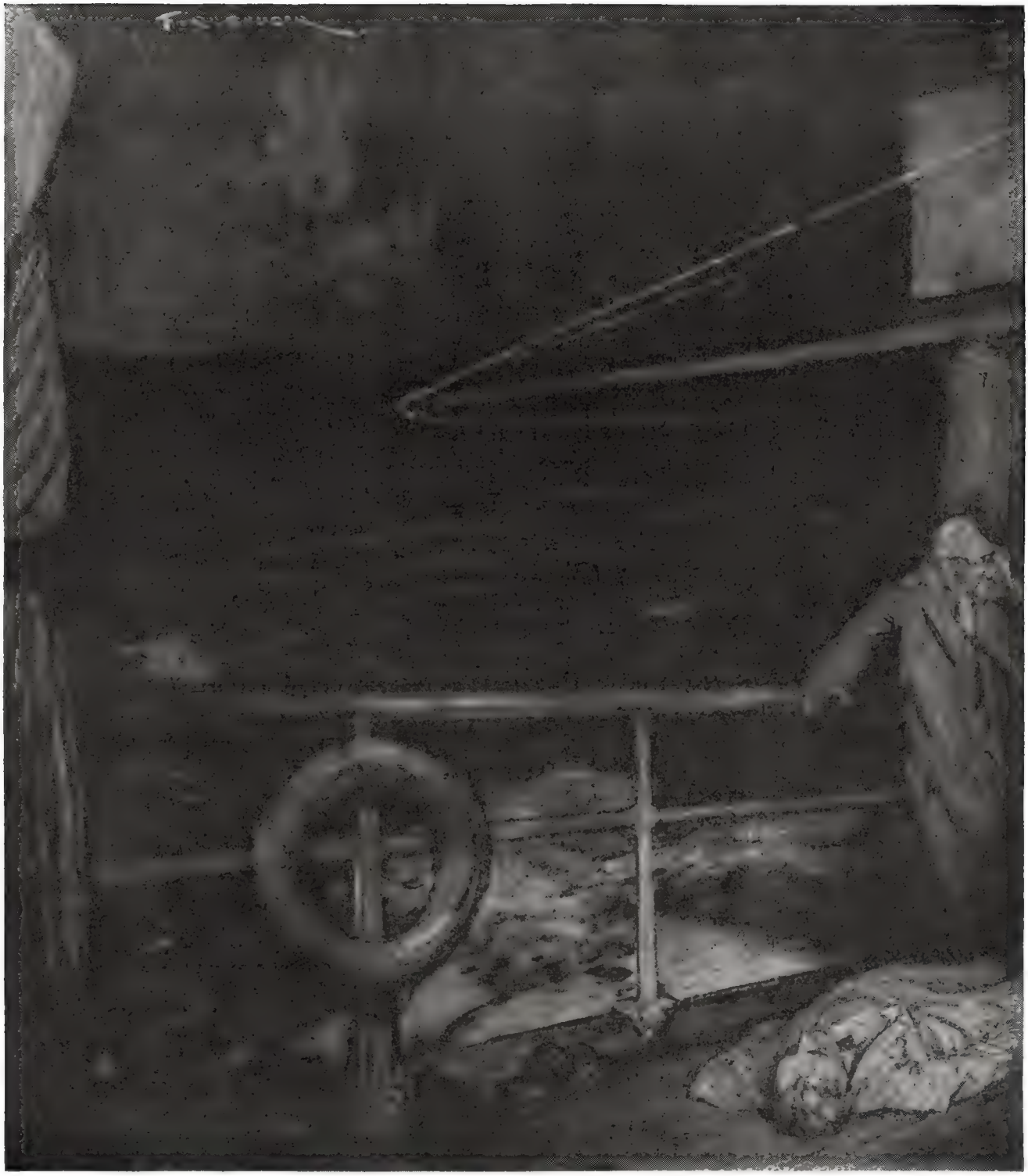
"Yes, Mrs. Poole. The man who was killed in New York was your first husband."



She felt herself being lifted to her feet. "What a dreadful thing

they were ordered to do so by the Company. It gave, the Company claimed, a touch of distinction that was good for business.

Miss Sidderby considered the arrangement excellent. She had a neurotic passion for white drill and brass buttons, the face that surmounted them or the body that filled them being of negligible consequence. She was agreeably pleased.

Captain Sohme, on the other hand, was not. It wasn't Miss Sidderby who annoyed him. He was used to any God's quantity of Miss Sidderbys, and could handle them quite capably while thinking of all sorts of other and pleasanter things—it was what he referred to as the whole sweltering arrangement that annoyed him. He would ever so much rather have been forward in the officers' mess, in his shirtsleeves, and eating again (as he had in those happier, earlier, freer days before the Company had converted its ships' waste spaces into cabins for passengers) all the pickles he wanted, without the astonished comment which the act invariably provoked from equally astonished Miss Sidderbys—and was it a good preventative for seasickness?

"But of course,"—Miss Sidderby had just reached that point,—"you eat them, dear Captain Sohme, because they keep you from—well, *la mal de mer;* and I wonder whether the steward could bring in some more of the little green ones."

It was then that Mrs. Poole, imperceptibly preceded by her husband, had come in. Her dress was whiter than the ivory paneling of the saloon. Her arms, her face, her legs (she wore no stockings) were dusted copper, and her hair and eyebrows whitely blonde above curiously satisfied eyes. Her age was a stationary twenty-six.

to happen on such a lovely trip!" she said. . . . "He is dead."

Captain Sohme stood up. He was drawn, really, to his feet by what must have constituted for him this immaculate vision—had it been lunch-time on the *Ile de France*. But here, on the somewhat shabby and getting-disgruntled *Eastern Bay!* He bowed. He drew out the chair upon his left. Mrs. Poole sat down. Mr. Poole, noting that the chair next to his wife was empty, took it.

Miss Sidderby, who never really lost her voice, was the first to speak. "Well, we're all together at last—like a happy, happy little family." She smiled impartially around the filled chairs.

It wasn't Mrs. Poole's laugh as much as what she said that proved instantly disturbing. "Are you very familiar with families?"

"Families? It's Mrs. Poole, isn't it?" (Mrs. Poole continued to smile, and accepted the identification—Miss Sidderby's tone had placed it on the border of an accusation—while she arranged her napkin.) "I am Miss Sidderby; and this" —she might really just as well get it over with—"is my younger sister. I simply can't introduce you to the rest of our little coterie, but Captain Sohme will. Yes, dear Captain Sohme, I am sure, will."

Miss Sidderby withdrew from the field into a rather commonplace cupful of soup accompanied by limp crackers, with the disturbing comment on families (disturbing because of its very obvious implications) unanswered; and Captain Sohme, thinking that there might be something to the Company's crazy idea after all, indicated a pasty-faced, middle-aged man seated on the younger Miss Sidderby's right.

"Mr. Stickney," said Captain Sohme.

Mr. Stickney bowed over his cup of soup. "Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Poole, I'm sure."

"Mr. and Mrs. Sanford." Captain Sohme's slight bow included an elderly couple, overburned by the sun. Mrs. Sanford, in nondescript foulards, looked syrupy. She was more solidly built than her husband, who gave one the faintly transparent effect of a shadfly.

"Mr. Dumarque."

Mrs. Poole had already noted Mr. Dumarque. He was the striking exception to what she had expected to find on board the ship. She had seen him once as he walked along the deck past the open door of the passage in which she had been standing. His high-heeled shoes had attracted her attention immediately. The shoes were cut low—a compromise between a pump and an oxford tie—and their heels were quite slender and very tall. There was no reason for them (Mr. Dumarque was himself verging on six feet), any more than there was for the fine black lisle stockings that showed between them and his plain gray, soft woolen knickerbockers. A black Homburg hat had topped a face that was neither sufficiently unusual nor vital enough to explain such eccentricity in dress.

"Mr. Force—Mr. Wright—"

Mrs. Poole's queerly satisfied-looking eyes left the politely blank ones of Mr. Dumarque and went on to those of Mr. Force. Mr. Force was young. She doubted whether he had even turned twenty. She wondered what chance or purpose placed him, with his youth, as a voyager at sea. . . . . "Mr. Wright"—there was nothing arresting about Mr. Wright, in his plump forties, his forehead bulging somewhat, his undersized nose shiny. Ugly people didn't annoy her; they simply failed to exist, even when they were clever. What a pother the world raised about cleverness! Cats were clever, and who cared; and most clever people had a lot of cat in them—the uglier, the cleverer, usually; and the cleverer the cattier—compensation presumably on the part of Nature, who had mixed the pudding wrong, and—

Captain Sohme's voice broke in:

"And now, Mrs. Poole, we come to our celebrity."

Mrs. Poole smiled at the last person. She felt very amiable, very satisfied. She rather liked the look of the quiet, presentable, somewhat elderly man whose gray eyes were smiling into hers.

"A celebrity?" she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Poole. This is Lieutenant Valcour, of the New York police."

"Oh." She prevented too much of the water from spilling, and carefully put the glass back on the table. "Really. My home, Mr. Valcour, is in New York too."

Lieutenant Valcour's bow was impersonal and polite. It overlapped and included young Mr. Poole.

"Yes, Mrs. Poole," he said. "I know."

Mrs. Poole was looking at Valcour, out in the dark, as Miss

Chapter Two

Lat. 32° 52' north
Long. 64° 48' west

CAPTAIN SOHME, partially satiated with pickles (he curbed his stride until the third meal out) returned to his quarters immediately after lunch. He nodded to young Swithers, the second officer, who was pensively contemplating nothing at the starboard end of the bridge, and went inside his cabin.

It was a pleasant cabin, paneled in dark woods, roomy, and moderately cool even in the hottest weather. An electric fan blurred silently on a bracket shelf and methodically shafted the air with draft.

Captain Sohme took off his jacket. It fitted quite tightly at its (and his) middle, and there was an appreciable rounding of his figure as he emerged from it. He removed a stiff collar, a black tie, loosened a set of vermilion-and-green striped braces, replaced the white oxfords on his feet with grass sandals, drew the curtains over the brighter of the cabin's ports, and lay down on its bunk. Peace sifted gently about him, and sounds blended into their familiar melody: the little creaks and complainings of the *Eastern Bay*, the sea dividing at the ship's sharp stem and shivering along her length like the restless tearing of an endless piece of silk, the pulse of engines and the sing of a gentle westerly breeze through topgear—soothing, a divine gift to digestive slumber. . . . .

"Damn."

The knock on his cabin door was repeated. What blessed fool—No member of the ship's complement would dare—this sacred hour when delicious pickles were assimilated to the gentle song the old lady sang when at sea.

"Come in."

Lieutenant Valcour opened the door and accustomed his eyes to the comparative blackness of the cool dim room.

"Captain Sohme?" The Captain's white-clad body looked as if it had been done architecturally in elevation; its pale bulk on the bunk grew recognizable.

"You must forgive me for this intrusion, Captain," Valcour apologized, "but my business is somewhat urgent."

Sidderby brought her third version to a close with her scream.

"Come in, Lieutenant, come in."

Valcour, who was already in, closed the cabin door. He remained standing while Captain Sohme swung a surprised pair of legs over the edge of the bunk and rested grass-slippered feet on the floor.

"Urgent? I do not understand." His mind was fogged with balked sleep. It fled to the weather—to storms, collision, fire—the normal perils which one met for the good of one's soul at sea. But there was nothing—just the whispering, the pulse, the gentle song of westerly breeze through rigging.

Valcour's voice was very gentle, too. It carried to the red and prominent ears of Captain Sohme, and no farther.

"The matter concerns a criminal whom I believe you have on board," he said.

Captain Sohme sat very still. Patterned pools reflected from the waters busily went on with their dance against the ceiling. The second officer's shoes squeaked faintly, familiarly, in transit across the near-by bridge. Criminal—fuss—the unwelcome and bothersome worries of landsmen intruding upon the quiet orderliness of shipboard—

"What sort of a criminal?" he said.

"It's a man we want in New York for murder."

"Murder?" Captain Sohme's squinted eyes opened widely. "So!" Mingled with the surprise of it was a mounting sense of outrage. "Why have you left him free until he should come aboard my ship?" he said. The sense of outrage was mounting higher. Exactness, orderliness—the very backbone of a successful passage was bending. Beyond the acknowledgeably moody weather, there should be no surprises at sea.

"That couldn't be helped, Captain."

Valcour took a cigarette from a leather case; Captain Sohme accepted one, and held it daintily pinched between a great thumb and large forefinger until it was lighted.

"Why not?" he said. The cigarette was wetly clutched between thick wet lips. He did not wait for an answer. He stood up. "Come with me and we will put this man in irons at once."

"I don't know who he is."

Captain Sohme stared curiously. He had had the impression that Valcour was taking the voyage for a rest. Was it, he wondered, for a mental rest? All callings had their obsessions. . . . . Valcour was speaking again:

"We haven't any description of him. They're waiting at Headquarters for an eyewitness, who was attacked at the same time as the murdered man, to recover sufficiently to give them one. Then it will be wirelessed on here to me."

The cigarette had reached a point of wetness where it had to be discarded. Captain Sohme replaced it with a cigar. "I do not understand you at all, Lieutenant. If no one knows what this criminal looks like, what makes you think he is on board this ship?"

Valcour, as a desirable example for Captain Sohme, kept his voice quite low. "There was an unmailed letter which he lost on the scene of the crime."

The ship's bell, with its peculiar effect of syncopation, was struck by the constantly bored Mr. Swithers three times. Its sound cut sharply into the cabin's deep hush, and Captain Sohme definitely gave up his midday nap. He stared with frankly puzzled eyes at Valcour. He went to a locker and filled two liqueur glasses with brandy. Valcour accepted one, and Captain Sohme delicately held the other fragile glass between his thick strong fingers. "Tell me," he said, "what was in that letter."

"A curious message, Captain—and unfinished. It went like this: *'Death comes again and again when one is young, even though the body does not die. I know where you are, and I am coming to you because—'* The message breaks off there."

Captain Sohme's face flushed a deeper vermilion. "But that is childish foolishness, Lieutenant," he said.

Valcour shook his head slightly.

"On the contrary, we believe that it is extremely serious. The envelope had been stamped and addressed, but the house indicated by the address was closed. It took us, up at Headquarters, five days to trace the whereabouts of the person who lived there. She is a woman of great wealth, and also a woman who is incurably romantic. Her movements have been willful and erratic all her life—I might also add erotic. We learned finally that she was in Bermuda, and I came on at once—to find it advisable to sail on this ship."

"This woman, she is on this ship?"

"Yes, Captain. The envelope was addressed to Mrs. Victor Barton. That was the name, before her recent divorce, of the present Mrs. Poole."

Captain Sohme fled instinctively to arms—his one splendid vision, the only authentic vision that the Mercantile Transport Line had ever vouchsafed him. "But man alive, you surely can't connect anything criminal with her!"

"I'm not. I simply believe that the man we want is in her vicinity, and her present vicinity is on board this ship."

"You have proof that this man went to Bermuda and is now on board here?"

Valcour smiled oddly. "Proof? None." *(Please turn to page 118)*

A Million Pretty Girls

by Dorothy Dow

Illustrated by Raymond Sisley

SHE was young; for twenty-nine is really young in these days, when grandmothers go about looking like their own daughters, and mothers look like débutantes. She was young, and she was almost incredibly successful. Sometimes at night, when she stayed later than the rest, she would go out by way of the front door instead of leaving through the lobby of the hotel, just so that she could stand before that same door and read her success in the gilt letters it bore. The gilt letters read, chastely, *"Courtland";* and all the women who came in by that door knew that Courtland was, in reality, the slim yellow-haired young woman in the sports-suit, who seemed to be all over the place. Jenny Courtland was *Courtland;* the beauty-shop was her beauty-shop; and she knew, and a great many other people believed, that it was the best beauty-shop in town. At any rate, it was good enough to bring her in an income that many a man ten years older might have envied. . . . .

In spite of all this, she was weeping—not noisily, because Jenny never did anything noisily. Everything about her was soft, and slim, and sudden. Her face, very pale—because it never occurred to her to waste on herself any of the precious cosmetics that were transmuted, in the Courtland, into gold—was finely cut, and intense, and very serious; so serious and so intense that most people did not notice the fineness of its contours, or the blueness of Jenny's very blue eyes. Most women did notice the yellow hair; they smiled a little, wondering why Jenny, the great authority on shingles and finger-waves, should wear her own hair so straight and so sleek, wound in two great braids about her head, in the manner of a coronet. As a matter of fact, Jenny wore her hair that way because she had never thought of doing anything else with it. That was the way she had worn it when, a very thin girl of fourteen, she had gone to work "cleaning up" for Madame Rosalie, in the little cluttered, scented shop on the South Side. After a year of cleaning up, she had been taught—for the sum of her year's savings—to manicure, and to wash hair, and later, to marcel. She had waved dozens of heads of hair—hundreds, millions. But it had never occurred to her to wave her own. She had been too busy.

Only, now that she was in love, and was unhappy about it, she began to think of her own face, and her own hands, and her own hair, for the first time. Now that she was in love—and with a poet!

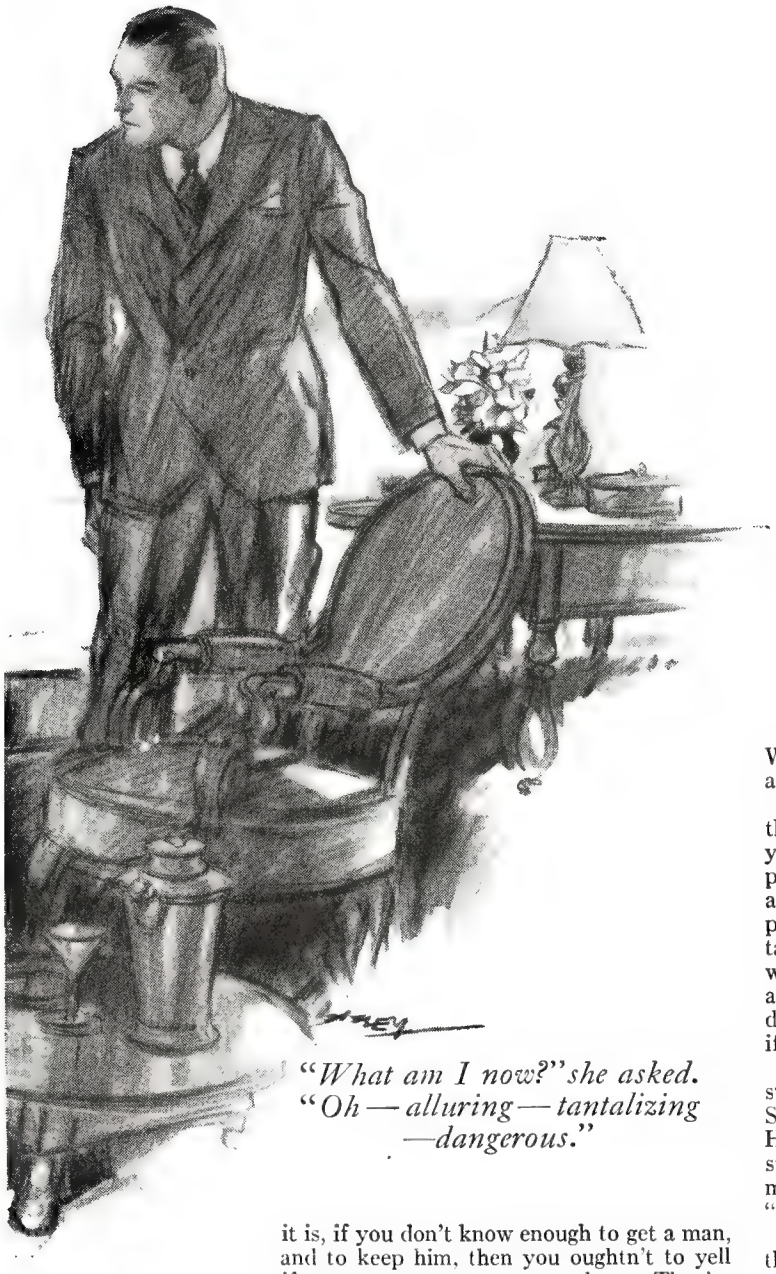
Once she had been written up in the Sunday paper as one of the modern successful business women of the town. Often other women remarked their envy to her. Often, banking so much money on Saturday morning, and studying so carefully the amount of stock she owned, the number of bonds she owned, and the ever-diminishing debt she owed for the expensive fixtures that had made the Courtland the finest beauty-shop in town, she had thought of herself, candidly, as pretty smart.

Only now she knew that she was not smart at all, not nearly so smart as any one of the girls who worked for her; not nearly so smart as Anne, who could never get to work on time, but who had got and discarded two husbands before her twenty-fourth birthday; not to be compared with Jeanne, who marceled so poorly that it had been found simpler not to let her do it at all—but who had a different boy waiting outside to take her to dinner every night. Not by a quarter as smart as all the pretty girls and the plain women who came to be beautified, spending the money that some man was glad to give them.

She really wasn't smart at all; Jenny realized that, achingly. Why, here she was, twenty-nine years old, and she didn't even know how to make one man fall in love with her.

And yet it couldn't be hard. Hadn't she heard other girls talk about it, again and again? Anne, in the back room, putting away linen, to Doris:

"Gee, what I think is that she doesn't need to be nasty to me because he likes me better than he does her. The way I look at



"What am I now?" she asked. "Oh — alluring — tantalizing —dangerous."

it is, if you don't know enough to get a man, and to keep him, then you oughtn't to yell if some one smarter comes along. They're easy enough, Lord knows. All you have to do is work on them a little."

"Oh, well, some girls—" Doris, idly, and agreeing so absolutely that there was no point in voicing that agreement.

"Sure. Some girls don't know enough to come in out of the rain. That's what I told her. I said to her, I said: 'Hell's bells, why blame me? I'm not stealing him. He just likes my line better, that's all. If you want him back, why don't you get him back? Any girl that isn't cross-eyed ought to be able to get any man she wants.' That's what I said to her."

"Sure."

They were discussing one of Anne's numerous escorts; Jenny hadn't been interested at the time; she had merely been irritated, because there was no real reason why two of them should be working together, with so many things still to be done. She had said as much, in the soft tones that still could be amazingly stern.

"All you need to know is what they like," Anne was continuing, "and then feed it to them. Some of them like to be ritzed; some of them like sugar. —Uh? Oh, sure, Miss Jenny. Doris was just helping me with this stuff; I'll be right along. Oh, sure. Certainly, Miss Jenny, I was going to see to that right away."

Four months ago, Jenny would not have remembered that little conversation; four months ago, she would have erased it from her mind, as she erased most of the things that had nothing to do with the shop.

And one who feared that she didn't know how to make a man fall in love with her

That was because, four months ago, she had not yet met Brett Wylie—met him, and fallen in love with him, as emphatically and as thoroughly as Jenny had done everything so far in her life.

He was a poet. He was the first poet Jenny had ever met, in the flesh. It was true that—because selling half a dozen poems yearly to the better magazines, and having one small volume of poems published, does not pay very well—he was, on the side, as it were, an advertising man. The advertising was what supported him and paid for his clothes, which were almost as well tailored as if he had been a bond salesman. The advertising, too, was what paid for the two rooms in the apartment hotel—the apartment which was just across from Jenny's, so that when her door was open, and his was open, it was almost like one big place, if you counted the hall between.

He hoped that some day he would write a book, like, for instance, "John Brown's Body." He had told Jenny all about Stephen Benét, and had given her "John Brown's Body" to read. He told her that Stephen Benét had been poor too, and had written stories to make money—and had never expected to make any money from his poetry; and then he had written the long poem, "John Brown's Body," and it had been a best-seller immediately.

"If I could write a book of poems that was really great—and that sold," Brett would explain, "I'd be sitting on top of the world. I mean, then I'd be doing what I wanted to do. Then I could travel—go to Paris—Rome—China—Egypt. See strange lands and strange places I've never seen. And write—God, how I could write!"

Jenny loved to listen to him talk; in spite of the fact that her educational career had been cut off in the second year of high school, Jenny was not ignorant. She had been bright enough to know, back in the days when she was simply an errand-girl for plump Madame Rosalie, that if you wanted nice people to come to a shop, you had to have a nice shop; and to have a nice shop, a nice person must run it. By tremendous effort, involving many sessions of night school, Jenny had made herself into what she wanted to be, a nice person—what our grandmothers would have called a ladylike young woman, only no one uses that term now.

At any rate she knew enough to know what Brett was talking about when he talked of Keats or Shelley; and she was tactful enough to keep silent and listen closely when he talked about Ezra Pound or Elinor Wylie or Edna Millay.

Whenever Brett told her about a new poet, she went downtown the next day and bought a new book; in her bedroom, the little books of poetry lay everywhere; she not only bought them, but she read them and, in a vague way, liked them.

Only, in the last few weeks, she had grown more and more desirous that Brett would talk less poetry and more personalities—less about written love and more about real love.

It was because he never did, that she was crying, now. . . . .

She knew he liked her. Ever since they had first met—almost exciting, that first meeting over a disputed newspaper that a boy had left just midway between the two doors in the hall, with Brett tousled and boyish, and cross at first, and then heavenly—ever since that time, they had been friends, progressing with a rapidity almost amazing, from mere nods, and remarks about the weather, to long conversations, to dinners together, to theaters, and to walks in the Park if the weather was nice on Sunday.

He had told her all about himself; how much money he made, how soon he was due for a raise, how much he sent back to Iowa to his mother. She knew about his school-days, his year in Paris, and his first love-affair.

Everything she knew about him was precious. Everything she knew about him was perfect, and just as she would have had it be. She liked the fact that he was always cross in the morning; that made him, somehow, more essentially masculine. She liked the faint smell of tobacco that clung about his clothes. She liked his ruffled curly hair.

She loved him, and he didn't love her; he only liked her. He liked her, as far as she was able to judge, better than any other girl he knew. Very much, in fact. But not enough. Not nearly enough—

Not enough, at least, to ask her to marry him. And that was what she wanted. That was what she wanted so dreadfully that she hated herself a little for wanting it—scoffed at herself.

"You're a nice one! What do you want to get married for? You don't want to settle down. You'd never want to give up the shop. All the married women who come here say: 'Oh, Miss Jenny, I'd give anything to trade places with you! You can give yourself everything a man can give you, and more too. You're free—and you make more money every year—and no one can tell you what you can or can't do, or how long you have to work, or anything.' "

She had everything but love, and it seemed to her that she would die if she didn't get that, which is the way one always feels when one is in love. And the fact that no one ever does die of it makes not the slightest difference.

There ought to be some way, she thought, shamefacedly, to make him love her.

Some way—that Anne would know without wondering. Some way—that would be second nature to Jeanne.

Some trick, some line, something—what was it Anne had said? "Know what they like and then feed it to them."

She stared at herself in the mirror, without wiping the tears away. Know what they want. Know what they like—

She knew what Brett cared for more than anything else in the world, because he had talked of it so often. Pipe in hand, he had talked of it.

"Only one thing in the world that matters, and that's beauty. That sounds sort of undergraduate and young, I suppose, but it isn't. It's the eternal verity. Everything else changes, fades and decays. Beauty is everlasting. Beauty is everywhere, too; that's the marvelous thing about it. You don't have to travel to find it; you don't have to steal, to get it. You can find it in the lights of the city at night, in the lines of the waves against the lake, just as well as in the ruins of Greece or in the gardens of the Tuileries. That's why I want to write *great* poetry—because it's the best way to hand on a little beauty to the rest of the world."

Beauty. It was a word, of course—like any other word: *beauty.*

Repeating it, Jenny stared at herself in the glass, really seeing herself for the first time, since she had put her hair up and gone out to seek her first job. Ordinarily, when she looked in the glass, she was seeing a symbol; she was seeing her name in gilt letters across the front door; she was seeing the *chic* red and white booths of the shop; she was seeing work and success. Lately, when she looked in the glass, she had seen Brett's face, eager-eyed, handsome, dark.

She saw, for the first time, herself. Five feet five inches of herself, weighing one hundred and ten pounds. Too thin. A pale face, too thin too. Eyes with tiny lavender smudges beneath them, looking every year of twenty-nine. Straight and primly braided hair.

She had always rather liked to look like that. In a dim way, she had been pleased to be slim and clean and cool, and very neat. The women who came to her shop to buy beauty were well groomed, but that is not precisely the same thing as being neat. They were all too high-colored to be cool—picked out with accents of lipstick, rouge, mascara, eyebrow-pencil and brilliantine.

They used those things, and paid a good deal of money for them, in order to be more beautiful. For the first time it occurred to Jenny that it was perhaps not because they wanted to look that way, but because some man wanted them to.

Emphatic—colorful, vivid.

"You fool!" she said amazedly, to her own image in the glass. "You—fool!"

Frantically, excitedly, as if she were in a great hurry, she began to take the pins out of her hair. It fell down in two blonde braids, sleek and soft. Her fingers, arching, drew toward her small jars and pots and bottles with intriguing labels—vanishing cream, jasmine cream, tissue cream; rose-water, elder-flower water, eau de cologne; base powder, rachael powder, mauve salve for the eyelids; bright red lip-salve, and rose-red rouge in a fine powder. She began to work at her own face as if it had been a stranger's face, staring in the glass, frowning, breathing fast.

Beauty—that was what Brett wanted. Beauty—everywhere, every kind, every place. . . . .

Even after a month of her new prettiness, Jenny was not used to it. Whenever she looked in the mirror, she was a little surprised, as if she had expected something different to meet her gaze. The new Jenny was so unlike the old one as to be almost unbelievable; the new Jenny was all the things the old one had not been: Pretty, vivid, twenty-five-ish; terribly smart, and looking like all the other smart young women who walked down Michigan Avenue

"If you don't know enough to keep a man, you oughtn't to yell if some one smarter comes along."

and along Lake Shore Drive.

The new Jenny had an immense success with everyone she met—with everyone, that is, but the one person at whom the new Jenny was aimed. Everyone admired her—everyone but Brett.

Jenny didn't know what to think about it. She herself knew that she was tremendously changed. The girls in the shop had been excited about it; even the clients who knew her had said, wonderingly: "Well, what have you been doing to yourself, Miss Jenny? I wouldn't have known you."

She hardly knew herself. Her old clothes, very trim sports-suits, with flat furs, and plain hats, had not seemed suited to her new face, and so she had plunged, buying clothes that were as much as possible like those of a stage star who came to the shop once a week. Huge fur collars, bright colors, clinging things, made to show every line of breast and thigh, so that at first Jenny felt vaguely indecent in them—all made to be worn with very sheer hose, and very high heels. The old Jenny had been as unlike as it was possible for a perfectly well-dressed young woman to be; the new Jenny was a siren, a vamp.

Anne said, shrilly, admiringly: "Gee, you look too marvelous for words. I always wondered why you didn't have a permanent, and doll yourself up. I know a man who'd be crazy about you. He's wild about blondes. Maybe you'd like to meet him sometime."

It had been embarrassing, and in a way flattering. No one had ever before told Jenny that she was pretty; now everyone said so, either with their tongues or their eyes. Men looked at her with more attention than they had ever given her before; women asked her to sell them her own brand of rouge.

As for Brett—well, Jenny couldn't make Brett out. She didn't know what to think of Brett.

She had introduced him to the transformed Jenny on Sunday. They had had a date to go walking in Lincoln Park, and to feed the silly bear that always sat up and begged. Other Sundays, they had done this together, Jenny in a gray tweed suit and a little gray velour hat, walking along with her hands in her pockets, looking rather boyish. This Sunday she did not look boyish at all. Brett whistled when he saw her, and came close. He said:

"Haven't you been doing something to yourself? Something—new?"

Jenny tried to be off-hand about it. She shrugged her shoulders, in a fashion copied from Anne, that suited the new Jenny. "You've never seen me with my war-paint on, have you? I've been giving my face a rest for a couple of months."

"Oh."

"You might say," Jenny subdued the tremor in her voice, and tipped her mouth to a smile, "that you like the way I look. You might—"

"Why—" He stood staring at her, with something that might or might not be admiration in his face. Jenny felt absurdly conscious of the pink cheeks, the blue salve on her eyelids, the beauty-spot, and the bright red of her nails. "I think you look—very effective. As I said before, I hardly knew it was you."

That was praise. Very effective girls were always pretty girls, girls with alluring eyes and cheeks and shoulders and lips. Girls who looked kissable.

A little thrill ran up Jenny's spine at the thought that she too might be looking kissable. She wanted, dreadfully, to have Brett realize that she looked that way—and kiss her. . . . .

The girls in the shop said that Miss Jenny wasn't near so nice as she used to be, since she was dolling up and running around. Doris, scolded for something she had forgotten, said darkly that she didn't have to stand for nothing from no one, and some people would find out that they could go just so far—

Miss Jenny's temper had not improved with the change in her looks: there was no doubt about that. She had never been cross before, and now she was often cross. She had never been careless about anything before, and now she often forgot about things. There was no way for the girls who worked for her to guess that Miss Jenny was cross and careless simply because she was unhappy.

She had expected the new beauty she offered Brett to change things. She had dreamed that if he liked her before she was pretty, he might, in the light of his love for beautiful things, do more than like her, now.

It was a little pathetic, although she didn't realize that, to have the independent young woman who was Jenny Courtland making herself over into a true-to-type peacock—to catch one man's eye.

Particularly, since it was plain to her heart, if not to her mind, that Brett didn't like her more. Worse than that, not more, but less! Every day, in every way, Jenny was aware that Brett was going away from her; steadily, slowly receding, growing strange.

They didn't talk about his poems any more, but about the latest crime, the last mystery book, Jenny's new hat. Not about his hopes, but about the opening night of, for instance, "Diamond Lil."

Impersonalities, friendly enough, but still—impersonal.

She simply couldn't understand it at all. It wasn't as if she hadn't tried. She didn't even have that faint comfort. She had tried, harder than she had ever dreamed of trying anything in her life, to please Brett. But it hadn't worked. Jenny didn't know what to do.

If she had stayed plain, and unobtrusive, and rather colorless; if she had continued as she was when they first met, she could have understood it; because men didn't fall in love with girls like that, of course. Men fell in love with, and married, girls with "lines," girls with bright cheeks and mouths, girls like gaudy flowers.

She knew that Anne had been wrong in saying that a girl can get any man she wants to get; because if that had been true, wouldn't she now be happy, instead of being unbearably sad? She had tried so hard.

Along with the new appearance, she had cultivated a new manner of conversation. She remembered some one saying that men liked feminine women, and that business-women were unfeminine; and so she tried not to be a business-woman when she was with Brett. It was hard, because from the first she had talked to him about the shop. She was proud of her shop, and it had seemed natural to talk about it. Now she tried to talk *(Please turn to page 103)*

"What is known as another practice swing," says I. "Always take two of 'em."

RIGHT *in the* ROUGH

by Sam Hellman

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

IT was the state of his health that'd brought Scotty Ferguson out to the Chemung sheep country, a grand jury having diagnosed the case as acute embezzlement by bailee, resulting from a long siege of high sales-pressure. As for myself, I'd merely come to brood in stagnant solitude over my shattered faith, a perfect alibi having run out on me in a pinch.

"This is, no doubt, the ultimate in hide-aways," I remarks to Scotty after a couple of weeks among lamb-chops and woolen mittens on the hoof, "but the opportunities for acquiring either glory or emoluments of a baser sort can hardly be described as prolific."

"My boy," returns Ferguson, "opportunities are not found; they're made. By giving proper thought, one may create a demand for the meat of sacred cows among Hindu vegetarians during a period of fasting."

"Ah, yes," says I, "but I observe neither sacred cows nor Hindus of the Battle Creek persuasion in the vicinity. The only thing immediately in sight is the period of fasting."

"Be of good cheer," counsels Scotty. "The hand may have been idle and the tongue muted, but the eye's been gleaning in the fields of Chemung, and the brain's been threshing. Even as you speak of fasting, I have ready, fattened for the market, an idea rich in its promise of abundance."

"You have, have you?" I comes back suspiciously. "Any true-bills or bench warrants on the tail of this kite?"

"The law," Ferguson assures me, "will love it. The proposition I'm about to promulgate is purer than drifted snow on the down of a newborn dove. Like the lion and the lamb of the millennium, purity and profit will be made to lie down together—"

"Yeh," I grunts, "but ten'll get you twenty that profit's the only one to get up. . . . . Shoot the Roman candle, kid. You know me and suspense."

"Ever hear of the Chemung Valley Golf and Country Club?" inquires the old side-kicker.

"No," says I. "Where is it—down in Joe Doak's pool-room, or up in back of the freight-sheds?"

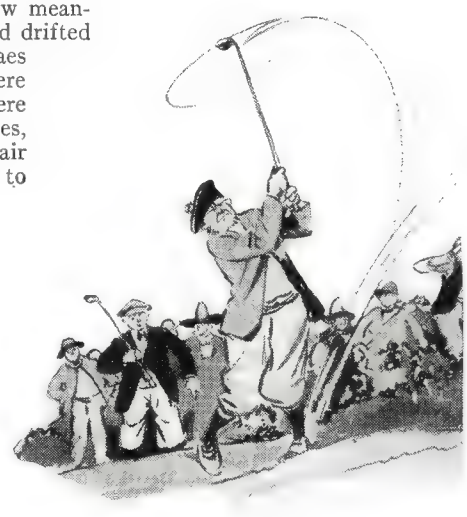
"At the moment," replies Scotty, "it's located between my ears just abaft the eyebrows, but it wont be long now before the contiguous range resounds to the click of the cleek and the *putt-putt-putt* of the putter."

"Joseph and his brethren!" I exclaims. "You thinking of starting a golf-club here?"

"Nobody else but I is thinking anything else but that," admits Ferguson with the smile that's sunk a thousand saps. "What is it that sheep-men thirst for? The answer, of course, is social life, the spirit of gregariousness that oils the engine corroded by care, the *camaraderie* of the outdoors—"

"Sure," I cuts in, "that's all a sheep's governess needs—a bit of the outdoors. When you get done with this, feller, let's organize a walking-club for mail-carriers. Tell me," I goes on curiously, "how did such a cuckoo notion get bed and board in that bean of yours?"

"A touch of homesickness started it," says Scotty. "Gazing o'er the meads where now meanders the mutton, my mind drifted back to the bonnie braes hard by St. Andrews, where I spent my boyhood. There infants teethe on mashies, and bairns part their hair with niblicks. The itch to grip a club came upon me, and then the thought—why not bring the royal and ancient pastime to the flea-bitten folks out here? They too are a hardy race—"



I looks to see if I'm being taken for a ride. Today

the idea of anyone laying out a course anywhere from the wilds of Labrador to a station platform in the subway would excite no comment; but fifteen years ago there were still snickers in a pair of knickers, and golf was associated in a big way only with past-due graveyard cheaters. And here's this slicker talking of a country club in the open range beyond the Rockies!

"Cease looking for the laugh," says Ferguson, reading the cards. "It's all on the up and up. In fact, I've already sent for equipment, leased land—"

"Leased land!" I repeats. "What with? What'd you use for money?"

"It didn't take much," returns Scotty. "For a dollar in hand old man Mackintosh has given me the playing rights to a quarter-section for a year. He even provides the sheep to keep the grass on the greens and the fairways cut. How'd you like to be chairman of the greens committee?"

"I should love it," says I. "I've always doted on greens, especially when they're garnishing a platter of hog jowls or sidemeat. How do you expect to work this racket, and with what?"

"It's all very simple," answers Ferguson. "I'm merely going to dig nine holes in the ground at assorted spots, level off nine other places for tees, and set the boys to shooting."

"I see," says I, "but just how, when and where do you cash in?"

"In many ways and often," comes back Scotty. "I sell the Bo-Peeps balls and clubs, charge 'em greens-fees, and after a while I think a bit of adroit maneuvering may get the local laddies to forcing bets on the old master."

"That," I remarks, "being the purity feature of the undertaking. . . . . What've you been drinking, big boy—sheep-dip? Your chances of bringing golf to the *Norvals* of these Grampian hills are just about as good as mine'd be of introducing ice-yachting in Mrs. Sahara's sand-lot. The babies out here may like their business tame, but they want their hours of ease wild. They'd much rather go around the bars in par than—"

"You ken but little of human nature," interrupts Ferguson. "The instinct to strike objects with a stick is as universal as the desire to inhale food. The Australian bushman bends his bludgeon around the brow of his enemy; the dominie in the quiet country lane whips the tops off of thistles with the gold-headed cane presented to him by the Ladies Guild."

"It may be," says I, "as you so deftly put it, but there's some difference between an occasional gesture and the studied pursuit of a ball around a quarter-section of greasewood, dry arroyos and gopher holes."

"There is, indeed," admits Scotty, "but it's all in favor of the studied pursuit. To the urge to hit something are added two other human hankerings—to win in competition and to overcome the hazards of nature. I venture to predict that within a month golf will sweep the whole Chemung country. *Strephon*, tending his flocks in the moonlit glade, will lay aside his lute and pick up his putter. *Pyramus*—"

"Climb out of the clouds," I growls, "and get back in the rough How do you expect to get this gazipe of yours going? Are you sending out engraved invitations or are you using bloodhounds?"

"The opening's all arranged for," says Fergy. "Old man Mackintosh, who dug a neat divot himself in his youth, is lending a hand. On the Fourth of July he's having the beauty and chivalry of the valley down to his place for a barbecue. Then and there I shall sell my bill of goods."

"Just what part," I inquires, "am I supposed to play in this pasture-pool palooka?"

"You can be a caddy," offers Scotty, "and carry my bag."

"Hell!" says I. "I'm always doing that."

"Doing what?" frowns Ferguson.

"Holding the bag for you," I replies.

Next day we sashays out on a couple of hay-burners and takes a look at Mackintosh's quarter-section. It's a fairly flat piece of realty, thickly shot with greasewood and heavily pocked with ditches, sink-holes, prairie-dog warrens and other unplayable lies. Such grass as there is has been munched to the quick. You know how it is with sheep. They feed at one spot until it's pulled up by the roots—which is one of the reasons why sheep-men wear bullet-proof vests in the cattle country.

"Our club-house," announces Scotty, indicating a two-by-four shed of shivering pine boards.

"Lovely," says I. "What happens when two members want to use it at the same time?"

"It's not intended for loafing," explains Fergy. "This is a real club-house—a place to house clubs. That's all we need. The social life at Chemung Valley starts off by being extinct."

"That's all right by me," says I, "but don't the boys and girls get showers and—"

"Not unless they get caught in the rain," cuts in Scotty. "The members can bring their own plumbing."

"What then," I wants to know, "are you offering the come-ons—just the privilege of hounding a ball across the landscape?"

"All that," grins Ferguson, "and the authority to concede themselves a certain number of putts. Isn't that enough for fifty fish?"

"I'm afraid not," says I. "Assuming that the ram-wranglers around here get that way about the game, what's to keep 'em from sinking holes in their own back forties and calling 'em courses? You haven't a copyright on holes in the ground, have you?"

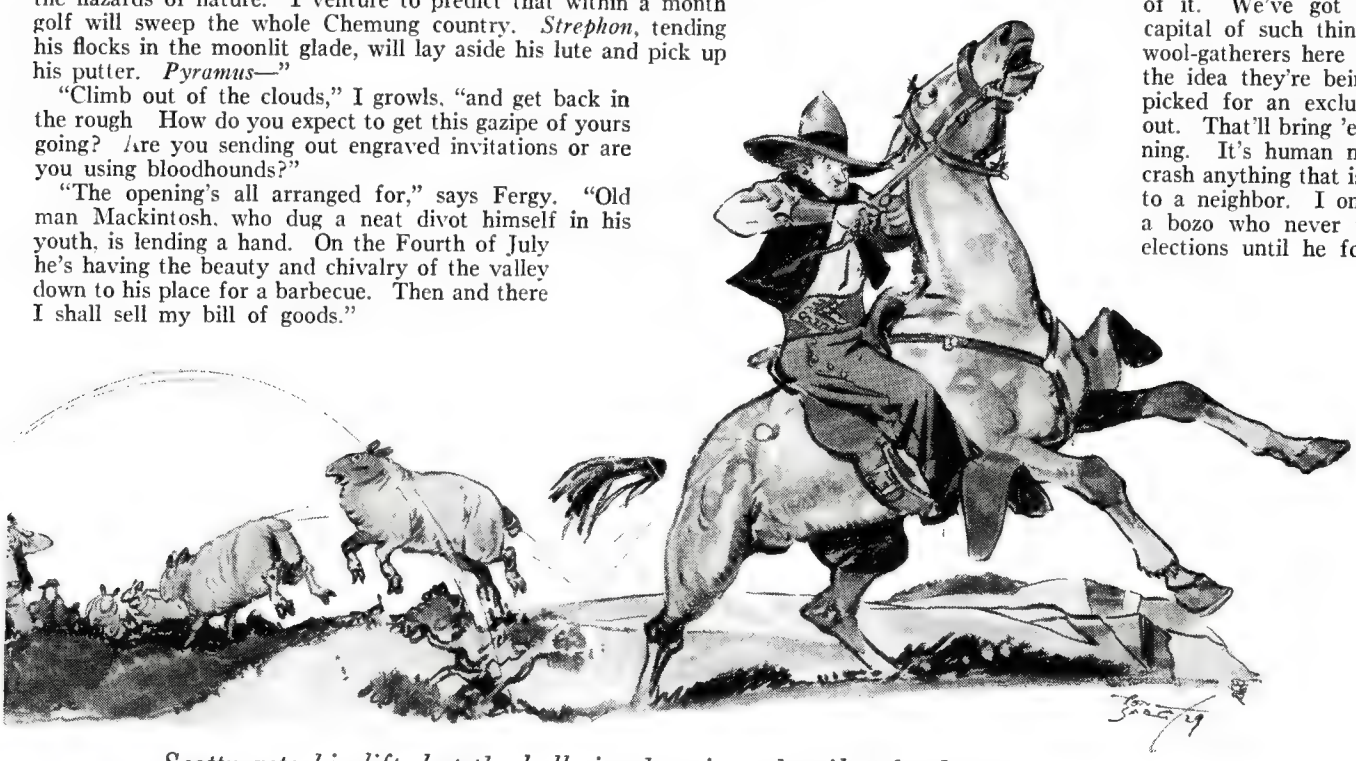
"No," admits Scotty frankly, "but I have a patent on my personality, and that's what'll cash, carry and keep 'em. Before I get through it'll be a mark of rare distinction to be a member of the Chemung Valley Golf and Country Club. You don't think I'm going to swing open the gates to every Tom, Dick and Harriet, do you?"

"Whom are you barring?" I asks. "Guys with less than fifty dollars and the smallpox?"

"Applicants," says Ferguson, "must be socially suitable. There're a couple of Chinamen in town I've already blackballed."

"Already blackballed!" I exclaim. "Did they ask to join?"

"No," returns Scotty, "but one of 'em had a look in his eyes as if he might if he ever heard of it. We've got to make capital of such things. The wool-gatherers here must get the idea they're being hand-picked for an exclusive lay-out. That'll bring 'em a-running. It's human nature to crash anything that isn't open to a neighbor. I once knew a bozo who never voted at elections until he found out



Scotty gets his lift, but the ball ricochets into the ribs of a horse.

"Fellow-countrymen, there has been erected for your use a golf-course."

that untaxed Indians weren't allowed to. To him that gave suffrage class, and now he casts his unterrified ballot early and often."

"Don't worry about the exclusiveness of your club," says I. "It wouldn't surprise me if you spent the summer playing foursomes with yourself. . . . . What're we stopping here for?"

"Yonder mound," points out Ferguson, "is where we tee off—"

"If so," I interrupts, "you'll tee off in a hurry. That's an anthill, feller. You may not know it, but the ants in this section bite down trees and haul away full-grown sheep. You'll probably be battling with 'em all season over lost balls."

"If that's how you feel about it," says Scotty, "we'll move the tee back a bit and make a bunker out of the ants' apartments. It's a tricky hole, this first one—six hundred yards, three dog-leg shots, four ditches, a salt-sink and a jag of mesquite to cross. What do you think of it?"

"Great," I comes back, "but if I were you, I'd fell a few hundred trees athwart the fairway and sow the green to cactus. By the by, where is the green? In the Irish flag?"

"Notice those sheep through the bushes down there?" fingers Ferguson. "Well, they're on it."

"I see," says I. "What are you supposed to do? Hold the woollies back with one hand and putt with the other? Or do they stymie you?"

"Under our local rules," returns Scotty, "sheep are a natural hazard. If you can't shoo 'em, you shoot over 'em. What'll I make par for this hole? Ten?"

"Ten to two," I suggests. "Four hours aren't any too many. If the rest of the course is like this, you wont be able to count by strokes. You'll have to count by the calendar. It'd take you almost an hour to get down to that green on a horse."

"It's not as bad as all that," protests Ferguson. "A straight shooter ought to be on in five and off in seven."

"Though I've never heard any grand juries refer to you as a straight shooter," says I, "I don't doubt that you can do it, but how about the paid membership? Most of 'em'll be on the tee all day unless you concede 'em the drive, a couple of iron shots and a perfect mashie approach to the pin."

"This is a golf-club," growls Scotty, "not a concession. You appear to be overlooking the fact that I'm not only the promoter of Chemung Valley but also the pro, and that the boys are going to learn the game from me. I'll have 'em grooving 'em down the alley and sinking forty-footers in no time."

"Don't talk so much about time," says I. "It makes me nervous. Let's take a traipse around and see the rest of this billiard table."

The other holes are just as rough and unready as the first one. I'm no shark at this prairie ping-pong, but I could have laid out a better course myself on the corrugated roof of a church steeple. As far as I can see, Ferguson's merely picked on nine comparatively smooth spots here and there for greens, then spun around until dizzy and called the turn on his tees.

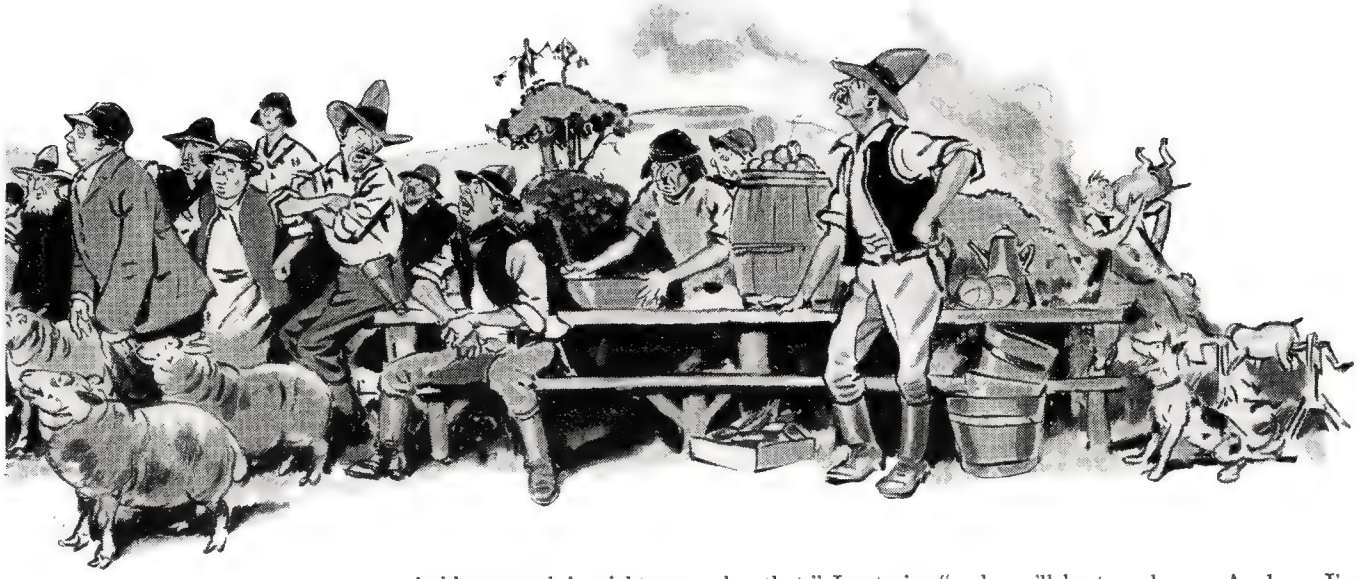
The result is holes ranging from seven hundred yards to seventy, and crossing each other at various points like a pretzel. With thousands of empty square miles in the neighborhood, the situation is such at Number Six tee, for example, that a bird hooking his drive off it could bean invisible laddies putting on Number Two green, bounce off and hit another invisible bimbo sinking caissons in one of Number Eight's sand-traps.

"It's the best I could do with the naked eye," says Scotty, when I emits a few low moans of protest. "Compared to the rest of the country in these here parts, Mackintosh's quarter-section is God's gift to golfdom."

"What's the matter with that piece on the other side of the creek?" I asks. "It looks flat, and I can see only one gully—"

"Gully, hell!" snorts Ferguson. "That's the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. What'd you carry that with—a mashie niblick? . . . . Nope, this is the only

He'd have done it if a bewildered lamb hadn't run across the green and kicked the ball.



suitable ground in sight around here anywhere."

"Perhaps," says I, "but can't you fix it so that the bloke in the sand-trap might work in comparative safety?"

"Why should I?" snaps Scotty. "A guy that gets into a sand-trap doesn't deserve any consideration. Anyhow, the bank-roll's too shriveled for me to sock it for a survey. The course stays as it lays."

"Go to it, kid," says I. "The course is your curse, not mine, but if a lot of sheep get orphaned, don't expect me to send flowers. What about old man Mackintosh? What's he going to think of your jig-saw layout?"

"Don't let that put any black circles under your eyes," comes back Ferguson. "Mac's been away from the pastime too long to know what it's all about. When he steps out and struts his strokes on the Fourth, it'll be the first time he's played in twenty-five years."

"Why the delay?" I asks. "Did he just find his ball?"

"It seems to me," frowns Scotty, "you're approaching this enterprise in a spirit of undue levity."

"I've noticed that myself," says I.

It's all serious enough with the side-kick, though. During the week he sets a crew of Mexicans to work clearing ground for the greens, and even demeans himself by getting close to manual labor. Tomato-tins are planted for cups; gaudy flags of red flannel shirting are staked out, and buckets provided for sand and water. In the meantime a shipment of secondhand clubs and repainted balls arrives, and we're all fixed for the formal opening of the Chemung Valley Golf and Country Club.

"Now, listen," says Fergy, on the eve of the gala. "I don't care how much clowning you do in private, but nix on your nifties tomorrow. You've got a job of work to do."

"Me!" I exclaims. "Work!"

"I'm figuring," goes on Scotty, "on introducing you as a big shot from Washington. The Government's interested in bringing healthy recreation and amusement to the dwellers of the hinterland—get the slant?—and is making its first experiment in the Chemung country on account of the notorious reputation of its citizens for intelligence and progressiveness. A line of slick talk—"

"Another idea like that," I cuts in, "and you'll be two down. Anyhow, I'm no good at this soft soap—"

"No?" grunts Ferguson. "I suppose you peddled that rubber mine to those folks in Piqua purely on the strength of its dividend record."

"Why bring that up?" I barks. "At the time I didn't know myself that rubber grew on trees. Tell me—where's there any gravy for us in this benign-government gag of yours? Would Uncle Samuel sock the simple dwellers of his foothills for—"

"Merely a nominal charge," interrupts Scotty, "to cover the trifling cost of equipment, instruction and the lease of land. Don't forget, boy, tomorrow is Independence Day, and anything about the Government of these United States ought to go good."

"I can feel myself going too," says I, "but not so good."

BETWEEN fifty and sixty sheep-men show up for old man Mackintosh's barbecue—a grim, leathery-faced crew of a few words and those far between. As prospects for a golf and country club, they appear about as likely as a bunch of longshoremen would for a Girl Scouts' taffy pull. We're introduced around, and then Scotty motions me to tune up the loud bassoon.

"Fellow citizens," I begins, "on this, the natal day of our Republic, I come to you with a message of cheer from the Great White Father—"

"Cheese it!" hisses Ferguson. "Who do you think you're talking to—a pack of Piutes?"

"No industry," I goes on, regardless, "is dearer to the heart of the nation than that of sheep-raising; and this, I say with-

(Please turn to page 116)

He sets a crew to clearing for the greens and even demeans himself by manual labor.

His Side Of It

by

Margaret Culkin Banning

"I wish I could buy this day. I want to keep it."

The Story So Far:

"YOU do love me, darling," Jerome declared, as he released her from that first sudden embrace as they stood on the terrace outside, after the dinner-party.

"That must be it," Fanny murmured. "Isn't it strange?"

He was gentle with her now. She was infinitely dear after that admission. She was part of him already. Jerome knew now that he had been lonely for a very long time.

"Not strange—it couldn't be any other way," he said.

"But you weren't in love with me an hour ago."

He puzzled: "It's been brewing; we've just been let in on the secret, both of us. . . . . I've always known that somewhere there was one woman in the world who belonged to me."

"Quite sure that I'm the one?" she asked. "That I'm the specially built model?"

"As sure as I am that I belong to you."

His lips were deep in hers. He could take her breath away, but after a moment she found it again.

"Of course that's a sentence right out of stock," she said. "It fits in awfully well, but that's what it is."

Always Fanny was like that, seeking always the reality behind the romance. And that same evening she gave Jerome a glimpse of reality stark enough. For on the way home she had him stop at the hospital where her cousin Dorothy Carey was expecting her third child. The crisis had come; Dorothy was asking for her absent husband, Gilbert, and Jerome was sent to fetch him.

Jerome found Gilbert Carey—at a night-club, too drunk to be brought to the hospital, though still capable of borrowing money. Jerome returned to the hospital, reported to Fanny; and then as there remained nothing more either could do, he took Fanny home. . . . . So ended the evening he and Fanny discovered they had fallen in love.

And the evening, a little later, when she promised to marry him, she tried to explain herself further—it was at a dinner given by Jerome's grandfather Lucas.

"I mean," Fanny told the old man, "that women have changed—that they can take truth standing. They no longer need men to wave plumes and swords and fight for imaginary favors—or real ones. They don't want that."

"In a long life," replied Mr. Lucas, "it has been my observation that men change not at all, and women"—he looked at her and modified it to a compliment—"very little." *(The story continues in detail:)*

SPRING, washing its dirty snow in the gutters, sending busy little swirls of water down the streets, had an air of having begun in earnest that morning to make the world ready for brighter and pleasanter days which were on their way. It was only early March, and the weather was ahead of time, shining and blowing briskly, as if it had a great deal to do, as if it were possessed of so much energy that some of it must be released.

Jerome shared its vigor, felt its impatience. The world seemed especially set up for him. He had waked as he so often did now, to the consciousness that he was in luck, that there were things immediately to be remembered, and he found the thought of his marriage close, just where he had left it on going to sleep. Last night it had been a slightly harried thought, as if it had been through a hard day. But this morning it was restored, fresh and normal as it should be. Fanny was to marry him; and that was now common knowledge among those who were interested. He was a healthy man with work to do, and he was going to have a wife.

The waiter who served his breakfast in the small red dining-room knew. It was pleasant to have him say, "Well, Mr. Ransom, I suppose you'll be leaving the club soon," and to give back the answer: "Yes, Byron, I'm going to one of the few better places to live—a home of my own."

"Every man likes to have a try at that, sir."

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Illustrated by
C.D. Mitchell

A novel of the battle between what a girl finds in her heart and what is put into her head by modern ideas about marriage.

"You live at home?"

"I have a little place of my own," said Byron.

"Got a family, then?" asked Jerome, and wondered why he had never thought of a family as connected with this lean servitor before.

"Two boys."

"Good for you!" Jerry praised him, and meant it. There was something very satisfactory in the fact that even the sallow Byron had achieved two boys. It was a sturdy world, Jerry reflected, a kind one.

He must call up Fanny before he went to the office. Last night when he had left her, she had been more wonderful than he had ever known her. As the memory curled around his heart, Jerome thought secretly that he must hold himself in a little better, must be careful not to lose his head. Still, there were times when Fanny almost seemed to be expecting lack of reserve, asking for it. The way she had torn into his remark about man's instinctive reverence for women came back to him, and he made a stubborn last defense to his mind. Of course there was a lot of bunk in that kind of talk; but still, in a way, a man meant it too.

He'd call her at once, he decided, and stopped only for another cup of coffee. . . . .

"Fanny? How are you this morning?"

"Trying to keep from laughing out loud," she said. "I wish I could buy this day. I want it to keep."

"You shall have it. I'll send it right up."

"Full of boast and brag, aren't you?"

"Want to see me?"

"No. I have my few prides. And I have on a dress that makes me look like *Little Dorrit*. It's demure in the wrong places, though. Very bold in profile."

"Fanny—did you think of me last night?"

"I'll look it up. Wait until I get Dear Diary."

"Stop making fun of me. Fanny, you were marvelous."

"But a little vulgar? A shade indelicate?"

"That's impossible between us, darling."

"So that's what you want me to tell you. Well, I wont. You go without your dope."

"When can I see you today? Come down and lunch with me, will you?"

"Not today."

"You know we have to find us a house, Fanny."

"Not if the weather stays like this."

"Seriously, a fellow was in to see me yesterday who knew a lot about houses. Mark Pearson. He wants us to go around and look at some. Gave me some good ideas."

"I know him. He sold Lois and Henry a place. He barters and even feathers the more luxurious nests. He's a fatuous egg."

"He's not going to be living with us," said Jerome. "You needn't take him so hard."

"Good. You know, I have one smoldering idea of my own. I'll tell you when I see you."

"But when is that?"

"I have to wash gloves now," answered Fanny, "and figure out some meal not past the mental capacity of the cook. Mother has a headache, and Father a Congressman coming for dinner. So I'm the little fairy of the household. And this afternoon I promised to spend with Dorothy Carey. You'll be busy, anyway—or should be."

"Not on Saturday afternoon—unless I whittle the desk. I wanted to come for you early."

"It can't be done. I must help Dorothy. She's packing her stuff and not too strong yet."

"When will you be through? I'll pick you up at her house."

"Fine. I wont have a car because Father wants it for the Congressman. Come about half-past four or five."

He groaned.

"Say, Fanny, this is a short life! It will be nearly over by then. And it's a long time since I've seen you."

"You just left me."

"Twelve hours ago. I've changed a lot."

"Well—come at four; but I may not be ready to leave."

"You'd better be. Fanny,"—he held her on the wire and spoke more softly, though the door of the telephone-booth was closed,—"the memory of you stayed with me all night."

"Couldn't you sleep?" she asked.

He had, as a matter of fact, slept remarkably well.

"You were in my dreams, darling. You were part of them."

"Go on!" said Fanny. "I'll bet you dreamed of snakes. You must hang up or I'll never get the grocery in time for a noon delivery. Good-by."

That was his dismissal. Sometimes Fanny had a quick way of showing him up like that, making him feel a fool. But what he had said was true. The thought of her threaded its way through everything he did or felt. Of course there were times like last night when it became distilled and concentrated, but there was something else which he would have liked to tell her about.

He walked downtown and remembered in the sunshine that she had said she would like to keep the day. That gave him an idea as he passed a florist's shop. He'd send her up some spring flowers with a note.

"Something spring-like," he said to the clerk. "What have you got?"

Standing before the glass cases, he tried to choose. Fat short yellow tulips, long swooping mauve ones, early snapdragons, feathers of mimosa, long stalks of blue flowers which he couldn't name, white stars of blossoms on slender stems. She should have all of them, not in vases, but tumbled together as if he'd picked them.

"Can't you mix some of them?" he asked awkwardly.

The clerk was competent.

"Surely, sir—an assortment—a spring bouquet. About how many?"

"Quite a flock," said Jerome.

"Five dollars—six—we could make an exquisite assortment for eight dollars," the clerk suggested temptingly.

"I'm staying right with you," promised Jerome. "Go ahead and be exquisite. I'll give you a note to stick in with them."

He knew what he wanted to say. It was the day he was trying to send her, this first spring day they had shared as lovers, the day they might always keep because their love would keep it for them. He began it, "*Dearest—*" He began again: *"Here is our day for you to keep."* He began another: *"I can't send you the day itself and so—"*

He tore up five little cards, scratched *"Jerry"* on the sixth, sealed it in its envelope and gave the address to the clerk.

There was greater activity in the office now. Even the stenographers looked more awake. One of them, a pretty little girl, with yellow hair that looked as if it had been cut by a sharp curving knife in a single stroke, wore a pale gray dress with butter-colored trimming. Jerome noticed her as he had the flowers, and thought of Fanny.

He liked the firm he was connected with. Fraser and Austin had never been spectacular figures in the grain trade, but they had always been respected ones. Fraser was nothing but a name on a letter-head now. His heirs had sold out his interests to Mr. Austin; and Mr. Austin, dividing his time more and more between his place in California and his fishing lodge on the Brûlé River, was content to leave most of the management to Jerome, whom his former manager, Joseph Webb, had trained and trusted. Somewhere in the distance Jerome saw an almost inevitable partnership. Mr. Austin was notoriously slow about such things, but it was almost bound to happen. He had only one daughter, Elsie, who was married to an artist called Cobb and lived in queer places abroad. Jerome knew her slightly. He had dined with her and her husband, and remembered that she had an ugly, intense face and rather heavy arms. There were a couple of sprite-like children who talked a Frenchish English.

Jerome had figured his finances out before but he did it again this morning. There was no reason why he should not be able to take good care of Fanny on his salary. Seventy-five hundred a year ought to do them very well, and next year it would probably be pushed up. Plenty of other men were getting ten and fifteen. He'd show Austin that he was worth it. The thing to remember was that he couldn't throw money around quite as he had been doing. No more plunges in buying three-thousand-dollar cars for a while. He wasn't quite caught up on this car deal yet. But then it was still quite new. There wasn't a great deal of money on deposit to his credit, either, and he'd need some ready money

to get married on. That could be arranged. He'd see some one at the bank. After that, he and Fanny ought to manage without any self-denial, on his salary. This living at the club was about the most expensive way a man could live.

The day worked up to his meeting with Fanny. It had little echoes of her in it. There was a very satisfactory talk with a fellow from Dakota. Business would come out of that. Some day he would like to go out there with Fanny, show her the background of this dealing in grain. It wasn't all figures and offices. There were fields and men at its source.

At lunch he listened to talk of politics and business, over a round table in a restaurant whose patrons were carelessly assembled from a large group of business men who knew one another.

"I see Cameron's here from Washington."

"What for? Doing a little explaining?"

"I don't know. I saw him with E. G. Ransom."

"That's where you would see him. Getting pointers. Ransom's always got his ear to the ground!"

"We've decided to be married on Saturday."
"But you aren't ready."

"That's his job, isn't it? Collecting revenue is incidental. The clerks look after the income-tax returns."

"I heard that they were going to get rid of Ransom—that he's been a little too slippery and some one had skidded."

One of the men became conscious of Jerome's connection and diverted the direction of comment.

"Oh, I guess he's safe enough. He's a good man for the job. You've got to have a politician."

Jerome remembered that Fanny had told him that her father had a Congressman as guest. That was Cameron, of course.

"Certainly, you've got to have a politician," he came in, offering an agreement which was meant for defense. "You can't run a government or a war without people who know the ropes."

"Or a grain business," somebody kidded him.

"Oh, sure. Anybody can run a grain business."

Owen Jones came in during the afternoon. He was collecting for a deficit incurred by the Hockey League. Owen was always doing things like that, which weren't anybody's job but had to be gone about with a certain freedom of approach and acquaintance with men who had money.

"Can I put you down for fifty dollars, Jerry?" he asked.

"I guess so. The boys played pretty good hockey. Don't want it right off, do you?"

"Take your time. Feeling poor?"

"Feeling thrifty. Getting married."

"Yes. That's right. To Fanny." Owen had a queer look on his face. "You've got courage."

"I've got luck. Why courage?"

"Because she's so much smarter than you are," grinned Owen.

"Oh, I've found that out."

Owen was like an illustration of a decadent young man. He always seemed, beneath his artificial energy, to be quite exhausted. But there was something very clear in his glance sometimes. He had dissipated and honorable eyes.

"Marrying Fanny is very important," said Owen, and reached for a cigarette as if to make his statement casual, "because Fanny is so important. I don't know why. With considerable envy, I wish you great luck."

"Thanks."

But there were other men who did not feel quite that way. Bill Lovett, chuckling over a comic strip in the afternoon edition of the paper:

"Here's one for you, Jerry. Did you see this about the fellow who's just going to get married?"

Jerry looked and laughed. It was the kind of joke made for men to laugh at, cheap salve for a million domestic bruises.

"Say," said Bill, "before you do go off the deep end, Jerry, we boys are going to have a little party for you. We were talking about it the other day. Just duck-hunters. Just the boys who like them when the blood follows the knife. What do you say?"

"I'm for it."

"We'll give you something to remember. I've got a fellow coming down from Canada in a week or ten days with a car full of stuff. And by the way, there was some talk about a present. Though why we should go spending money on a bird who takes it away from the rest of us the way you do I don't know. Anyway, they want to get something that will be acceptable to the young lady, do you see? You just give us a tip, will you, Jerry?"

"Oh, I don't want you to do that."

"We want to, my boy. We may not live to send you flowers when you die." Bill chuckled. "Still, you can go and shoot ducks if it seems necessary—in certain seasons."

There wasn't any offense in it. Jerry knew. He knew the way men talked about married men as comedy figures, and marriage as a rowdy vaudeville act. It was just an attitude, just a line. The men who talked like that usually loved their children, had their wives' early pictures inside their watch-cases, and carried heavy insurance. It was impossible to explain to cheery Bill Lovett, who was so enjoying the probability of another man becoming more or less henpecked, that to marry Fanny was different, that it was a sacred and beautiful experience. If he tried to explain, he'd only let himself in for more kidding. Bill wouldn't get it. He'd think it was only honeymoon stuff. He'd laugh.

But Jerry had a great affection for his duck-hunting crowd. He knew their loyalties, knew how at night when they were together in some remote lodge in the woods, with the smell of bacon mingling with the smell of tobacco, and a poker-game in the immediate future or past, little drifts of philosophy piled up between them. They thought. They saw how things were, and held little resentment against such scheme as there was. They faced things,

other men's fortunes and their own, death, success, bankruptcy, cancer. They admitted the necessity for political change and economic adjustment, though they would probably vote a straight conservative ticket in an almost fatalistic belief that continuance was better than change. All the ways in which a man could slip were clear to them, and most of them were condoned, and a few, a very few, were not. As for women, most of the men had their wives or their daughters, and beyond that there were a great many jokes, jokes of sex, like drinks of gin, not very good for a man, but somehow masculine and warming. It was a crowd of men to have a particularly good time with, though they were not all of one age. Jack Russell wasn't more than twenty-six, and Bill Lovett must be getting on toward fifty.

All Jerry said was: "You don't have to lose any sleep over me, Bill. I'm getting the big end of this deal. You don't know the girl I'm marrying."

"No," answered Bill. "I've seen her, though." He smiled. "You know how to pick, Jerry. Still, if you want any advice at any time, come around and I'll give you some."

But all the kidding did not make four o'clock come any faster. It was a sluggard afternoon in the city. Banks were closed, clerks and stenographers scattered to their pleasures or private duties. Jerry telephoned the garage to wash the car, made some memoranda for Monday, got himself a haircut and talked to the barber about the chances of a come-back for the Democrats, going over all the old trite deductions sociably. He thought the barber had cut his hair too short in the back and was quite disturbed about that; for, as he remarked, it gave him the neck of an ox. Still, he proffered the usual generous tip to the worried barber, and was at Dorothy Carey's house at four o'clock.

It was, of course, not her house at all. It was a house that Gilbert Carey had technically bought, weighted with enormous mortgages which almost equaled its value. His slight legal claim on the property had been long since forfeited, but since it was a big house and hard to sell, the owner had made no effort to dispossess the tenants, who were keeping it heated while he looked around for another more solvent purchaser. After that unheralded departure of Gilbert Carey from the city, a going which had been for his creditors a disappearance, his wife had made an immediate effort at readjustment. She had, Fanny had told Jerome, wanted to leave the house at once, and only the assurance of the owner that it was to his advantage as well as to hers for her to stay until spring had kept her there, selling such of her possessions as were marketable, while she grew strong enough to consider work.

Jerome had never seen Dorothy since that last glimpse at the hospital. He had danced with her once or twice before, but his memory of her was so indistinct that he was not sure he would recognize her now.

Quite obviously, packing and moving were going on. The large cream-colored stucco house, always more pretentious than charming, and now seeming all angles with its windows blank and its shrubs bare, already looked vacant and stripped. There were packing-cases on the tiled walk, and a small girl answered Jerry's ring at the door. She was a child of not more than six or seven, and astonishingly handsome in her father's manner, with perfection of form and a natural grace which seemed overlaid now with curiosity and wonder at being in the midst of so much change and upheaval.

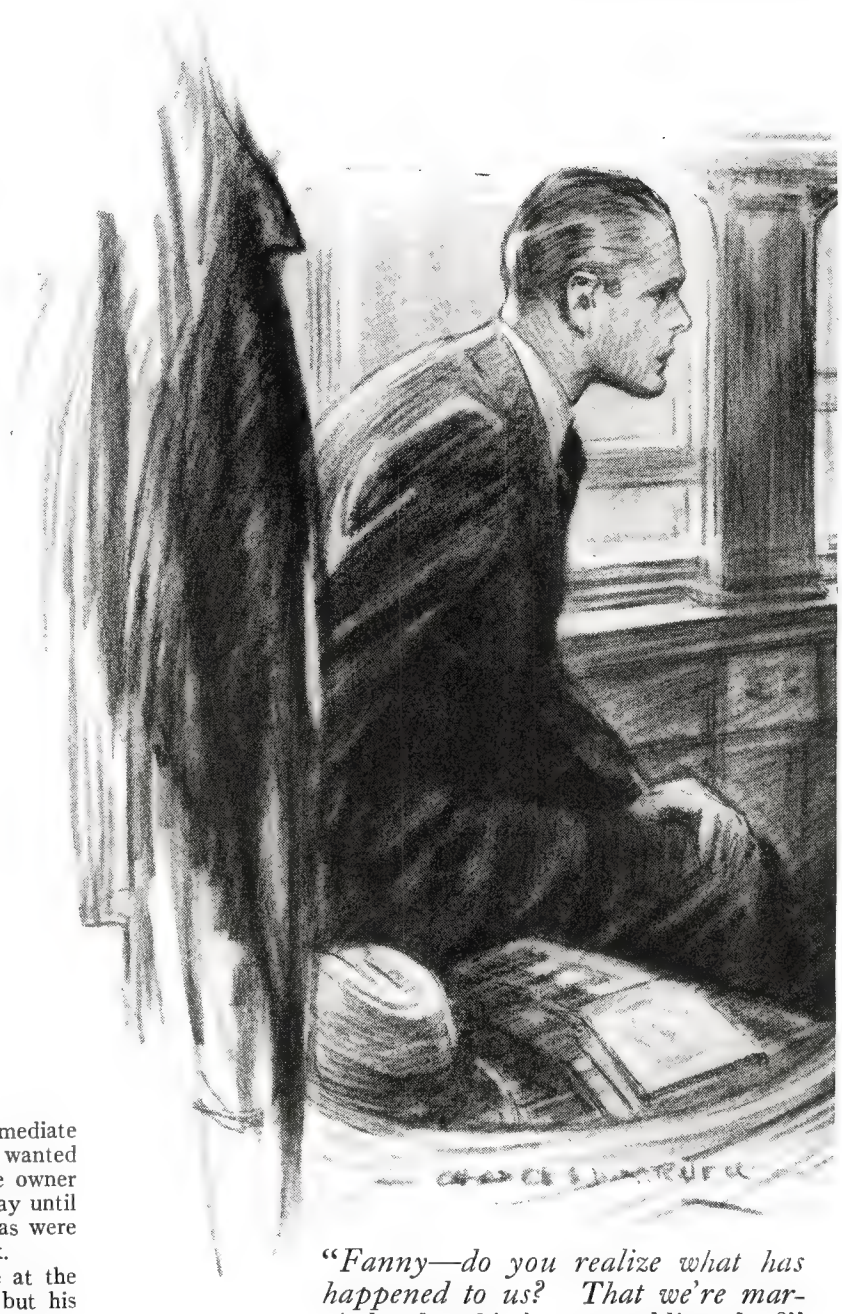
He could hear some one call: "Dolly, did you answer the door for Mother?"

Then Fanny's voice came through the hall: "Is it you, Jerry? Come on in. To the right."

They were in a room which had been a living-room or library, and both girls were packing books into wooden boxes. There was little furniture left in the room except a divan, a few chairs and a small inlaid coffee-table on which gray dust showed. Dorothy Carey stood up and held out her hand.

"I'm glad to see you, and I'm afraid that an apology wont help the confusion much, so I wont bother with one. I haven't seen you since Fanny told me she was going to marry you. I do hope it's going to work out for you both."

It was a thin kind of congratulation, its warmth diluted by doubt and honesty. It sounded as if she were trying to do the best she could with her hopes, but wouldn't lie about them.



"Fanny—do you realize what has happened to us? That we're married—that this is our wedding-day?"

"I'm sure it is," said Jerome with great heartiness, and did not quite like to insist that he and Fanny were going to be happy to the point of a miracle.

Dorothy was not beautiful. Her nose was too short; her forehead, from which the black hair was brushed back, was too high. She had a smooth skin, with little color, and her bright red lips, rouged even today as if that were a habit, seemed startling in contrast. Her eyes had ceased to laugh even when she tried to be gay, and pride lay immediately behind any casual expression. There was a complex air about her of acknowledging tragedy, defying defeat, holding off pity. Very thin and almost fragile, her body seemed under intellectual control rather than drawing on any sources of physical strength. Instinctively, almost before the thought formed in his mind, Jerome respected her, but wanted to get Fanny away from her cousin.

"Can't I help?" he asked.

"No, thanks," said Dorothy. "It's about done. This stuff all goes into a van Monday morning, and the exodus begins."

Her voice, clear and definite as it was, reminded Jerry that this girl was seeing what had been her home pulled to pieces. He wondered where she was going, if she meant to leave the city, if

she were yet in touch with her husband; but he did not like to ask. There must have been too many curious questions already.

The little girl who had opened the door for Jerome had followed him into the room. Now another child joined her, a boy who was younger. They were both neatly, even prettily dressed; but in the empty, stripped house they seemed forlornly without background. Jerome asked them their names, tried to be friendly and amusing, and felt that he could have done better if their mother had not been there. Somewhere in the house a baby began to cry.

"Shall I go to see what ails him?" asked Fanny.

"No. It's nothing. Don't wait, Fanny; and thanks a lot. You must have no end of things to do this afternoon."

"We were going to look for a house," explained Jerome.

"You might take this one," answered Dorothy. "The owner certainly wants to sell. He'll do anything to get rid of it."

"I guess this wouldn't quite suit us," said Jerome.

Dorothy spoke with an unmistakable touch of satire.

"It's failed to suit people before."

"But there are some heavenly rooms," said Fanny. "I love that tiled one on the landing where you grew the ivy."

Dorothy's face became a mask.

The doorbell rang again.

"Shall I go?" asked the little girl excitedly. "It's the mail."

Her mother said with beautiful courtesy: "Will you, dear?"

The child came back with letters, and Jerome saw the almost involuntary eagerness with which Dorothy's hand went out to receive them and shuffled them through. She still expected something, he thought, still hoped in spite of herself. But it was impossible not to see as she laid the thin envelopes down on the low table that they all seemed to be tradesmen's letters, bills.

Fanny went to get her hat and coat, and the children chased after her. Left alone with Dorothy Carey, Jerome tried to think of something casual and cheering to say. Then unexpectedly she asked him a question:

"Do you know if anyone has seen Gil or heard from him?"

He lied, embarrassedly:

"No. I really don't."

"Fanny thought maybe you'd know. If you do, you might as well tell me. I'm not being sentimental."

She didn't sound it. And Jerome had heard, as had a number of other people, of Carey's having been seen in Chicago and St. Louis, full of the usual bluff, ready and trying to make a touch, drunk enough to boast about going out to the Western coast to get into motion pictures. Told in a certain way, especially by the men to whom Carey owed money, it was supposed to be a funny story. But Jerome did not tell it that way. It was impossible, he vaguely felt, to insult a man before his wife without insulting her. He gave the less unpleasant facts to Dorothy, as dimly remembered gossip.

"I suppose that a fresh start, a little change, is what a man needs sometimes," he finished lamely. "Things get a little stale now and then for all of us."

At once he knew that wasn't the right thing to say. But Dorothy only laughed.

"And I suppose he owes you money too," she said. "Men are amazing!"

"I mean," Jerome tried to explain, and stopped short of success. He found only one idea left. "If there's anything I can do, I'd be only too glad, you know—"

"Thank you," said Dorothy. "But I think the only way out of this is to do things myself from now on."

Fanny came back. She wore a dark blue suit which made her look boyish in a masquerading way, and black fox fur hung on one shoulder. Jerome loved her all the more in contrast to the unhappiness about her, and he was glad to get her out of that desolate house in which every movement or word became awkward, and trod upon pain. He wished that he didn't always seem to come upon Dorothy Carey in times of crisis. Also he wished, after a few minutes, that Fanny would stop talking about her.

"Do you know what she's going to do?" Fanny asked as they drove away.

He didn't.

"She's sold everything she owned that had any value and wasn't absolutely necessary. All her jewelry, some old china that belonged to her mother, all the silver that was given her when she was married, and most of the furniture. She's had to use some of the money that came from the sales to live on, but there's a little left to keep her until she gets started."

"At what?"

"She has a job in the drug-department of one of the big shops. Selling perfumes and cosmetics. They pay her very little, but she expects to live on it. She's rented half of a cheap, small house in the other end of the city; and the woman on the other side of it will look after the children. She used to be Dolly's nurse before she married, and it was she who found this place for them to live."

"Can't the old Judge help?"

"I don't think so. And Dorothy doesn't want that kind of thing, anyhow. She says there's been enough borrowing and that she's through with it. The Judge is pretty old, you know. He was an old man when Dorothy was born. Her mother was the Judge's third wife. And he lives alone in one of those rather expensive residence hotels, and likes being just where he is, and needs what money he has. But though he can't help Dorothy, for some obscure reason he's furious at what she is doing."

"What does he want her to do?"

"He wants Gilbert to come back. He wants her to patch it up somehow. He has the point of view, Dorothy says, that it could be managed if she sat still and cried all day and insisted on it. He feels that any creditable female would act that way, and that then Gilbert would do what he calls coming to his senses. It's crazy. For he knows they were frightfully unhappy."

"I don't suppose she was so easy to live with," said Jerome.

A faint hostility came into Fanny's voice.

"Why?"

"Oh—she's kind of on edge, isn't she? Nervous? High-strung?"

"I hate that phrase 'easy to live with,'" said Fanny; "it sounds as if people were expected to act like trained nurses around marriage, wearing rubber soles on their shoes, and keeping their voices low so they wont disturb its critical condition. Pleasant around the house! Easy to live with! Just the qualifications for a good servant."

"It doesn't mean that at all," Jerry protested. "It means having a sense of humor and riding the bumps. That's all—relaxing."

"I shall be very hard to live with, you know, Jerry."

"Not for me."

"But if I am?"

"Then I'll live with you, anyway. Fanny, let's not talk rubbish. It's too nice a day."

"Your flowers came," she said, as if reminded; "such a heavenly gay lot of them. You can be such a dear, Jerry."

"Can I? And you knew why I sent them? Because it's our first spring together. Fanny—there's not a soul ahead for a block—"

"No," she said, "we rather overdid that last night."

He hated her to say that. He didn't want last night brought out in this glaring daylight. He wanted it to stay in the delicious shadows and wait for them to come back. Exposed, it was bound to be a little shamefaced.

"You mean that I troubled you, Fanny? I'm sorry. It's only because I love you so terribly. And you're so sweet to me."

"Isn't sex the very devil?" she asked reflectively.

"What do you mean?"

"I was thinking of the way it gets hold of you. The way you are no longer you, but somehow—dispossessed of yourself. There's no reason why your touch should send me into a kind of fever. But it does."

HE was proud of himself, eager for her. But he kept his eyes on the road ahead, remembering things he had resolved before.

"I never want to do anything," he said, "or say anything that offends you, Fanny."

"That's as may be," she said; "but we don't want to miss anything."

He thought rather crudely to himself that he'd see to that.

"And you mustn't always act," she went on, "as if you expected me to be a terrified maiden. Or *Miranda* seeing her first man. As if I didn't know anything."

Jerry wasn't sure who *Miranda* was, but he got the drift of it. He wondered what Fanny did know, what she expected. It was the first time he'd thought of her quite like that. But from what one heard, all girls were pretty wise nowadays. His thoughts scurried into corners, abashed.

"If I didn't want to marry you, Jerry, I wouldn't do it. I suppose I want you quite as much as you do me."

She was thinking aloud. There was no provocation in her tone. Nor was there shyness. Jerry's mood hardened at the touch of hers. She wanted him, all right. He was triumphant, but not quite as exalted as he had been. When the door was flung open, the sacred place was not so different from other places. Still, maybe that was all right too. . . . . He smiled at her and pressed his shoulder close against hers, and suddenly she was impatient.

"Don't look so fatuous, Jerry. Don't look so coarse!"

He straightened. If he ever knew how she was going to take him, he thought, he might know how to act. Coarse—after some of the stuff she'd been saying! That was a good one.

"Where are we going?" she was asking.

"I thought," he said, relieved to get back to the solid ground of normal things, "that I'd show you a place out here that Pearson spoke of. It should be a block or two from here. He says it's a good house—fine construction. We could rent it or buy it on very easy terms. It's a good sort of neighborhood too."

"It thinks very well of itself," said Fanny. "Fat little lawns, hasn't it?"

Jerome consulted a memorandum scratched on a sheet of paper.

"Twelve South End Road," he read; "it will be the next street over. What are you laughing about, Fanny?"

"That's the same block my sister Lois lives in."

"Well," he said, a little discomfited, "you mean you wouldn't like to live near Lois?"

"Not that."

"It might be nice for you. You could run in on each other. That must be the house."

"It must," she agreed.

THE house was built of brick, a miniature of larger and more massive Colonial ones, with two rather thinnish white columns supporting a little portico. Everything about it was well kept and adequate. A tapestry brick walk curved around its few dozen shrubs. Green shutters lay neatly back from its windows like lapels. Jerome liked it. It seemed, every square inch of it, a competent kind of place.

"I have the key," he said. "Let's take a look. Shall we?"

"Why not?"

There was a bright large room to the left, and a brighter smaller room to the right. It had dark floors, cherry paneling, and a fresh modernity about it. French doors, a sunroom, a kitchen, a pantry, an alcove with painted seats about a painted table. An electric icebox. Two bathrooms with showers. Clothes-closets with rods.

"Not bad at all," commented Jerry. It was what he had imagined somewhat vaguely, brought into the concrete. He could almost imagine it furnished—big chairs in that room—dining-room table in there.

"Like it, Fanny?"

She seemed to answer reluctantly.

"Jerry," she said, "I'd hate you in this house."

"Hate me?"

"It. Being married to you. I couldn't breathe."

"But darling, we can't afford a castle, you know."

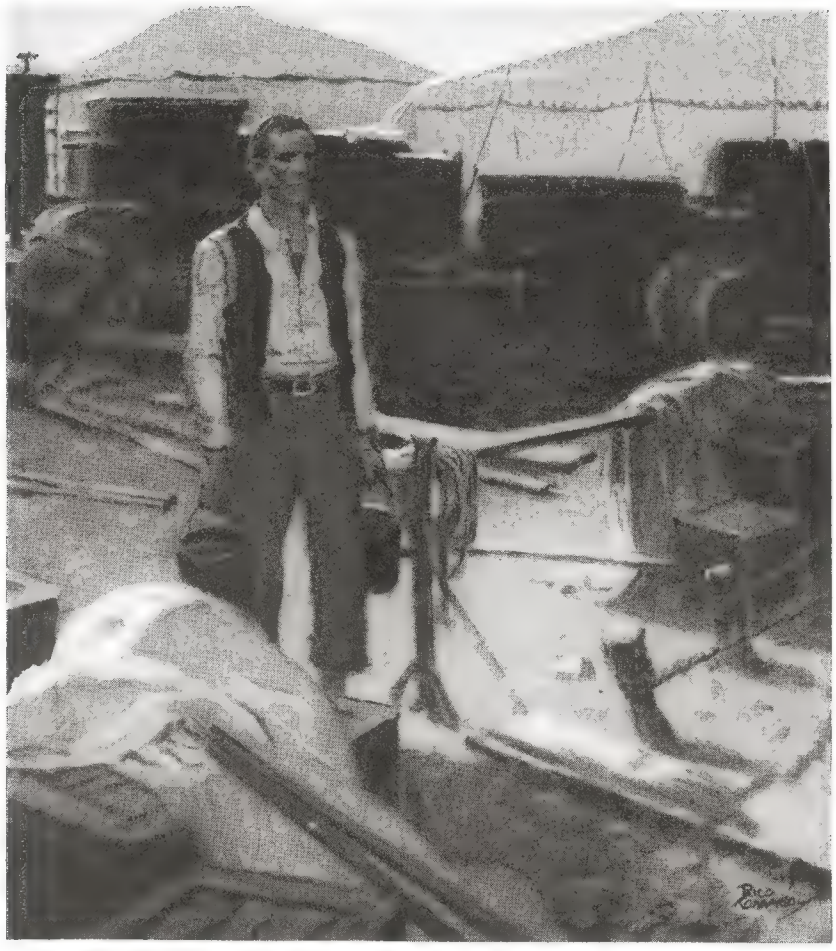
"Oh, I could breathe in much less space," answered Fanny. "It's not that. But this place is full of the fumes of escaping marriage."

"What?" He almost sniffed.

"It's all full of rules. Made to order. You don't do what you like with this house. It does what it likes with you. Here you eat—here you sit—up there you sleep—sunny rooms for two children—no more—look out!"

"Crazy Fanny!"

"I soon would be. Here. There's no chance in this place for you to work it out for yourself." *(Please turn to page 140)*



LEADER OF THE HERD

A story of Old Mom of the Circus

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso

IT was his first chance of the day; the Grand Amalgamated Circus had pulled into Washington, D. C., seven hours behind time, with four flat-cars left behind in the ditch, and a bull-car smashed into a three-weeks' repair job. So, after the remnants of a circus crowd had filtered in to see a woefully late matinée, the general manager sought the head elephant-man to make a few caustic remarks.

Two men stood before the elephant picket-line, the bull-boss and the head press-agent, both in doleful survey of a more doleful being, Old Mom, the head of the Grand Amalgamated herd.

Old Mom was not happy, and she was not whole. Her right eye was swollen and closed. There was dried blood on her trunk, and long lacerations where angry tusks had been driven home. Her good eye carried a look of disappointment and hurt; her mouth sagged at the corners; her trunk hung listless; and when she moved, there was more than age and sore feet to make the effort laboriously painful. The general manager, however, gave only a glance; he had surveyed Old Mom early in the morning when the big hook of the railroad wrecker had dropped a matting under her belly and pulled her out of the wreckage of a bull-car. He only cleared his throat and moved closer, sufficient action to cause both men to turn grudgingly for their punishment.

"Well, Newspapers," said the general manager to the well-dressed young man, "what was the verdict at the White House? What did the President say about tonight?"

"Oh, he can't come tonight," answered the press-agent. "We've known that almost from the beginning."

"Didn't you argue with him?"

The press-agent assumed an expression of quiet pain.

"A swell chance a circus guy's got arguing with a President! I figured myself lucky to cool him down for the show blowing the matinée on him."

The general manager took interest.

"Did he say anything we could use?"

"Well, he was real gracious about it. He said that it really amounted to nothing, anyway, and that perhaps the nation would be better off if he stayed in his office."

"That's swell press-stuff," said the general manager sourly; then at a call from the concession manager, he moved away long enough for the head bull-man to turn with some quick advice.

"Duck while the ducking's good," he said.

"As if it was my fault Old Mom can't handle that herd!" groused the press-agent.

"Will you please duck?" asked the head bull-man. "Old Mom's my worry."

Then as the press-agent moved out under the side-wall, the

head bull-man cocked his cap over his right eye, and awaited the return of the general manager. He did not wait long.

"Well," asked the Big Boss, as he came puffing into the tent, "what do you think about that old cow now?"

"Old Mom? She's all right," snapped the boss bull-man. "It aint her fault."

"Oh, aint it? I suppose a canary bird got under the wheels of the second section and piled all those cars in the ditch! If Old Mom can't handle this herd, there's no use cluttering up the menagerie tent with her. Send her back where you got her—she's too old, anyway."

At that, the bull-boss took a yank at his cap. He and Old Mom had been together for thirty years; now that she had been called upon to tackle the toughest job of her lifetime, it was not for the bull-boss to desert her.

Old Mom had been back on the circus only ten days, recalled as an elephantine pinch-hitter from winter quarters, to which she had been pensioned over the boss bull-man's objections nearly a year before. The obstacles had been too great. Last night there had been a fight in Bull Car No. 1, eight elephants against one. The rocking of the great vehicle, swaying with the tumbling of tons of flesh, had caused it to leave the rails, dragging other equipment with it. A President had thereby missed the circus, and a circus had missed news dispatches which would have meant favorable publicity over the entire nation. But the bull-boss was thinking only of Old Mom.

"You been doing a lot of talking," he said. "Now, I'm going to tell you something. Everything was running all right here, aint it, under Queenie? And why? Because Queenie'd been the boss of the main part of the herd. She brought thirteen bulls over here, didn't she, when the Old Man bought out the Bostwick Menagerie? All right, that left only Old Mom and what was left of her herd after the O. M. had finished his trading, which was a total of four bulls, including Mom herself. So then you figure that it's time to bench Old Mom, and you send her back to winter quarters before she even gets acquainted with the gang that Queenie brought over.

"So Queenie dies and leaves the herd flat without a leader. There aint a bull in the bunch that's got the head to run the rest of 'em. Old Mom, she looks pretty good then, so you yell for her, and slap her in here as herd-leader when she don't even know the elephants she has to boss. She ought've had the herd handed her gradual, a few at a time, instead of the whole gang wished on her at once. You didn't give her a fair shake."

The general manager puffed jerkily at his cigar.

"Well, kid," he said at last, "since you're so bothered about what Old Mom thinks of this and thinks of that, we'll just end that agony. Conditions can't be any worse with this bull herd than they are now. We'll be cutting down through Indiana right after the Big Town engagement. So I'll order a stop at Fort Wayne, and let Old Mom do some more resting."

"Aw, now!" The head bull-man's belligerence suddenly vanished. "Aw, look here, Jake," he begged; "that aint no way to do to her." The general manager had started to walk away; the boss bull-man, however, continued at his elbow: "Listen, Jake, she don't like it at winter quarters. She's been a worker all her life; it aint in her to be settled down to a pension, all alone in that big bull-house at quarters with no excitement around her, or crowds, or music or nothing. Besides, that cement's hard on her, Jake. She's got tender feet, honest she has. First thing you know, she'll be getting rheumatism."

"Will you cut the sob stuff?" asked the general manager heatedly. "Making me out cruel to animals! I think as much of Old Mom as you do. It isn't my fault she can't handle her job."

"She'd have handled it if you'd give her a chance. How'd you like to be turned loose with a whole gang of roughnecks that wouldn't believe you were boss? How far would you get?"

"A younger bull could've done it."

"Sure, take ten years off Old Mom's life, and she'd have knocked the tar out of the first elephant that come at her. Or if she had confidence. The rest of the herd'll run all over her after last night. Besides, her pride's hurt."

"So's her right eye," answered the general manager. "But go on and have your way. Pair her up with those other bulls, and see what happens. Put four or five extra men on the main herd."

The boss bull-man shook his head.

"It wont do no good now. Either she finds a way to lick the whole herd and show she's boss, or she don't. You know why a certain bull's the leader, don't you? Because she's got somethin' on the ball that the rest aint got. If she could get all the rest of them elephants at a disadvantage and lam into 'em, make 'em fear her in some kind of a pinch where they couldn't fight back—well, it'd be different then. But as long as they know they're stronger, and quicker and just as tough as she is—oh, it aint been a fair shake!" said the boss bull-man disgustedly, reaching to his hip pocket for a new chew of tobacco.

"Going to cry about it?" asked the general manager. Then, as he turned for the midway: "I'll tell the trainmaster that we want a stop at Fort Wayne, on the way back from the Big City engagement."

"Aw, now," begged the bull-boss—but the general manager walked on. After a time the head bull-keeper went back to the picket-line, where he stood for a long moment in survey of the battered elephant at the head of the herd.

"It's a dirty trick," he said, and forked Old Mom an extra portion of hay. The ancient elephant only curled her trunk lackadaisically about a wisp of the provender, waved it listlessly and then let it drop. Life was tough for Old Mom; for the first time in all her life she had met a situation she could not master. On

"I think as much of Old Mom as you do," said the manager. "It isn't my fault she can't handle her job."

the contrary, it mastered her, with everything from rebellion to persecution. An elephant, like a child, knows only too soon when it has gained the upper hand. The Grand Amalgamated herd, and not its aged leader, was in supremacy—and that meant complications. . . . .

The show left Washington, rounding through Virginia and Kentucky in a southern swing before cutting north for a week's exhibition in a midwestern metropolis, the biggest city on the Grand Amalgamated route. It was a trip of misery for Old Mom.

Vainly did the head bull-man exhort her. It accomplished little. There was a droop to Old Mom's eyes that never had been there before; the tight curl was gone from the end of her trunk; she gave her commands as loudly as she could, frantically at times; but commands were not enough.

"If you'd only sail in and sap 'em!" groaned the bull-boss. "Take 'em off their guard. Whang into 'em when they're not looking, and knock about six of 'em in a heap! Aw, where's your spirit?" Then he halted. "I guess you're right," he admitted. "I wouldn't go down to Hell's Kitchen and pick a fight—unless I had a bunch of cops around the corner."

That was exactly it. Old Mom knew that she had no backing. The four elephants which once had been under her control were only too eager to be out of it, once they saw that the main herd was recalcitrant. It was all of that. Worse, the bull-man saw that it was dividing into several herds; here and there an elephant, with a little more of the spirit of dominance than ordinary, was now arising as a sort of pachyderm-of-the-moment, to assert itself in the matter of taking extra food, or pushing about the three or four elephants which had offered allegiance. Each trip to and from the cars meant a small mutiny—the several volunteer leaders deciding to cross bridges or not as they chose, and their followers doing likewise. Or there would be times when they would divide their groups upon different courses, while bull-men swung to their trunks, in an effort to hold them to a straight line. The general manager paused often to talk to the head bull-man these days. For one thing, the cost of the elephant department had more

than tripled; other forces of the menagerie had been depleted, that extra men might be thrown into the corps of those who strove to handle the elephants. Besides that, a condition like this was dangerous. . . . .

"Heard anything from the Old Man about trading this gang back for his old herd?" asked the boss bull-man one morning. The show was in St. Louis now; four days more and it would go to the next stop, where the necessity for excellence of performance would be paramount. True, the rest of the circus was clicking excellently, but that was not the case with the big elephant act. It did mostly as it pleased. As for Old Mom, her life now consisted mostly of pushing wagons about the lot, leaving the herd to its pseudo-leaders, in reality only bullies. At least Old Mom was of a little use as a worker—much more than as a herd-leader.

"Got a wire this morning," said the general manager. "Nothing doing. The old herd is scattered all over the country with the Corporation Shows. It'd take two months to round 'em up."

"In two months we're liable to be bust with this bunch of bulls," said the boss bull-man. "I sure wish you'd listened to me when Old Mom first come on this opery, and given her a fair shake. By this time she'd have had this bunch of outlaws rounded up like a flock o' lambs. Why—"

"I've heard that before," said the general manager dryly. Suddenly he straightened at the sight of a well-dressed young man just entering from the marquee. "Newspapers!" he commanded.

The head of the press-department, back for the St. Louis engagement, answered the summons without much joy. The newspapers in the Big Town had shown a surprising lack of interest in the news value of the Grand Amalgamated Circus.

"Want to see me, Boss?" he asked with feigned innocence as he approached the bull-line.

"Yeh," grunted the general manager. "Let's go to the wagon."

A half-hour later, while the boss bull-man was swabbing iodine into a heavy tusk-mark made that morning in Old Mom's shoulder by her next-door neighbor Rajah, the press-agent wandered back to the elephant-line and stood waiting until the head-keeper had finished his ministrations. Then, as the iodine bottle was put away, he asked a question.

"Say, listen, Bulls; weren't you with Buffalo Bill the year he pulled a parade in the Big Town?"

"Yeh. Why?"

"I've kind of forgotten the straight of it," said Newspapers. "Buffalo Bill and his cowboys went down to greet the Mayor, didn't they? I always wondered about that," he continued. "They've got an ordinance there that prohibits circus parades."

"Sure there is. But there's another ordinance that allows political parades," said the boss bull-man. "Naturally, since them cowboys and Buffalo Bill were going down to pay their respects to the Mayor, that wasn't a circus parade, was it?"

"Thanks," said Newspapers cryptically, and left word for the general manager that he was taking the next train back north. . . . .

It was on the following Tuesday that Newspapers returned. He walked into the menagerie with a quick step and a high head; a gardenia was on his lapel, and an air of assurance literally oozed from him as he sighted the general manager in conference with the boss bull-man. But other thoughts than press-matter occupied the general manager just then.

"Hello, Newspapers," he said gruffly, and momentarily dismissing him, reverted to the subject of his previous conversation. "The trainmaster and I worked it out O. K. this morning," he said. "We'll go in there on the M. K. & T. and spot the bull-cars on the team tracks right against Overland Park. You give your men orders that they're not to open any of the cars or let down the runs until they hear from me. Oh, they may let out Old Mom to work around the lot, but that's all. The rest of the bulls stay in their cars until the big top's up and the menagerie's all set. Then we can run them right out of the cars, across the lot under the side-wall and to their places in the picket-line—and keep out of trouble. I had a tough time with that gang of railroad guys. They had it in their heads that we wanted to spot the bull-cars down there at the old Twenty-second Street team tracks where we used to unload when we showed at the Stadium. A fine break that would be with this wild-eyed bunch of bulls, having to move them all the way through the downtown district. Say, they'd wreck the town, that gang. You got it all in your head clear?"

Old Mom and the boss bull-listened tremulously

"Who, me?" asked the boss bull-man. "Yeh, it's all jake with me; hold the whole bunch in the cars until the menagerie's ready for 'em. Suits me."

"Fine. By the way, I made arrangements for that stop at Fort Wayne while I was at it. I kind of hate to do it," the general manager said with a glance toward the bull-line. "But we might as well be sensible. She's a licked elephant." Suddenly he turned to the press-agent. "Well, Newspapers," he asked, "what're we going to do in the Big Village—starve to death?"

"Didn't you see the papers this morning?" grinned the press-agent. "Page One, Column One; Mayor to Welcome the Circus."

man moved at the side of the great herd, which to the roar, but marched nevertheless.

"Swell," said the general manager. "Got him lined up to attend the show? Not bad. What else?"

"Well,"—the press-agent rearranged his gardenia,—"how would a parade right up Main Boulevard into the heart of town, right past the busy corner and then on to the City Hall, where we'd block traffic for at least twenty minutes—how would that suit you?"

The general manager winked at the bull-boss.

"It'd suit me grand," he replied sarcastically. "I suppose you've got the permit in your pocket."

"I have," answered Newspapers. "This isn't a circus parade; it's a political pageant in honor of the Administration's development program."

The manager's eyes bulged.

"You've got it?" he asked. "No kidding?" Suddenly he sobered. "I don't know, though, what we can throw together to make a parade. Time goes, doesn't it? It's been three years now since we cut out parades; doesn't seem that long. Still, we've got enough tournament stuff. What's the idea—hang banners over everything to ballyhoo the development program?"

"Yeh, and halt the parade in front of the City Hall while the band plays and a message is delivered to the Mayor."

"Well, I guess we could work that. We've got those tableau property-wagons that we could fix up for band-wagons, the big show windjammers on one and the side-show outfit on the other. Then there'd be the mounted Arabs and the equestrian bunch; that'd make a nice flash. We'd have the hippopotamus den, and of course the animal cages, with signs for the lion cages like: 'Make This City a Municipal Monarch; Vote the Bond Issue.' That'd be good."

"And signs for all the elephants," said Newspapers.

The manager's jaw dropped.

"Elephants?" he asked. "Scratch the elephants."

"We can scratch everything else," Newspapers answered. "But we scratch no elephants. That's what put over the idea—the entire herd of elephants as a guard of honor, and Little Billy Sunday to ride up to the Mayor's office in the City Hall elevator and deliver a message to Hizzoner for a Bigger and Better Metropolis, with every newspaper camera-man in town to grab the picture when Billy extends his trunk."

"And I suppose the main herd is going to wait down in front of the Hall with the bands playing while Billy makes his visit?"

"That's the hunch! Streets blocked, first real circus parade to go through the downtown district in twenty years—"

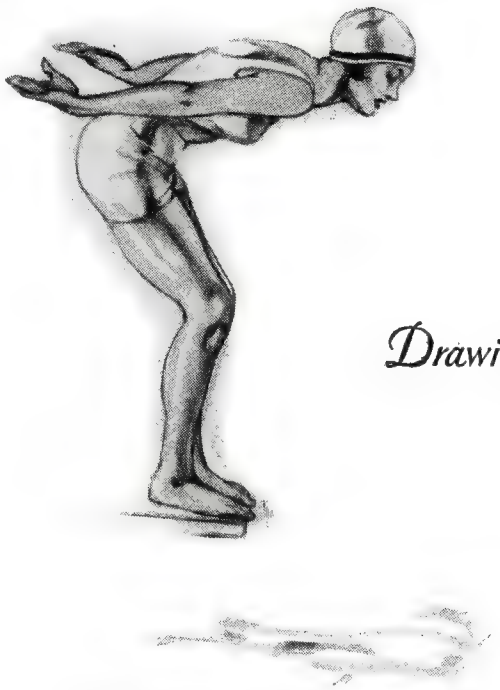
"And truck sirens screeching and crowds and excitement and street-cars and automobiles—and this bunch of elephants the craziest, maddest, most unmanageable gang of bulls that ever came over the bridge!" The general manager fished frantically for a cigar. "There'll be no bulls in that parade!" he exclaimed. "Do you think we want to pay damages to the whole city?"

The press-agent had grown suddenly white.

"But there have got to be bulls!" he said. "Either that or—"

"Or no parade? Then there'll be no parade. Take 'em back their permit. These bulls don't stir off the lot."

"But you've got me wrong. It's either the bulls, or there'll be no show! I've given my word to the Mayor. You know how he is—everybody knows how he is. It's the elephants that knocked him over. He's nuts about them—wouldn't talk about anything else. It's his own idea about the herd waiting while Billy Sunday delivers the message. You can figure out for yourself what he'll do if he thinks we've double-crossed him." *(Please turn to page 130)*



You Got What

by Will Durant

Drawings by Neysa McMein

Does the modern girl make a man think of home?

IN the mail last week a letter came from an Englishwoman in India. "You advise young men and women to marry," she wrote. "But it takes two to make a bargain, and one of the parties seems to be withdrawing from the game. Men don't marry any more. Society provides outlets for them generously everywhere, and the moral codes of our cities seem to smile upon their adventures. They believe that they can get, without marriage, all that marriage can give them. They run from girl to girl with all the stability and fidelity of a bee in a field of flowers. Meanwhile we women wait, forced to choose between a degrading promiscuity and an unnatural solitude. In England one-half of all women of marriageable age are unmarried, and I suppose it will soon be the same way in America. How many of us long for steady affection and a home, how gladly we would pay Nature's awful price for the boon of a child—but how long we must wait till men decide! With all our emancipation, we are still subject to their will; and our lives are in their hands."

Is this woman exceptional in her loneliness? A girl of beauty *and intelligence* will have no sympathy with this letter; she will quote Shaw, and prove that any lass worth marrying will be able to maneuver a man into matrimony within a reasonable time. Watch any woman with any man (such a girl would say), and see which will twist the other around her finger. Apparently the superior skill leaves the advantage all with the lady; and in a million middle-class homes it is the woman who sets the tune. But look a little further.

Enter a tea-room in Greenwich Village: down a risky flight of steps, under yellow lanterns and post-impressionist pictures, over the legs of poets and lovers, world-remakers and chorus-girls, past ancient tables carved with initials seeking immortality, into a dim atmosphere of perfume, smoke, food and palaver—here in concentrated sample is the world that knows no home. In a dim corner sits a painted beauty whose jaunty cigarette and shapely knees indicate some measure of prosperity and content. Sit down with her, win her confidence, and ask her the secret of her happiness.

"Happiness?" she echoes, flipping ashes scornfully. "Where do you find such a thing? As for me, I haven't known it since I was a schoolgirl. You think I'm happy and young; but I'm thirty-five, and my rouge is good. I waited five years for my man to offer me marriage, and he refused; he thought legal marriage a Victorian convention, a piece of sentimentality, an unreasonable bond on our freedom; and like a fool I agreed with him. So I lived as his part-time wife, worked all day in a factory, made canned meals at night, and grew a month older every week. One night he didn't come home, and I've never seen him since. In the last five years I've had ten companions, but not one was man enough to marry me; they wanted my body, but they didn't want to give me a home. Free love!—what a victory that was for the cowardly male!"

"But my sophisticated friends tell me that there is a great exhilaration in such a free and varied life."

"Yes, for a while; but nothing is exhilarating after the twentieth time. Do you remember *Mme. Bovary?* Flaubert was right: adultery is ridiculous, because the man you go off with turns out to be as dull as your husband. I wish you knew how sickening this variety can be. For a year I was a hostess at a night-club. I slept by day and worked by night; I saw as much of the sun as a miner or an Englishman. I was used like a hound in the hunt—to get men to drink more than they wanted, and to pay more than they had. I wont tell you the rest. Between one man crazy for sex and another man crazy for sex there's little difference; they all react alike to the same tricks; they're all pitiful fools. I found myself living among men and women every one of whom I despised, and who all despised me. Do you think there can be happiness in such a life? Oh, how this vile city distorts and corrupts and empties our lives!"

"But surely some women are happy?"

"I haven't met any. Lovers are happy, I suppose, till the quarrels come, or money. And love is so brief. Every young man today knows all the biology of it; and it's hard to be romantic about something that you understand. Modern college boys would never think of writing sonnets to our eyebrows. And these college girls! Do you see that thin-lipped lady with the spectacles—over at the far table? She has all sorts of degrees, and has read every

"We must compete, in finery and nakedness, with every woman we meet."

You Asked For

An excursion to certain Sources of Happiness—and Unhappiness—by the man who wrote "The Story of Philosophy"

"A 'career' can be added to motherhood, but can't take its place."

book ever written. But no man would marry her for less than a million."

"Why do women dislike one another so?"

"Do you really want to know? Because they are hunting the same prey, and the game is scarce. The number of marriage-proposals offered to our sex in a year is getting smaller, and the number of women competing for them is getting larger; we love one another like traders competing for a sale. Why do you think we spend so much on clothing and 'beauty'? We must compete, in finery and nakedness, with every woman that we meet—even with the married ones. But see, the lady scholar is coming; perhaps she will speak for herself."

She does; her forte is self-expression. She is tall and slim, with the features of Erasmus; she is all resolution and erudition. All evening the poor woman has been looking for an ear.

"Emancipation is a farce," she says. "We thought we would find it in politics; but despite our virtuous influence, municipal politics becomes dirtier every year, and the only result of the franchise is that our vote admits us to a moderate share in the dirt. Then some writers told us that real emancipation lay not in politics

"Happiness?" she echoes, flipping ashes scornfully. "Where do you find such a thing?"

but in education. So we went to college, millions of us. Some of us wrote theses and received post-graduate degrees; we became Mistresses of Arts and Doctors of Philosophy. The result is spinsterhood. The men wont marry us when we get educated; we know too much to be comfortable. They like to be superior to us in knowledge and intelligence; they grow an inch taller when they see us timid and dependent, but they run from us when we mention Bach, or Spengler, or Cézanne. They are afraid that if they marry us, they will have to read and go to concerts. After all our efforts to become informed and mature women, we are passed by for girls who have nothing but their skin. Our only chance is to be a co-wed—to capture a boy before he is out of college, and carry him to the altar at once. If we delay, we find ourselves flung out of an atmosphere of comradeship in study into a world of ruthless competition in money-making and man-getting. In that world we have few friends, and many rivals; our schoolbook knowledge is almost useless, and our broken-up instincts are at a disadvantage in comparison with the swift directness and natural subtlety of the girl who does not think. It seems to be a law of sociology now that marriage-proposals vary inversely as the number of colleges for women—the more colleges, the fewer proposals. We graduates have knowledge, but we have no happiness. Other women get the husbands; we get the degrees—they get the children; we get the diplomas."

"Children? But aren't children a burden and a nuisance to a modern woman?"

"I don't want a dozen. But I'd give all my Latin and Greek and French and oil-painting to have one or two children and a home."

"But I thought a great many women were finding satisfaction in business careers, and didn't miss such old-fashioned, conventional, sentimental things as children and a home?"

"They deceived themselves. Let us call over the woman I was talking with a moment ago. She has had a successful business career. Perhaps she can be persuaded to tell us what she really feels."

It takes time, for the lady is tired with the day's work, and more reticent than her scholarly friend; besides, it appears, she has a husband, from whom certain things must be concealed. She evades and smiles, but speaks out at last.

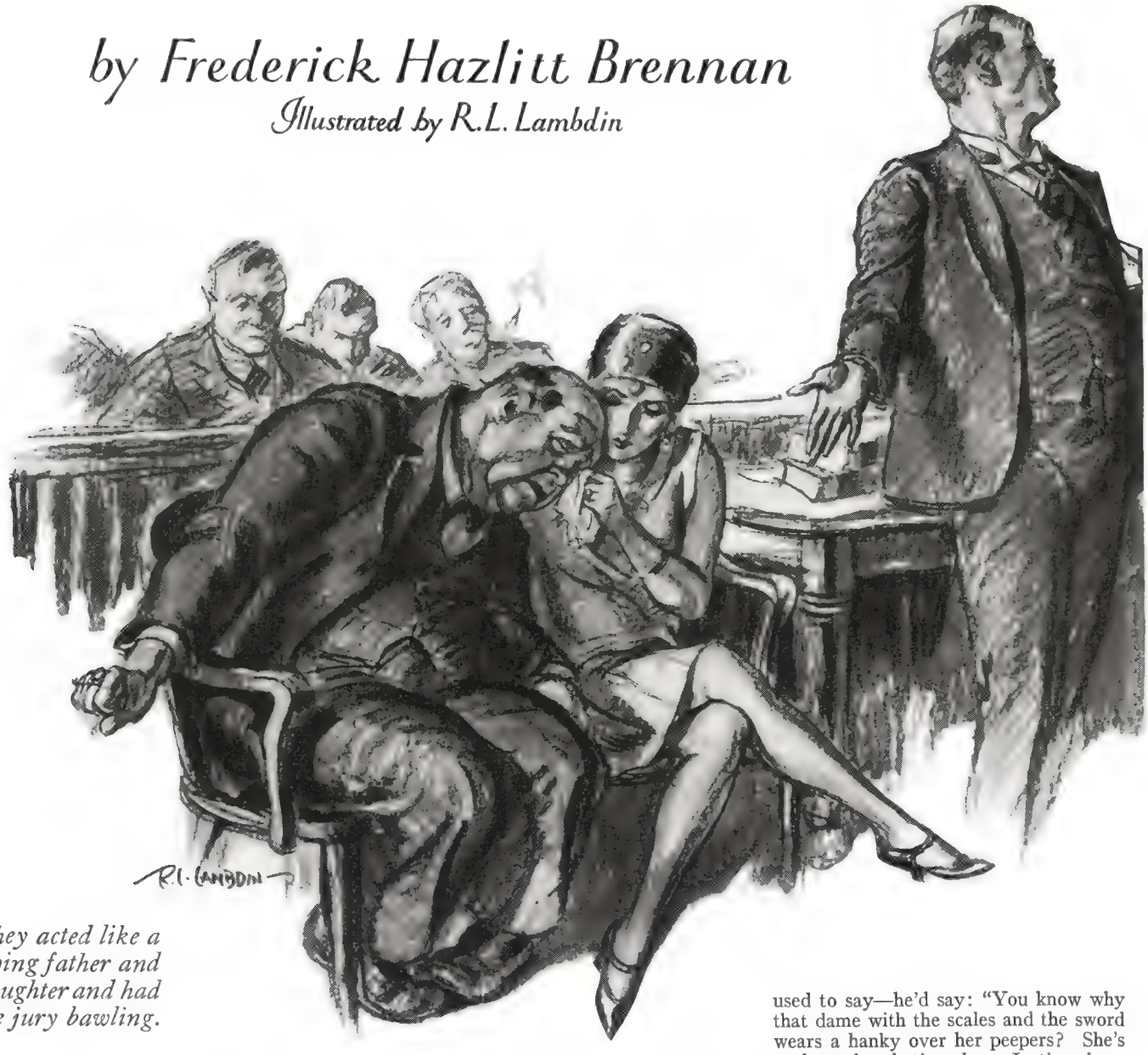
"Yes, I'm miserable. I worked as a stenographer for ten years, ruining my eyesight and my health in a dark and dusty office. Many men made love to me, but few offered me marriage; those that did were earning less than I was. I accepted one of them, and married, hoping that soon he would be able to give me a home in which I might be the mother of children. That was six years ago. I am still working, and he is still earning too little to give support to us both. He wont hear of my leaving work; he argues that an emancipated girl like me should be quite willing to go out and earn her own living. Men are *(Please turn to page 129)*

TALK ABOUT JUSTICE!

A Gang Story

by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Illustrated by R.L. Lambdin



They acted like a loving father and daughter and had the jury bawling.

I GUESS you newspaper boys thought you was pretty wise, said Sleepy Connell, one of my best friends and severest critics among the racketeering gentry. Yeah, I guess you did. Huh? Aw, you know what I'm talking about. I got a squawk to make. You didn't treat Andy Bogart fair. Instead of trailing along with us at the trial, you went over to that State's Attorney, and let him fill you full of bologny. I told you I'd give you the low-down as soon as Andy got acquitted. But no, you just wouldn't wait. You had to know everything all at once.

Huh? Sure I held out on you. Think we wanted our set-up queered before Andy walked? But that didn't give you and the other boys no license to put pieces in the paper kidding the trial. All on account of you, that State's Attorney went and indicted our witnesses for perjury. He aint dismissed none of the cases yet, neither. The mob is plenty sore, and if I hadn't told 'em that telling lies in a newspaper was your racket, and you had to make a living some way, they'd of come out here and give you a pistol-whipping.

Justice? There aint no justice in this world. It's just like Andy used to say—he'd say: "You know why that dame with the scales and the sword wears a hanky over her peepers? She's cock-eyed; that's why. Justice is a cock-eyed moll." Andy sure had that dame's number. Here he was, ten steps from the hot seat—and you boys riding him because he made the old insanity plea! Hell, it was the only plea he could make, wasn't it? When a guy croaks his wife in broad daylight with six eyewitnesses on the spot, what else can he tell the jury?

The newspapers has been acting like all this was some kind of a joke. I read that piece of yours all about Santy Claus being good to Andy, and how the jury deliberated only fourteen minutes because they was in a hurry to do their Christmas shopping. Now, wasn't that a swell way to act toward a guy who treated you white and give you a lot of good stories about the people at Atlanta? I told the mob today—I says: "The next time we're trying to beat a jam in court, we'll know how to treat reporters." I warned Andy when the trial started he was giving you boys too good a break. . . . .

Aw, don't come that old stuff. What about the six cases of hooch Andy sent you from the Kentucky warehouse? Didn't he offer to pay your hotel expenses? . . . . Well, maybe you didn't take no favors from Andy, but there was other reporters that did.

Andy even paid their women for 'em. It gets me sore. Us boys wouldn't of minded the kidding so much if the papers had been anywhere near right on the dope. All them insinuations about us buying up the whole jury and intimidating the State's Attorney's witnesses and bribing insanity experts to say Andy was nuts is a lot of hooey. So was the yarn you all wrote about Andy knocking Malvina off because he wanted to marry that Haley girl.

You think you had the straight dope on that murder trial, don't you? Sure you do. Now—listen a minute; let me wise you up. That Haley dame was the woman in the case, all right, but not the way *you* said. Andy wanted to marry her? Sa-ay, that gal is poison to Andy. On account of her, there's three good boys doing five spots in the big house for a job they didn't pull. On account of her, Hal Loomis did four months in stir for a job *he* didn't pull. And furthermore, if she hadn't messed into this, Andy would never of croaked Malvina. She nearly sent Andy to the hot seat, and she was the cause of his being where he is now. Go up to the insane asylum and ask Andy how crazy he is. He aint no more crazy than you or I. Yeah, Andy sure loves *that* little skirt!

Sue Haley? You mean did she love Andy? Sa-ay—don't be silly. Every croaking that comes along, you boys aint satisfied until you've got some of this triangle stuff into it. Just for your own private information, I'm going to tell you cold turkey how it all happened.

The trouble begun when Hal Loomis went and fell like a sap for Sue Haley. She was a steno down in town. Hal stood ace-high with Andy on account of him being so handy with a gat. Hal had all the redhots around here buffaloed, and the hijackers let Andy's liquor trucks alone. You knew Hal, didn't you? Yeah, a nice quiet boy. When Andy sent him out to calm somebody down, Hal never tried no machine-gun parties. He went to see his man and talked to him face to face. No cussing, neither. He'd just say, complaining like: "Now, I don't want to have to hurt you, brother. Andy says so-and-so, and if you don't do like he says—well, every time I use my guns, I have to clean 'em afterward. You'll be putting me to a awful lot of trouble." Most of the boys used to tell Hal they didn't want to put him to that much trouble.

Hal shouldn't have brung Sue out to Andy's place. But he liked to show the house off. You know, it was Hal that talked Andy into buying all them statues and pianners and pitchers and violins. You boys wrote up Andy's place plenty, and you got the dope wrong every time. It didn't cost him no two hundred grand. He bought it from Senator Kirby's estate for eighty-five grand, and he blowed twenty-five grand more on a greenhouse and fixing up the yard. That was Hal's doing. Andy and Malvina used to live in a flat across the river, and they'd of been satisfied with the dump as she stood.

Hal and Malvina was always arguing about the furniture. You'd of thought it was Hal's house. Every time Malvina bought anything, Andy would get Hal to look at it. "Some class to this sofa, hey?" Andy would say. Hal would shake his head. "Too loud, Andy," he'd say. "It ruins the room. Let's move it upstairs out of sight." Malvina would throw a fit, saying it was her house and she'd buy any kind of stuff she liked. But Andy usually would side with Hal. "The boy's right," he'd say; "that vase looks like a bootlegger's dream. You aint got no taste, Mallie."

Well—anyway, Hal liked to sport a tux and have the little Haley gal out to the place whenever Andy throwed a party. Andy started taking a fancy to Sue. I guess he figured he could get her. You know how bull-headed Andy is, once he takes a notion. He wanted Sue to dance with him one night. Sue was talking to Hal in the greenhouse off the living-room. . . . . Conservatory? Yeah, I guess that's what Hal called it.

"How about a dance, girlie?" says Andy.

He had some drinks aboard, and he looked like a bum, anyway. You know Andy. He sweated so much he ruint every shirt he put on, and his bald head used to get sweaty too.

Sue kind of hesitated.

"She's tired, Andy," says Hal right quick.

"Let her talk," says Andy.

The gal didn't want to make no trouble, so she says she'll dance.

They hadn't no more than started when Andy, wanting to make a hit with Sue, stops and points to a Eye-talian box on a table.

"How'd you like that, girlie?" he asks.

"It's very pretty," says Sue.

"It's yours," says Andy.

Well, Malvina was standing right near them.

"That's my box, Andy," she says; "she can't have it."

Andy and Malvina was both just stewed enough to feel like having a row. They had a good one, all right. Andy shoved Malvina into a big goldfish-bowl that stood on a little thingamajig near the door. The bowl busted on the floor, and there was goldfish all over the rug. Malvina started picking up handfuls of fish and throwing 'em at Andy. She'd of crowned him with the bowl, if I hadn't grabbed her. Hal didn't say nothing. He just give Sue the high sign and took her home.

Next day I and Andy was talking about putting a shake on the cleaners and dyers—you know the racket—when Hal comes in to Andy's downtown office.

"How's the little girl?" Andy says.

"Okay."

"Bring her out tomorrow night. Mallie's going to St. Louie on a trip."

"She'll be busy tomorrow night."

"Bring her Thursday night."

"Sorry. She'll be busy that night too." Andy and Hal looked at one another real steady.

"When will you bring her?" says Andy.

"I'm not going to take her to your place any more," says Hal.

"I say you'll bring her tomorrow night."

"No—you've picked the wrong girl, Andy."

I tried to get some sense into their heads. You'd of thought Andy was raising a row about some movie star, instead of a skinny big-eyed little dame like Haley. I told Andy she wouldn't be a pick-up on the street. Hal got sore at me. Says I was insulting his girl. Can you tie that? When I was only trying to smooth Andy down! Seemed like Hal was on the level with Sue. These quiet, brown-eyed blond guys is hard to dope.

Well, it wasn't no use. Andy asked Hal if he meant it. Hal said he did. Andy told Hal no boy in his mob could act that way. Hal said he'd quit the mob, then. He turned right quick and left the office.

Two days later the dicks from the Fifth District pinched Hal for a stick-up—that North End Bank job.

I says to Andy:

"Hal never done nothing to be turned up this way."

Andy shook his bull head.

"Hal aint right no more. Hal wouldn't do me the favor I asked, so he can beat this rap on his own."

Had Andy framed Hal? We-ell—dope it out yourself. Hal wasn't nowhere near that stick-up. The three boys who testified against Hal was flush for three weeks afterward. It's a cinch the dicks didn't slip them any cush. Dope it out yourself.

I felt right sorry for Hal. I was going to be one of his alibi witnesses, but Andy sent me word it wouldn't be healthy. Hal had a tough time with his alibi, anyway. He'd been running booze from Nashville that week, so he couldn't make any story stick. The only witness he had, practically, was Sue Haley. She lied like hell for 'im, but the jury soaked him with a ten-spot.

Whilst they was taking Hal away, the little Haley kid hung onto 'im, yelling: "I'll get you out, Hal, I'll get you out!" Two dicks had to pull her off. She started kissing his face, and when they dragged her, she kept kissing his shoulder and arm and finally his hand. They let me see Hal before they took him to the big house.

"When Andy's cooled off," I says, "I'll make him dope some lay to spring you."

Hal sort of grinned. It didn't set well with me, that grin. I thought of it, nights, for months afterward.

"Sleepy," says he, "I'm not asking a thing from Andy. I think I know how I got rapped for this—that's neither here nor there. But you can do me a big favor—sell my share of whisky certificates and those bonds I stashed with the mouthpiece in Louisville, and give the dough to Sue. Will you?"

Seeing as how Sue had landed him in this jam, I couldn't figure how she deserved so much dough.

"She'll marry some punk inside of two months, Hal," says I, "and go South on her honeymoon with your money."

Hal shook his head slow like.

"You got her all wrong, Sleepy," he says; "she's a good little kid. A hell of a lot better than I ever deserved. She's promised to wait till I finish this stretch, and she'll do it."

Well, I saw Hal had the first-time loser's blues, so I didn't want to make him feel any worse. I promised to turn his stake over to Sue. We talked about one thing and another. Guys who are leaving for the big house worry about two things, mostly—letters and their folks. Hal didn't have no folks, but he was afraid I and the boys wouldn't write to 'im because of Andy.

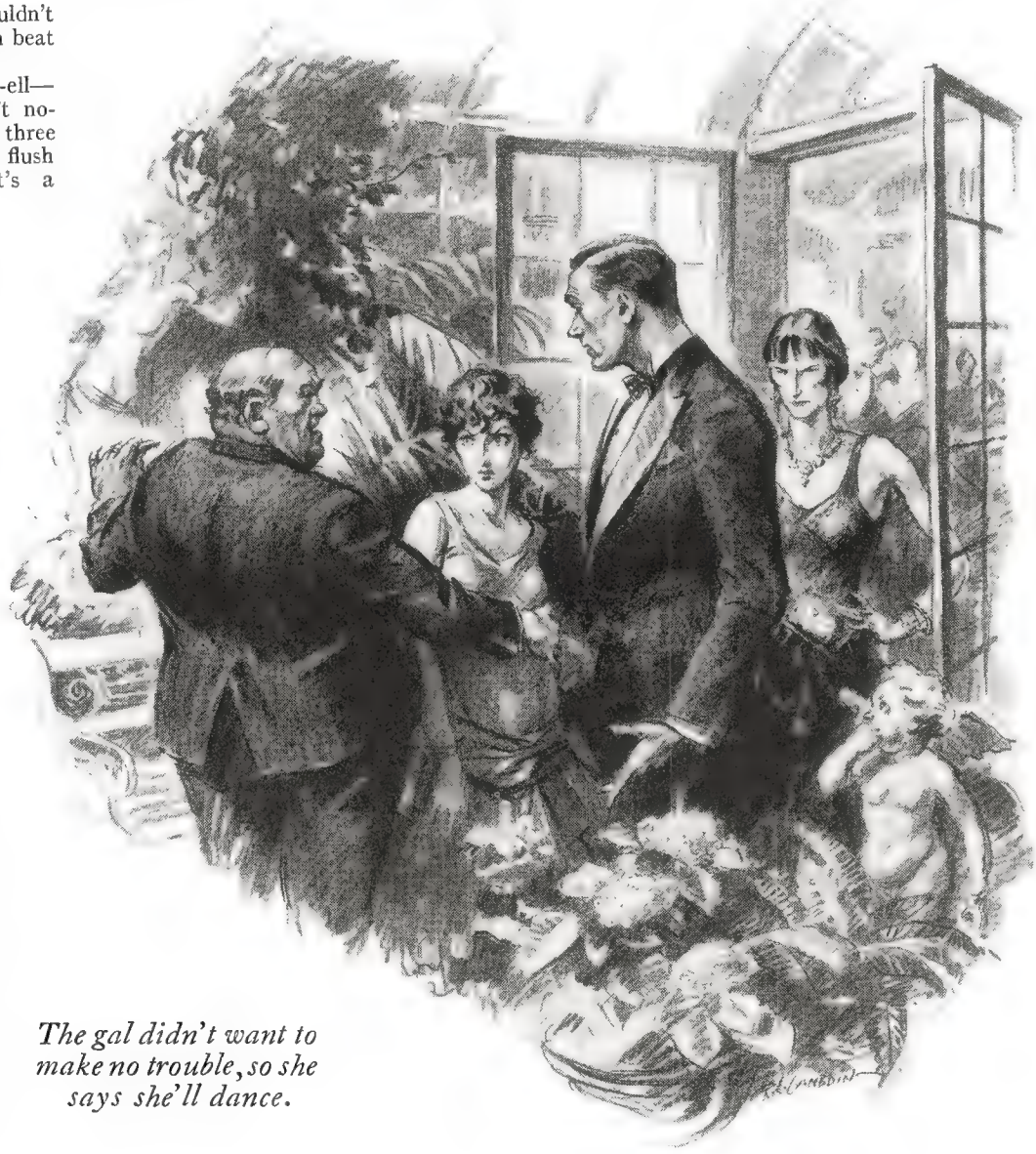
"If we pull any good jobs or there's a croaking I think you might be interested in, I'll give you the low-down, kid," I told him.

Hal frowned.

"I don't care so much about that, Sleepy," he says, "but I'd like to hear how everybody's doing—specially Sue."

We kidded each other along when it got good-by time like guys do. I told Hal I hoped the professors at college would give him good marks. He said it didn't make no difference what his report card looked like when he got out, because he didn't have no mamma to spank him. . . . . Talk like that.

I found out afterward that Sue Haley rode on the same train with Hal and a bunch of other prisoners going to college. The



The gal didn't want to make no trouble, so she says she'll dance.

prisoners was in a chair-car, and Sue got a seat in the same car. The screws wouldn't let her talk to Hal, but she walked up and down the aisle to get drinks of water all night so's she could look at him. When I heard about it I felt better. Maybe she'd stick.

The mob liked Hal, and they was pretty sore about the way he'd been framed. But nobody wanted to accuse Andy to his face of doing it. You've seen Andy when he's sore, aint you? The top of his head gets red and purple, and his fringe of red hair around his ears stands up like a rooster's feathers. Many's the time I've had to grab holt of him to keep somebody from getting bored. The only one who made any cracks to Andy about Hal was Malvina. She never was scared of Andy.

Her and him had it out one night after a party Andy had throwed for some politicians from Chi. Andy had got a little stewed and done considerable bragging about his way with women. Malvina stood a head taller than Andy, and her hair was as red as Andy's, before she bleached it yellow.

The little Haley kid hung on to him, yelling: "I'll get you out, Hal!"

"Listen, dearie," she says; "now that you've framed Hal Loomis into a stretch, I guess you'll try a play for Hal's flossie?"

"Hal was right for that stick-up," says Andy.

"Like hell," says Malvina. "And, anyway, you aint answered my question."

Andy stuck out his chin and doubled up his fists.

"If you gotta know," says he, "I'm still in favor of that little Haley gal."

"Yeah?" Malvina comes back. "Don't let me catch you playing around with that. You've made a big enough sap of yourself already."

Of course Andy got sore and made a pass at her. He was too ginned to judge his distance. Malvina ducked it and socked Andy a peach of a right cross. Andy fell into a fifteen-hundred-dollar radio set and busted every tube in it, let alone ruining the cabinet.

Us boys had to hold Andy down until he cooled off. He'd of plugged Malvina before he come to his senses.

Well, I guess you know how it is with Andy. Let anybody tell him he can't do something, and he wont rest till he does it. He started making a play for Sue Haley. Infatuation? In the papers maybe that love stuff goes big, but there wasn't nothing to it, really. Andy went after Sue just to show Malvina she didn't boss him.

It seemed like Sue, instead of being sore because Andy put her boy friend away, was right polite. She let Andy take her to the races one afternoon, and she went to a show with 'im a week or so later. But she watched her step. She wouldn't drink and she wouldn't take taxi-rides or even ride in one of Andy's cars. At first I couldn't dope her. One day I come across her in a corridor of the Courts Building.

"Heard from Hal lately?" I says.

"He writes me every day," she says.

"You write him too?"

"Every day."

"I guess you tell him what good times you and Andy has been having."

Sue was a smart kid. I'll take 'em dumber and a little more heft to 'em, myself; but there's some guys that like pert kids like her. She stuck her chin in the air and tried to make me believe she liked Andy. She started to beg me not to tell Hal what she was doing.

"I'm wise, Sue," I says. "But stringing Andy this way aint so good. He don't string easy."

"I know what I'm doing, Sleepy," Sue tells me.

Why was she at the Courts Building? Aw, she worked in the Public Administrator's office.

Well—where was I? . . . . Oh, yeah. So Sue kept kidding Andy along. I don't know how she doped it. Maybe she figured on making a deal with 'im—y'know, to get Hal out o' stir. There's lots of deals like that made—mostly with dicks, but damn' few ever keep their promises to the women. Anyway, the only thing that come of it was that Malvina and Andy had a grand bust-up.

Malvina throwed a clock, three vases and two chairs at Andy. He smashed the big goldfish globe trying to crown her with it. It was the fourth bowl them goldfish had had in five months. Malvina ended by busting a fiddle that had set Andy back four grand over his head, and walking out of the house. She says: "I'm never coming back. I'm gonna sue for divorce." Andy says: "If you ever come back I'll kill you."

The mob tried to smooth it over. But we found out several days later why Malvina wouldn't make up with Andy. She'd swiped two hundred and forty grand' worth of Andy's whisky certificates that he'd give her to keep when the Government got to tailing him too close last January. In addition to that, she sent moving-vans out to the place whilst we was away and carted off nearly all the furniture. She stacked it in an apartment she'd rented. When I and Andy got back home from a trip to Indianapolis, they wasn't enough furniture left in the house to set down on.

Andy cussed for an hour straight.

He said he was going over to Malvina's apartment and kill her.

I and the boys talked him out of that. I said I'd have a showdown with Malvina and bring her back *(Please turn to page 92)*

HEART OF THE NORTH

A romance of men of the rivers which flow toward the Pole and of women whose home is the wilderness of the North

by William Byron Mowery

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

The Story So Far:

ONE man alone dared draw a gun against the six strangers who held up the Mackenzie River steamer *Midnight Sun*—the mate Montgomery; and he was ruthlessly shot down before the eyes of his little girl.

As though every man aboard realized that no one dared stir, that retribution must come from elsewhere, a whisper started: "Baker! Sergeant Alan Baker of the Mounted—at Fort Endurance."

A good man, Sergeant Baker. Coming to Endurance as a corporal seven years ago, with Jimmy Montgomery and Curt Spaulding as his constables, he had showed his worth. With his fine record, Alan had expected to get his commission last fall when the post was raised to an inspectorate. But a political appointee named Haskell, a newcomer to the Force and to the North, had been given the inspectorship and the command.

This came only a short time after Baker had sent his best friend Spaulding to his death in the line of duty on a desperate Northern patrol. Spaulding's sister Elizabeth had been left helpless—in her own opinion at least. And Baker, largely out of loyalty to his dead friend, had engaged himself to her. But in brooding hours, when he thought of another girl in his life, of Joyce MacMillan and his comradely intimacy with her, the old longing for her surged through him, and he grew bitter at the circumstances which had separated him and Joyce. . . . .

It was while Baker was resisting another of Elizabeth's urgings that he leave the Mounted and go into some more profitable business that a constable burst in with the news of the robbery of the *Midnight Sun*. At once Baker went to Inspector Haskell, and out of his superior experience and knowledge proposed a plan of pursuit. But Haskell overruled him—ordered him to divide his force of six men when they reached the Thal-Azzah swamp, in which the bandits had presumably taken refuge. . . . .

On the upriver journey Baker and his men stopped at the trading-post of Dave MacMillan, Joyce's father. He was away, and in his storeroom they found furs stolen from the *Midnight Sun*. Baker told Joyce of this, and in the face of her anger at the accusation urged her to get the truth of the matter from her father. Then he pushed on; and when he reached the Thal-Azzah he divided his forces according to orders.

The outcome confirmed Baker's wisdom and his fears. With the two men remaining, he came up with the outlaws; but a startled waterfowl betrayed his presence, and the heavy odds inflicted defeat. Bearing a desperately wounded comrade, Baker and one constable had to retreat while the bandits made good their escape.

Back at Fort Endurance, moreover, Baker suffered worse defeat. For Haskell brazenly denied having ordered him to divide his force, and as punishment for his "failure" reduced him to the ranks. And Baker, believing that his only chance for clearing himself lay in a lone-hand independent pursuit of the outlaws, bought out of the service—even though Haskell exacted a signed admission of culpability as part of the price.

Journeying to Edmonton, Baker hired a soldier-of-fortune pilot known as Buzzard Featherof, purchased weapons and supplies, stole a machine-gun from the local armory, and set out back to the Thal-Azzah to capture those bandits.

The outlaws, meanwhile—part of the crew of a stranded whaler—had planned their permanent escape by a journey eastward through the Inconnu River region to Hudson Bay. Their leader Jensen, moreover, planned first to abduct Joyce MacMillan: she could be used as a shield, he told the others, in case pursuit came up with them.

Meanwhile, also, Inspector Haskell heard of the departure of Baker in an airplane, and the stolen machine-gun. When he learned, also, that gasoline was being stolen, and when Baker's friend, Corporal Hardsock, insisted on three days' leave, Haskell deduced the truth—that Hardsock had a rendezvous with Baker to refuel

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the plane. Hardsock could be followed to that rendezvous—and Haskell had orders to capture the "criminals" who had carried off that machine-gun in their plane. *(The story continues in detail:)*

PRESENTLY Haskell turned, smiling pleasantly. Bill should have been warned by the change in him, by his delay over so simple a matter as the leave of absence. Bill should have guessed that the Inspector was suspicious and had a deadly counterstroke in mind.

Haskell said agreeably: "I was disgruntled about something when you came in, Corporal. You really have patrolled hard for several months. I'm sorry I snapped at you. You can have your three days off whenever you like. You want to start tomorrow?" And when Bill nodded eagerly: "Very well, I'll throw in the rest of this evening too. By the way, when you go past barracks, ask Whipple to step down here."

"Snakes!" Bill breathed to himself, as he thanked Haskell and went out the door. "That Spring-heel Johnny must be winding up to ask a favor of me, or something. He loves me only a little bit less'n he did Alan. When he uses that kind of handsome language on me, there's a squirrel up the tree. But it's a gin-damn that I care what; I've got my three days to help Alan out. Lord, I hope Alan shows up during my free time. He might even let me go along on his trick."

With no suspicion of the ugly truth, he hurried up the twilight slope. . . . .

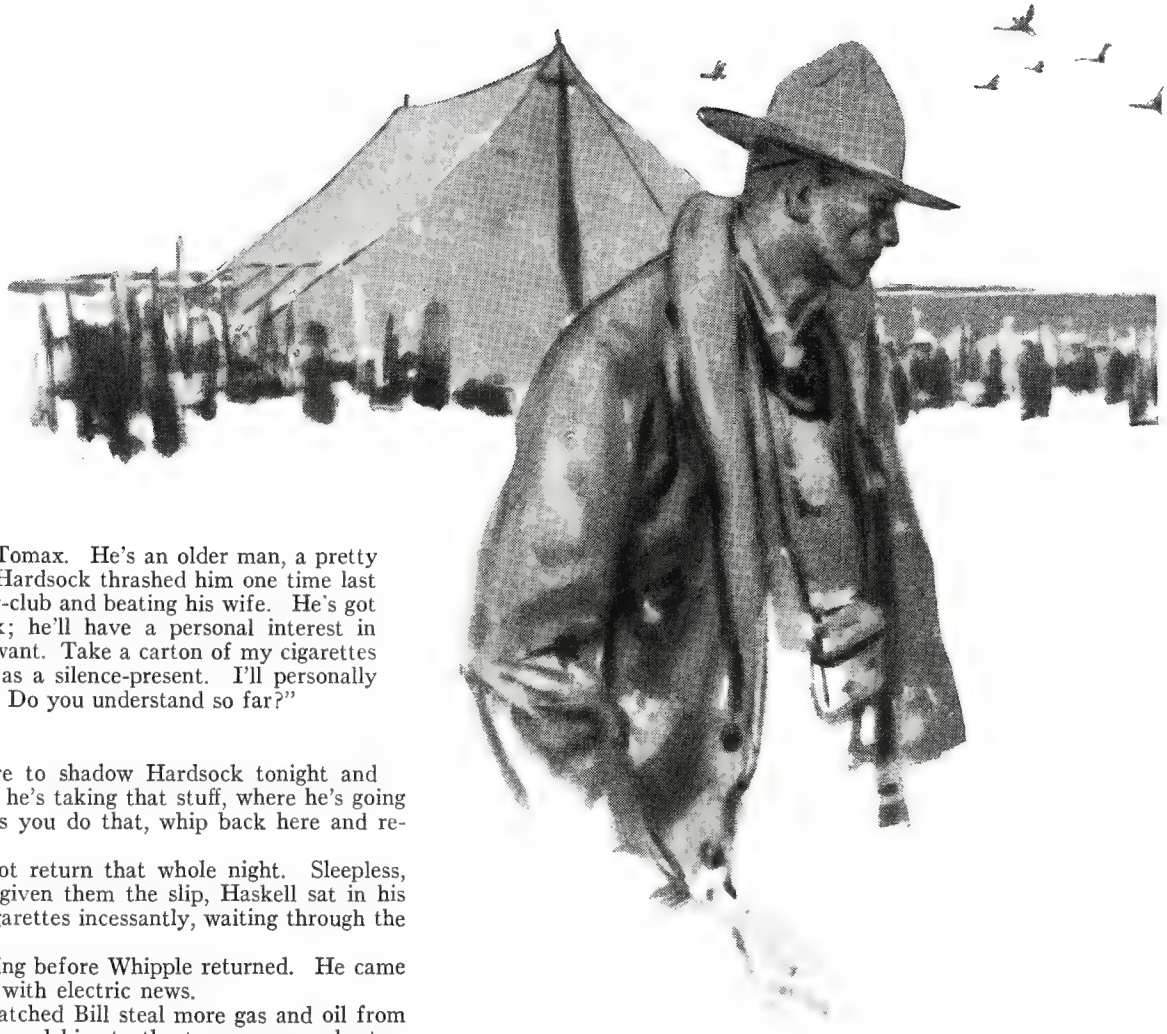
When Whipple came in, Haskell ordered him to close the door and pull down the window, to guard against possible eavesdropping. Then he tersely explained the situation. He added:

"Hardsock will probably steal some more gasoline and oil tonight. What he's already stolen isn't enough for a plane to do much maneuvering on. I want you to watch him stealing that stuff so that you can later be a witness. He refused to help me on that Inconnu patrol. I'll soak him, and soak him hard.

"He'll probably have time to take those drums only a couple miles from here tonight. Tomorrow he'll take all of it on to the place where he's to meet Baker. He's been sneaking it away little by little when he had the chance, and hiding it close by; but during his three days he'll take it to the meeting-place.

"You probably wont be able to shadow Hardsock yourself. He's

With gentle firmness Joyce said: "I'd like to go, Alan. But I'll have to run back to the post."



pretty cunning; on work like this he might give you the slip. We'll guard against that. You go down to the river-bank now to those two tepees and get that Indian called Ogi-Tomax. He's an older man, a pretty sly mink. You remember Hardsock thrashed him one time last winter for carrying a squaw-club and beating his wife. He's got a grudge against Hardsock; he'll have a personal interest in this; he's just the man we want. Take a carton of my cigarettes with you and a little rum as a silence-present. I'll personally pay him five dollars a day. Do you understand so far?"

Whipple nodded.

Haskell went on:

"You and the Indian are to shadow Hardsock tonight and tomorrow. Find out where he's taking that stuff, where he's going to meet Baker. As soon as you do that, whip back here and report to me."

Whipple left. He did not return that whole night. Sleepless, fearful that Hardsock had given them the slip, Haskell sat in his darkened cabin, smoking cigarettes incessantly, waiting through the interminable hours.

It was late the next evening before Whipple returned. He came back tired, bedraggled, but with electric news.

He and the Indian had watched Bill steal more gas and oil from the stores. They had shadowed him to the temporary cache two miles up the Mackenzie. There he had loaded his canoe to the gunwales with the drums and cans, and had taken them all to a big lake twenty miles on up the river.

He had cached the fuel on a headland called Goose Point, and was waiting there without the faintest suspicion that he had been trailed and was being watched. The Indian, lying low back in the willows, was keeping a watchful eye on him. Even if Hardsock did get suspicious, he hadn't the slightest chance in the world of escaping.

Haskell knew where Goose Point was; he had gone shooting there several times last fall. As he listened to the report, he forgot the haggard day and night just past. He had scarcely dared hope for such news as this.

After careful thought, guarding against any slip-up, he ordered Whipple: "Go get your rifle and belt-gun. I'll take mine too. We'll go up there in the launch. You can drive it. We'll capture Hardsock and those supplies. He's got only a belt-gun, you say; and the Indian already has the drop on him. We'll have him boxed there on that headland. We'll make him prisoner. That'll be that. Then we'll wait there. The plane'll be along in a couple days. We'll keep the launch in cover close by. When the machine lights down and they go ashore to get the supplies, we'll ram it and put it out of commission. Then we'll have Baker and this Featherhof—and we'll put them where the dogs wont bite 'em!"

As he prepared for the trip, Haskell kept glancing across the terrace at Mrs. Drummond's house—at Elizabeth's window and the candle-glow of her bedroom. Through his mind that wireless flash was running—"Capture that plane—arrest those criminals on sight . . . . hold them without bond. . . . . Federal charges—"

Baker was walking all unknowingly into a deadly trap—walking into arrest and criminal disgrace and prison. He would be lucky to get off with a sentence of two years. That was the statute minimum for his offense.

Where was his Victoria job now? Where was that marriage—and that wedding-trip in the Selkirks?

After Haskell's despair of the last week, after his helpless festering anger at Baker, it was a new lease on hope to know he was going to smash Baker's venture and throw him into prison and make that marriage impossible!

Chapter Seventeen

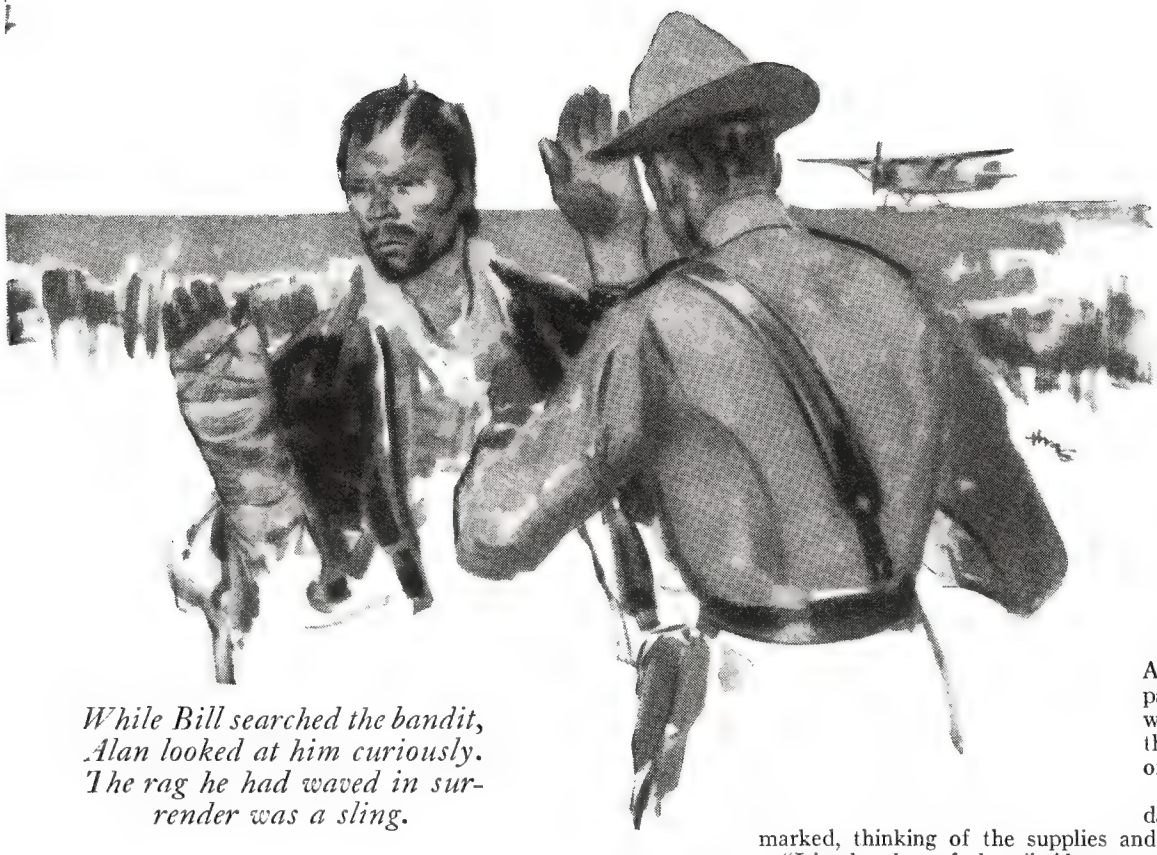
ON that first day of flight, as the dawn broke full and the sun chased away the layers of gossamer clouds beneath the White Speedair, Alan looked down with marveling eyes at a strange panorama. Evergreen forestry, silvery lakes and silvery network of rivers far below, swam past at a speed to amaze him. In thirty minutes he was covering a distance which would take a whole day's hard traveling by canoe or *komatik*.

He had found a plane, had found a pilot-partner with nerve enough to tackle as dubious and dangerous a venture as two mortals ever embarked upon.

Following the Alberta and Great Waterways Railroad two hundred miles north, they cut west over the Thickwood Hills to avoid McMurray and the police post at Fort McKay. Keeping far west of the Athabasca, they winged on up across the northern Alberta wilderness till they struck the beautiful Peace near Vermilion. There they obtained gas from an isolated trading-store; and after resting a few hours from their four-hundred-mile hop, took off again and headed for the western end of Great Slave.

Knowing that if he and Buzzard showed up at a police post or larger trading-center, it would probably mean a quick and sorry end of their venture, Alan planned to avoid them religiously. He had a conviction that he and Buzzard were "wanted." They had left too many tracks in Edmonton—clues that would be speedily followed up.

Halfway to Great Slave, when they were winging over an immense region of beaver swamp and tamarack muskeg, a leak in a fuel-pipe drained all their gas, and without warning the motor



While Bill searched the bandit, Alan looked at him curiously. The rag he had waved in surrender was a sling.

konked and died. Lacking altitude to switch on the emergency tank and start the engine, Buzzard was forced to make a dead-stick landing on a little duck-pond.

In the clumsy canvas canoe, threading tributary creeks out to Buffalo River, Alan made a fifty-mile trip of driving toil and hardship to reach a post and bring back gas.

As they worked on north again they made moderately good time, but only by incessant care and worry. Engine-trouble caused them delay. Again and again they sat down on some unknown river or lake and sweated for hours over the old motor. Fuel was a constant problem. Avoiding Mounted detachments and Royal Signal Corps stations like the plague, they dared stop only at wilderness-buried posts where radios were unlikely and no police handy. They could never be certain of getting fuel, and what they did get was usually half kerosene.

Alan was looking forward to his rendezvous with Bill as the end of all this worry about gas and oil. Bill had promised to cache supplies up the Alooska near Joyce's home and have plenty there at Goose Point also.

Beyond the Slave, in the Mackenzie country, the nights rapidly dwindled with the climbing latitudes; they now were merely a couple of hours of semi-darkness that did not halt flight. The drizzly steady rains were ceasing. Thunderstorms, driving eastward out of the Rockies, swept the country.

On this long trip, like getting back from a picture to see it better. Alan had remembered a hundred little incidents connected with Joyce, and they had given him a profounder insight into her nature. He saw her setting a meal for his hungry men that night he came past on patrol. He remembered her valiantly returning, a brave little soldier, to that terribly lonesome trading-post, that she might aid in the battle for her father.

He knew that in all his years to come he would be looking back upon his comradeship with Joyce MacMillan. They had been friends, the best of friends. With that durable foundation for a life together, they had infinitely more to build upon than mere passion between man and woman. But he had lost her friendship. Blind fool, he had deliberately abandoned the most precious relationship he had ever known! It had taken a cataclysm in his life to show him how priceless a possession he had lost. . . . .

On their last evening, worn out by a day of engine-trouble, head-winds and blinding rains, the two men alighted in a spruce-buried lake on Silvertip River, a short hundred miles south of Fort Endurance. Anchoring the plane, they paddled ashore, cooked a warm meal and rolled up in their blankets for a few hours of desperately needed rest.

"Tomorrow's the day of days, Alan," Buzzard remarked, thinking of the supplies and a base to maneuver from.

"It's the day of days," Alan agreed, but he was thinking of Joyce running down the path, bare-headed in the sun, to greet them. Tomorrow he would know if she was safe. Tomorrow, after the rendezvous with Bill, the White Speedair would be dropping down upon the Big Alooska.

Buzzard was asleep almost instantly, but Alan did not close his eyes. There was a battle he had to fight out, a battle within himself. His nearness to Fort Endurance, the imminency of his meeting Joyce, seemed to have brought all that struggle to a head.

Tossing in a useless attempt to sleep, he finally got up, built a tiny fire and sat beside it thinking, a dead pipe in his teeth.

A little after gray dawn he rebuilt the fire, cooked breakfast, and reluctantly awakened his partner.

Later, when they skirled out to the plane, Buzzard glanced at the tanks and remarked tersely:

"I hope your buddy, this Hardsock, has got some gas and oil out to that lake. It'll be our finish if he hasn't. We can make that hundred miles all right, but not much more."

"He'll have it there," Alan assured, never doubting. "He may not be there himself—he's probably on duty; but we agreed exactly where to cache it. It'll be waiting there for us, all right."

They climbed in, taxied twice around the lake to warm the spluttering motor, took off and headed north—toward Goose Point.

THE day was bright, clear. With the heavy rains stopped and the insect scourges abating, Alan knew the bandits were on the move again or shortly would be. They probably had lain low until now. And when they did stir, he wanted to be there on the Big Alooska to look out for Joyce.

Ever since he came to believe that Dave MacMillan knew nothing of the crime, he had been puzzling about that pack of stolen furs. Something strange and dark lay behind that pack. There was some connection between the trader and those criminals. But what?

Alan reasoned: "Those furs didn't get in that shed by accident. Those men might have had a grudge against Dave MacMillan and planted them there. They might have figured he'd show them to us and get in hot water. That guess is at least possible. If it's true, then their grudge might lead them to strike at Joyce. They likely feel bold enough—after the miserable failure of our first patrol."

(Please turn to page 108)

BRAINS IN HER FOOT

by Elmer Davis

Illustrated by R.F. James

WHEN Daphne Kerwin finished school and announced that she was going to New York to work for a living, her mother moaned: "How could you?"

So would your mother, if you were a Kerwin; and she would have reason to moan, if you expected to make a living with what you learned at Paravane Hall. It was a school where almost-but-not-quite families sent their daughters, in the hope that they would associate with the daughters of families that were quite. Daphne's family had been very quite, in the days when the Kentucky Blue Grass was the Kentucky Blue Grass, not a mere tributary dependency of the mountain counties. The headmistress of Paravane Hall, when she offered Daphne free tuition, room and board, knew the value of a Kerwin as bait for the Smiths and Browns and Joneses; and the Kerwins had learned not to look a gift-horse in the mouth. They had learned, in fact, everything about horses, except which one would run faster than the other. Because of that costly omission, Daphne went to Paravane Hall.

If she knew she was a decoy duck, she never said so; the Kerwins didn't bite the hand that fed them. She was the pride and joy of the dancing teacher, but her academic achievements ranged from pretty fair in French to simply terrible in mathematics. So one day when a biology class, prying into the private life of the shellfish, learned that the fresh-water mussel carries his brains in his foot, Gladys Lockett gurgled: "Just like Daphne!"

Thereafter Daphne was known as the Fresh-water Mussel. She hated the name, but sometimes she was afraid it suited her—especially after a talk with Gladys, who had all the facts of life neatly filed and indexed, ready to be produced on demand, or without it. Gladys lived on Park Avenue, New York, and regarded life with the serenity that comes from never having to look at your bank-balance before you write a check. She knew what was what and what wasn't; she believed that American business had created the noblest civilization the world had ever seen, and that the finest flower of that civilization was a girl who lived on Park Avenue and had been educated, as she called it, at Paravane Hall. She was going to have a big coming-out party at the Ritz in December; after which she would be on display in a showcase—a series of showcases, Park Avenue and Southampton, Paris and the Lido—until some suitable young man should say, "I'll take that one," and proceed to win her heart and hand.

Rather absurd, thought Daphne; but less absurd than being on display in so obscure a showcase as Brushburg, Kentucky, where all the suitable young men went off to seek their fortunes in Louisville or Cincinnati. No wonder Daphne envied Gladys's assurance—Daphne, who wasn't quite sure of anything except that some things were possible and others impossible, and that somehow you always had to pay for what you got.

It is not good to have learned that at eighteen.

So when her mother moaned, "How could you!" Daphne chose to misunderstand, and thereby shift the point of the argument.

"How could I make a living in New York? Dancing—it's what I do best."

"To hear my daughter speak of becoming a chorus girl!"

"You didn't, Mamma. The school dancing-teacher got me a job as instructress at Oswald Tincher's Salon de Danse—at fifty dollars a week."

"Teacher in a dancing-academy? You might meet heaven knows who!"

"Who would I meet here in Brushburg?" asked Daphne candidly. "Nobody but the boys who were too lazy to move away."

"Well, of course," said her mother, "working till you meet somebody isn't as if you meant to make a career out of it. But what shall I do without you?"

"This town isn't big enough to hold you and me and Gladys now."

A story of a free and fearless girl who could have what she wanted— but looked at the price-tag, first

That needed no answer. Mrs. Kerwin had a tiny income, and had always been more interested in her alleged ailments than in her daughter.

"It isn't as if I had no friends in New York, Mamma. Gladys Lockett knows everybody—her father's a big surgeon. So you wont say no, will you?"

Mrs. Kerwin studied her daughter—slim and dark and languid, but with an adamantine glitter in her eye. . . . . If she said no, Daphne'd go anyway. There was nothing for her here in Brushburg, and in New York, with well-connected friends—

So Daphne went, with her mother's blessing, and knew she owed it to Gladys. She didn't expect to owe any more to Gladys, or even to see much of her; their lives, their interests, would be utterly different. But Gladys descended on her at the Three Arts Club the moment she heard she was in town.

"Daphne, darling, you mustn't stay here! There's a room all ready for you, in our apartment—"

"Sorry, Glad. I'd love to visit you, but I'm here to work."

Afterward Daphne was afraid she'd been rude to good old Glad, who always meant so well; but Gladys' benevolence was unchecked. Poor Daphne, with her brains in her foot, would need all the help her friends could give her. Just one of these charming, impractical Southern girls, thought Gladys—who knew, among the other facts of life, that all Southern girls are charming but impractical. So she asked Daphne to parties, and introduced her to people who asked her to more parties; and Daphne decided that New York was the nicest place on earth, and that making your own money, and saving some of it, was life's greatest thrill.

But one day when Gladys was packing for Palm Beach, Daphne came in with the news that she was to be let out at the end of the month.

"But, Daphne! Why? You're a wonderful teacher; I've seen you."

"It seems I was hired as a decoy duck. Mr. Tincher expects all of us at the Salon to sign up our friends for courses of ten lessons, at sixty dollars a course. I haven't been doing that, so—"

"Why haven't you been doing it, if it's part of your job? You think the Salon gives sixty dollars' worth, don't you? Well, then! It's only salesmanship to tell people about it."

"Maybe; but to solicit people you know— Anyway," said Daphne, "the people I know can't afford it. But I'm not going to let one piece of bad luck drive me home. I began looking for another job this morning."

She had, in fact, made three endeavors to get into a chorus, and had answered a want ad for a refined young woman as companion to an elderly lady. But no need to tell Gladys that; she wouldn't like it. Daphne didn't like it either, but it had to be done.

"Well, I know lots of people who can afford dancing lessons," Gladys announced. "Yes, and need them. If you need clients, I'll get them for you. Just as easy as that!"

Daphne knew how Gladys would get them, among the boys they had both danced with. "Come, now—help poor Daphne save her job." But those boys would never miss sixty dollars; and they'd get their money's worth; and in six months she could make herself indispensable at the Salon and would no longer need to solicit trade. In the meantime— Well, it was better than the chorus, or being companionable to an elderly lady.

So twenty-eight of Gladys' friends signed up for lessons at the Salon, and Daphne basked again in Oswald Tincher's favor. Of course it had cost Gladys nothing, but Daphne knew she'd have done it just as readily if it had cost a great deal. And when, the following April, she met Somebody, she felt she owed that to Gladys too. . . . .

His name was Jimmy; he was a year out of Dartmouth, and he worked for an oil company. He told Daphne that he had meant to fall in love with a rich girl, but— Then he kissed her, and she felt as if the lights had been turned on in an empty house that would never be empty again. They were going to be married in October, when Jimmy got his promotion. In July, Daphne was summoned home; her mother's heart-trouble had suddenly grown serious. She wrote to Jimmy that it couldn't be long; but her mother brightened a little now that she could, as she put it, shift her burden to young shoulders. And in October, Jimmy got his promotion—to the office at Alexandria, Egypt.

The heart-trouble was no better and no worse; to his wild long letters Daphne replied that her mother didn't seem able to do without her, but that she would come to him in Egypt when she could. He asked her, then (by telephone from New York; it made her sick with longing to hear his voice) if she realized that her mother might linger on for months. . . . . She lingered, in

fact, for five years; and Daphne lingered with her, in Brushburg. Some things were possible, and others were impossible.

At the end of the first year Daphne received an announcement of Jimmy's marriage to a girl with a Greek name she had seen on cigarette boxes —a name that meant money. Daphne had expected that; but she decided she'd stop thinking about it sooner, if she had something to do besides overseeing the maid. Brushburg was prospering, thanks to a new factory; the people it had brought in weren't the sort of people one knows, but they looked like the sort of people who might want dancing-lessons, and could afford to pay for them. They got them, presently, at the studio of Daphne Kerwin—formerly with Oswald Tincher of New York. Brushburg shuddered at first, but the tradition still persisted that a Kerwin could do no wrong. Daphne prospered, and discovered that you can get over anything in five years.

There were men who helped her get over it—Charley Gavin, for instance, who owned the harness-store. When he kissed her, she didn't feel particularly lit up; but she had known him all her life, and they laughed at the same things— But Charley was one of the boys who had been too lazy to move away. "We're too good friends," she told him lightly, "to risk married quarrels."

Joe Tarbell was different—a grim young man from the mountains who was a foreman at the factory. Brushburg would be scandalized if a Kerwin married a foreman, but Joe was going to be superintendent before long; and his love-making almost made her forget that when they weren't making love they had nothing to say to each other. Almost, but not quite. "I'm too much interested in my work," she told him, "to marry anybody."

So she was fancy-free, if not exactly heart-whole, when her mother's death released her. She came back to New York with two thousand dollars after all the debts were paid, and brains in her foot that she knew she could turn into money. And as soon as she was settled at the Three Arts Club, she called up Gladys, who no longer lived on Park Avenue.

He danced wonderfully—altogether as well as

Even when she was being sorriest for herself, Daphne had spared a little time to be sorry for Gladys. Not that what had happened to Gladys was so very terrible; Dr. Lockett had lived beyond his means, and when he died, he left his daughter a capital that was smaller than her income used to be, but it was enough to keep her. What hurt and bewildered Gladys was that in the noblest of all civilizations such a thing could happen to a girl who was civilization's finest flower. Perhaps, then, it wasn't the noblest civilization. And when Gladys doubted one of the ordered facts of life, she began to doubt them all.

She poured it out in despairing letters to Daphne that first winter. She had dropped out of the life she knew; people who would have asked her to dinner if they had happened to think of her, ceased to think of her when they no longer met her at other people's dinners. Another girl would have made them think of her, or wouldn't have cared; but Gladys was Gladys. She tried to find a job, but work for Junior League charities hadn't qualified her for the sort of job Dr. Lockett's daughter felt she had a right to expect. Some girls would have taken any job, but Gladys—

She might have married, before the crash; plenty of boys had been attracted by her luscious blonde ripeness. But Gladys was exacting; her husband must have not only good manners and enough money, but the right opinions. Doubtless the young men she knew had the right opinions, if any; but they did not regard opinions as something to be talked about, still less listened to, after a hard day at the office. That might not have mattered if she had fallen in love; but she hadn't in the days of her prosperity, and now she met so few men, such different men—

Then the tone of the letters changed. Gladys had met a young lawyer named Ralph Hollister, who loathed the great corporations he served, and dreamed of the day when he could afford to argue hopeless cases without a fee, because some great principle of human rights was involved. Really he was quite radical,—almost socialistic,—and the most brilliant talker Gladys had ever met. Her next letter transmitted, at length, his views on the housing problem, and the trend toward industrial democracy, as well as his contempt for a social order which brought up an intelligent girl in pampered idleness ("and I was, you know, Daphne") and

you could expect, in your best friend's husband.

then deprived her overnight of the financial security she had been taught to expect.

Gladys spent the spring getting the facts of life arranged in a new order. Her opinions, now, would have seemed rank Bolshevism to the headmistress of Paravane Hall; but they didn't worry Daphne, who had never thought that opinions mattered much. She learned, when she got a letter from Gladys, to skip ten pages of second-hand Hollister and look at the last paragraph to see if they were engaged yet; and when they were married, Daphne thought it was the best thing that could have happened. Gladys was obviously crazy about him; and even if she got over that, she'd love her children.

It turned out that she was unable to have children, but after four years her infrequent letters still glowed with connubial bliss. Ralph had not yet shaken himself free from service to capitalistic corporations, but apparently he still had a good time with the housing problem and industrial democracy. Quite a circle of intellectuals, Gladys wrote, centered about their apartment in the Village.

Daphne supposed she could escape the circle, and wished she could escape that inevitable first dinner with Gladys and her husband, alone. It was going to be rather dreadful, she felt, to listen for hours to Ralph Hollister. . . .

Ralph said, "Hello! So this is Daphne!" And three hours later he said "Good night." In the interval Daphne couldn't remember that he had spoken at all, except in answers to questions; and at table, when Gladys, toying with a salad, reached furtively for a slice of bread.

"Bread, Gladys?" asked her husband, his eyebrows arching sardonically.

"One slice wont hurt me, darling. I always say dieting should be done with reason; you shouldn't be fanatical about it."

"So you always say," he agreed. Gladys smiled, and took some butter.

Gladys had been rather a shock; the luscious ripeness of the schoolgirl was plain overweight in the matron. But otherwise she was the same old Gladys, except for the opinions which didn't matter. Gladys, of course, thought they did matter, and explained at length the change that had come over her—almost a religious conversion.

"Not religious in the conventional sense," she hastened to add. "I am quite frankly an agnostic. Ralph says he doesn't know what he is, but that comes to the same thing, doesn't it? When he was defending accident suits for the subway, he used to say that he practiced pure religion, as defined by St. James—he visited the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and persuaded them to settle out of court."

Daphne laughed dutifully; but she noticed that Ralph looked as if that line, on its five-hundredth repetition, no longer sounded quite so brilliant as when he had first thought it up.

"I'm longing for the day," Gladys went on, "when he'll give up corporation practice and become Attorney for the Masses, as he used to call it. He keeps saying we can't afford it; but you know, darling, I'd be ready to make any sacrifice—"

"I know," said Ralph, and excused himself to get his pipe.

Daphne liked him, in a vague mild way; he looked brilliant, even if he never said anything; he danced wonderfully—altogether as well as you could expect, in your best friend's husband. Gladys still adored him; when the two girls talked alone, her raptures were almost embarrassing.

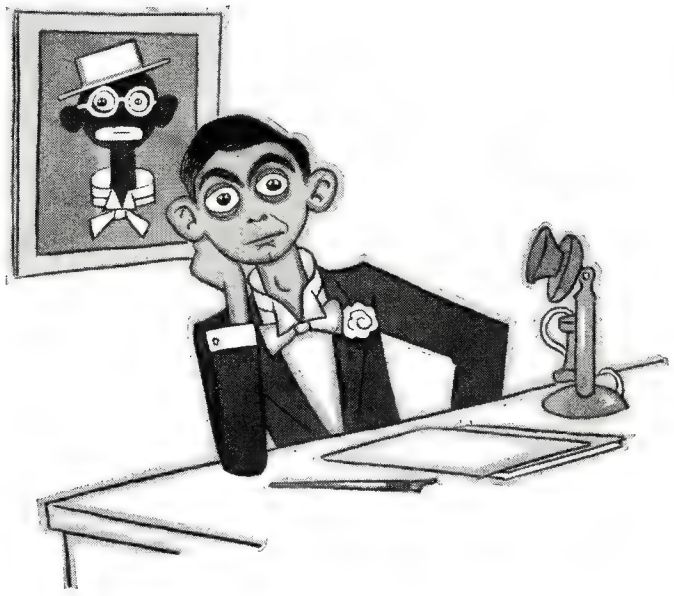
"Daphne, you wont know you're alive till you've married the One Right Man. I do hope that before long you'll meet somebody—"

"I'll always be meeting somebody," said Daphne. "But I doubt if anybody else will ever seem such a somebody as Jimmy used to seem."

"Daphne, you mustn't let that memory ruin everything!"

"I was nineteen then, Glad. Growing up seems to be what ruins things; I'd expect more in a man now—and might get less. But work's what I'm thinking about just at present, not men. I could go back to Tincher's, of course; but I'd rather find something better, if I can."

"Ralph and I may be able to help you," said Gladys mysteriously. Daphne didn't want to be helped, but she knew you couldn't stop Gladys in a helpful mood. *(Please turn to page 100)*



TALKIES

by Eddie Cantor

Star of "Whoopee" and author of "Caught Short"

Illustrated by L.T. Holton

SILENCE has left the city. I remember in the old days when I'd be wearied by the noises of the street, I'd go into a quiet telephone booth, drop a nickel, rest my ear on the receiver and take a nap for a half-hour. The trouble now is that after three minutes they say your time is up.

There were many restful places in the city then. I used to get into the subway, stretch out on the train seat and sleep until the conductor nudged me at the last stop, saying, "Change beds!" Little by little, quiet left the city, but there was always the movies. There a man could retreat from a debating wife and twelve vocal children for a few hours of silence. But now even the screen shoots and shouts at you. We knew all along that walls have ears, but what mouths they've developed! Who ever suspected that a phonograph record attached to a roll of film would destroy the last temple of silence and create a new market for ear-muffs!

But we're living in an age of sound and talk. It all started with the telephone when Bell invented a way of calling a man names from a safe distance. After that came the phonograph, the dictaphone, cuckoo-clocks, peanut-roasters, whistling radiators, until now we have automatic talking salesmen, talking pictures and musical automobile horns. Everybody everywhere has something to say, and if not, can at least make a sound. Today talk is a commodity like salmon, and can be caught, canned and sold. At one time wives were the only talking pictures; now they sit mute with astonishment before the vitaphone.

It took the men to turn hot air into cold cash. Somebody says, "Boogey-boogey!" and right away a thousand microphones, a million amplifiers and a billion electric waves spread the p r i c e l e s s utterance throughout the world to countless eager ears. Then somebody writes a theme-song about it and calls it, "Boogey-boogey, You Frighten Me with Love!"

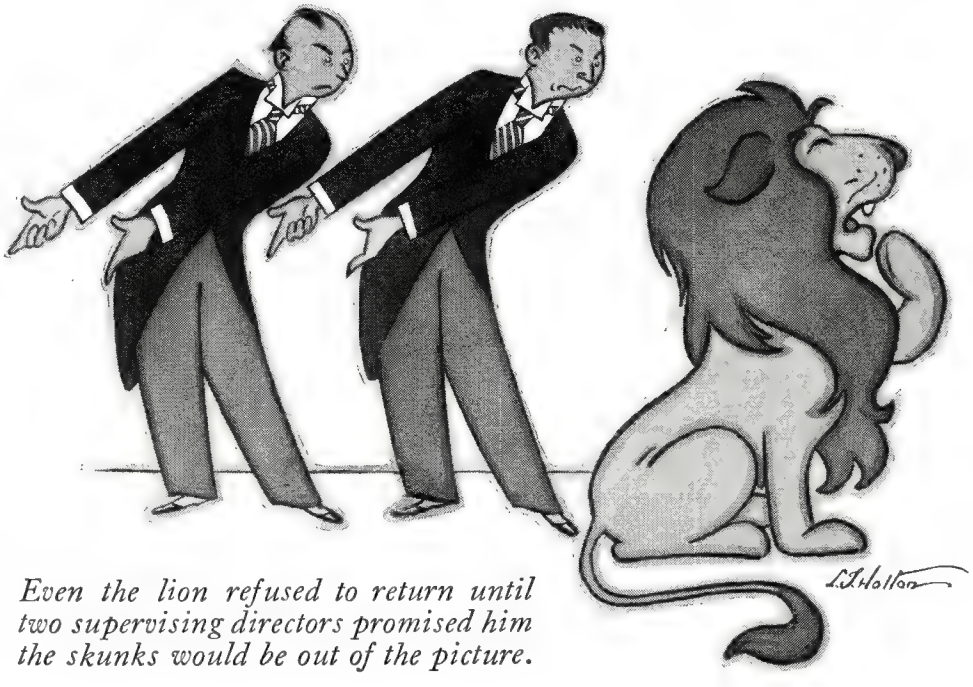
Sound rules the waves—Britannia is out of luck. The time is at hand when the wizards of gab will branch out into other fields besides the speaking screen. We'll soon have harmonizing hammocks on the front porch, orthophonic wash-tubs in the laundry, yodeling door-knobs and talking beds.

I can see the day when you will be ushered into a home and the host will remark, "I'll only be gone a minute to mix the cocktails, but in the meantime you can sit in the parlor and have a chat with my floor-lamp."

If you'll try to boast about your new maid because she talks French, your host will eye you pityingly. "That's nothing," he'll sneer. "We have a bureau in the boudoir that speaks six languages fluently, and you should hear our new Persian rug make wise-cracks!"

Of course, there is still room for improvement in the speaking film. When you hear some of the voices on the screen, you feel like calling out: "For heaven's sake! Change the needle!" Many a soulful kiss sounds as if the lovers are drinking hot soup, and I've been told that in his first talkie trial, Rin-Tin-Tin barked like a canary. One famous silent star, however, made a hit in her first talkie. She managed to register deep emotion with her heavy breathing. But it wasn't passion. She'd been suffering from asthma for years.

Many Hollywood customs have changed. Formerly, in going on location, an actress would powder her nose; now she sprays it. A handsome leading man made his first sound test and was fired. His tonsils showed in the close-ups. A big he-man of the open spaces went back to the river-front when they discovered



Even the lion refused to return until two supervising directors promised him the skunks would be out of the picture.

Think of what smell could do in the future if such a picture as "Noah's Ark" is remade.

his voice was soprano. Another old-time star sang a solo accompanied by a violin, but when the picture was shown, a loud drum was heard from the screen that drowned out the fiddle. Everybody began to look for the mysterious drummer until the artist himself finally found that the taps were due to the click of his lower plate rising and falling with his notes.

In my own talkie experience I learned that if I patted a woman's arm it recorded as if I were hitting a gong, and my sweetheart's footsteps sounded like horse's hoofs. My greatest problem was to talk toward the microphone, which is concealed in various parts of the scene, outside the range of the camera eye, and usually in the opposite direction from the person I was talking to. In one scene with my mother the microphone was hidden under the sofa, so that I first had to bend down and address the sofa, saying, "Mother, please forgive me!" Then I rose and embraced her. After that, the mother bent down and said to the sofa: "My son, I hope you have learned your lesson." To avoid so much bending, we both finally got under the sofa and only came up for air.

In another picture the sound didn't synchronize with the action. In fact, nothing synchronized. The rain came a minute too soon and caught me indoors. I was playing the son of an old-fashioned farmer who was driving my wayward sister from the old homestead. The words got ahead of the action, and at the crucial moment, when the father had to say, "Go from my house!" the words came from the mouth of the cow. To this the pig replied: "Oh, Father, have mercy on me!" The father raised a threatening hand, and when I rushed between him and the girl, I cried dramatically, *"Moooo!"* while my sister shrank away squealing, *"Wee-wee!"* At this the rooster flapped his wings and said, "Don't drive my sister from me!" and I threw my arms around the old man's neck and began to crow.

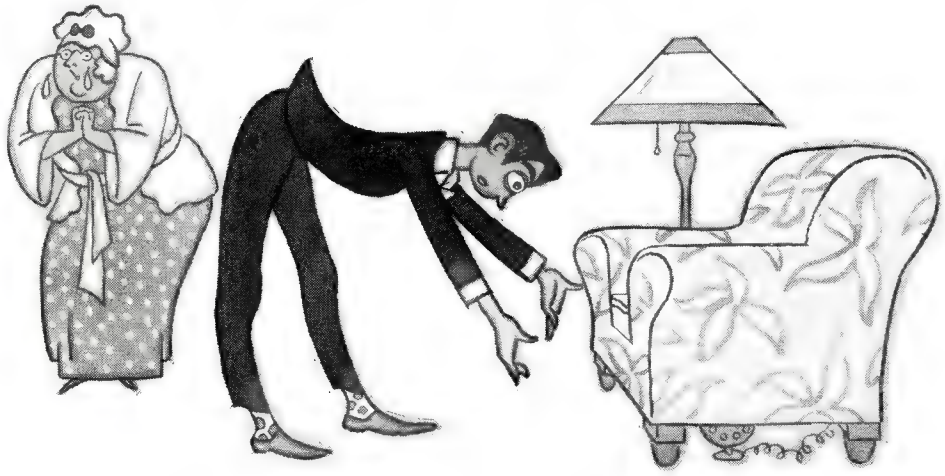
On the next lot they were shooting a costume talkie that was no better. There I heard a member of Roumanian royalty with a Tenth Avenue accent speak to a French ambassador who had a strong Irish brogue. They suspected the British King's lovely daughter of a secret romance, but when she was challenged to admit it, the English princess said: "Vell, I'll tell you, mine friends, I vouldn't say if yes or if not."

Still, the speaking films are tending toward efficiency. Recently one big star had three doubles for him in a single picture. One talked for him; another sang for him; and a third played the piano. After a while he'll have so many doubles he'll just have to telephone in his part of the work, and they'll send him his salary.

After the talkies get perfected, I would like the inventors to start on an idea I have long cherished—a smellophone, so you will be able to smell your favorite star by his or her special perfume. What realistic touches we could have!

Think of what smell could do for animal pictures. Certain animals, of course, would have to be excluded. I understand that in the production of a recent classic, suggested by the success of "Noah's Ark," a trifling error cost the producers a fortune. The property man was told to get two animals of each kind, so he brought in two skunks with the rest. Giraffes stumbled and broke their necks, bears fainted, hippos drowned and the other beasts scattered to different lots and studios and couldn't be corralled for a week. Even the lion refused to return until two supervising directors promised him personally that the skunks would be out of the picture.

Still, with all the possibilities of the new talkie era, I don't think the speaking film will ever replace the stage. For no matter how beautiful the girls are, how sweetly they may sing or tap their feet, and how good they may look in tights, on the screen, you can never wait for them at the stage door.



The microphone was hidden under the sofa, so that I had to bend down and address the sofa, saying, "Mother, please forgive me!"

KING'S CREW

by
Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

David roused from dreaming of Hélène to find her there. "You're not hurt?" he questioned.

The Story So Far:

THEY had been a high-hearted trio of adventurous young Californians: the King twins Stanley and Duveen and their older brother David—who was not really their brother (though they didn't know it), but had been left by his father to look after them because of that father's love for their mother.

Their blithe escapades became serious indeed the very day they got into a casual street scrap with that earnest young stalwart George Porter and he afterward joined them in common cause against the intrusive police. After the fracas they bore George home with them to be patched up; and that evening, when David was presumably dining at the Boyd Tremaynes', his host was murdered and David and Hélène Tremayne disappeared.

Next morning after Duveen and her brother and George Porter had been repeatedly questioned by detectives seeking to locate David, she read the known facts in the newspaper about the killing of Boyd Tremayne: David King had arrived as a dinner guest at the Tremayne house. Tremayne had jealously protested King's presence, and after an unpleasant scene King had left. Shortly thereafter another dinner guest, one Rudolph Einmetz, had come. Tremayne went to his wife's rooms and did not return; finally the butler and Einmetz forced a locked door and found Tremayne's body on the dressing-room floor; he had been stabbed to the heart with a paper-knife. Mrs. Tremayne had vanished.

That morning, while Detective Morse was again questioning Duveen, she heard a thump against the front door and saw a letter slipped under it. She secreted the letter as Detective Morse opened the door—and the body of a young Mexican, killed by a bamboo-handled throwing-knife, slumped into the hall.

While the detectives sought to identify the dead man, Duveen slipped away and looked at the letter—addressed in Hélène Tremayne's hand to *Mr. David King!*

Events followed each other swiftly indeed after that. For no matter who had murdered Boyd Tremayne, Hélène, it was certain, had been abducted by the agents of a powerful super-scoundrel named Rosario and taken to his estate in Mexico. And Duveen, after getting in touch with David, was likewise carried off to Rosario's stronghold. Before dawn they attempted escape; Duveen was quickly recaptured, but Hélène apparently gained her freedom, and after a long wandering came upon a wrecked airplane with David, George and Detective Morse asleep beside it!

For David, you see, had learned of Hélène's whereabouts; with George he had set out to the rescue, and when Morse had tried to arrest him, they had overpowered the detective and taken him along too. They nearly lost their lives in a forced landing near Rosario's lair; as they slept, exhausted, one of the Mexican's henchmen kept grim unseen watch—after he had crept up and replaced the bullets in their cartridges with harmless wax. . . . . Stanley King, meanwhile, had posted off to the rescue by himself and had been captured by Mexican revolutionists. *(The story continues in detail:)*

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"No young man," says the proverb, "believes he shall ever die." So three young men—and a girl—embark upon this mad enterprise which calls for all youth's faith in its immortality

DAVID aroused from dreaming of Hélène to find her there in the flesh. His arms opened to embrace her.

She pushed him away petulantly. It was then that he remembered that last night he had fallen from the sky and had acted as shock-absorber for a quarter-ton motor. Some of his very best muscles felt as if they had been playing tag with a triphammer.

But his heart still yearned for her, which proves that David's was a serious case indeed. When one loves at sunrise with every nerve yelling for novocaine, and breakfast nowhere in the offing, that is love indeed, and rarely occurs nowadays, since the advent of steam heat and concealed mahogany bars with brass foot-rails.

Hélène incoherently had hastily recounted the horrors of her trip through the woods. None of the men, half waking, understood quite what had occurred or analyzed very closely her breathless recital of her adventures. She was almost hysterical. Probably she had imagined most of what she said had happened.

"You're not hurt?" David questioned.

Anyone could see with half a glance that she was not. Anything healthier or lovelier to look at than Hélène shortly after sunrise cannot be imagined by the most highly stimulated mind.

"No," Hélène assured him, "but we'd better hurry to get out of here, because Rosario knows by this time that I've escaped, and it's only a matter of a few moments until his men will locate me here. As a matter of fact, he already knows all about your camp and that your plane crashed last night."

David thought her advice as to movement was good.

"There's no use of staying here until Rosario comes after us," he decided as chief of the expedition. "He has the advantage of numbers and a better knowledge of the country. Besides, we've got what we came for, and we'd better get Hélène safely back across the American border. After that we can come back and beat him up for his nerve if we want to."

This seemed sound enough advice and the outfit broke camp, heading in a general northerly direction across swampy inlet country.

They hurried a good deal without wasting any time on conversation. Hélène did not travel easily, and finally sat down.

"These boots are a little uncomfortable," she explained.

David looked at the offending footgear.

"They ought not to bother you," he said. "They're just like a pair I had made for Duveen, and they're the— Say, that's funny: yours have got a cut there at the top just like the kid's. It's strange that they should be damaged in the same place! I fixed hers for her, and—" He had stooped to examine the repair job. "And that's my work there. How come?"

"They are Duveen's boots," Hélène answered. "That's why they don't quite fit me."

"Duveen's boots?" David was perplexed.

So was George. He had joined them and stood regarding the footgear himself. Only his gaze was adoration. The woman he idolized had worn those coverings on her feet.

Morse, however, was not influenced by any special biological attraction toward either woman. His passion, if any, was only for cold facts. So he asked the sensible question.

"If those are Miss King's boots, how do you happen to be wearing them in the middle of Mexico?"

"She made me."

"Made you?" David exclaimed. "When?"

"Just a little while ago—when we were dressing."

"Begin at the beginning, please," suggested Morse. "Tell us where you saw Miss King first. She was with us yesterday at Hotel Torquinado, and if you have seen her since, it seems as if some sort of an explanation is in order."

Hélène told them of the adventure of the night before and of

"And you came on by yourself," David completed the story, their attempt to escape that morning.

"leaving Duveen in Rosario's hands?"

"Why, yes," Hélène agreed; "but she is quite safe with him. I am the one that he wanted. And besides, he says that she has no appeal for men."

David said nothing. He stood still, thinking—or anyway, he made no move.

Finally Hélène put her hand on his arm. "David, what are you thinking about? Look at me."

David gently put her fingers from his sleeve.

"Morse," he said, "let me have that gun of yours."

Morse passed over the revolver. He understood.

But Hélène did not.

"What are you going to do, David? You wouldn't go back into Rosario's trap, would you? He'll kill you. And you can't save Duveen by getting killed yourself!"

David knew she was there, of course. He must even have heard what she was saying. But his mind was already ahead of him a hundred yards back on the trail and his body was following. How could he answer Hélène when his heart and soul were shouting: "Stand by, kid! Gangway—I'm coming through."

He increased the pace a little. Some one was beside him. He turned impatiently. It was George.

"You didn't think you were going to leave me behind, did you?" he asked, grinning. "Not if there's going to be any trouble, especially with Miss Duveen in the middle of it."

David laughed. "All right, son. You've earned the right to get your head busted for her if you want to. Come on."

"Gangway!" said George.

"Right. Gangway it is."

Chapter Seventeen

ON the way into camp somewhere near Mexicali, young Pedro Rodriguez managed to get into confidential conversation with Stanley King.

"Promise me, señor," he said softly, "that you will tell the general when we arrive that I have stolen that car from which we were captured."

"For why?" demanded Stanley, puzzled.

"Because, señor," the other whispered, "some one there will know to whom the car belongs, and if they know that I serve him, *pronto,* I shall be shot."

"I see."

"You will declare loudly then that I am a thief?"

"I might." Stanley took the matter under advisement. "You perspire, Señor Rodriguez. A guilty conscience is a hot load this kind of weather."

"It is dusty."

"Doubtless dusty also."

"But you will proclaim me a thief?"

"I'll think about it. By the way, just who is this employer of yours who is such a Bermuda among Spanish onions?"

"*No sabe, señor.*"

"Who is your boss?"

"I cannot tell." The swarthy chauffeur looked around anxiously.

"All right. You and me both. You tell or I don't."

"Life is sweet. I must tell. I am the chauffeur of Señor José—" He hesitated a moment and then completed the name: "Señor José Amiguez."

"Not so very fast on your feet," said Stanley.

"But you will say I stole the car?"

"If that turns out to be the name of the owner—Señor José Amiguez." Stanley knew what a hole he was putting his companion-in-arms into and he enjoyed watching him turn green in an agony of indecision and apprehension.

After a moment Rodriguez returned to the attack. "Señor, I will tell the truth. His name is not Amiguez. It is Don Rosario."

He paused for dramatic effect—but there wasn't any.

"Ah! Don Rosario. That sounds reasonable."

"Hush. Do not say that name so loud."

"Right-o," Stanley agreed amiably. "Not such a hot name—as far as I can see, anyway."

"Perhaps it will be even better to say that we killed Don Rosario's chauffeur before we stole the car. We shall need much to make us popular with *los revolucionarios.*"

George caught Rosario by the throat and dragged him from Duveen.

"This Rosy is a headliner on the Government side, eh?" queried Stanley.

A suspicious corporal interrupted them and made them walk some distance apart in that straggling dusty squad.

But when they arrived at the revolutionary headquarters at Real Cortillo, south and west of Sesbania, Stanley found that he was not questioned at all. Instead he was immediately thrown into a wicker prison and informed that he would be shot as soon as somebody got around to it.

Cummings explained to Stanley what it was all about. "That slippery *hombre* you was with said that you were Don Rosario's chauffeur and that he had captured you last night across the line and was bringing you and the car in for a bounty."

"Why, the dirty, double-crossing son of a hound of hell!" murmured Stanley affectionately.

"Just the way I'd describe him myself. But accurate genealogy aint goin' to get you no place with this man's army. They're goin' to ventilate you with a machine-gun before sundown unless you can think up somethin' more interestin' than the probable identity of this guy's parents."

"Would it do any good for me to tell the C. O. what I really know about Herr Rodriguez?"

The Texan shook his head mournfully. "I reckon not. He told his story first and they'd only think you was tryin' to talk yourself out of a firin'-squad if you said anythin' like that."

"Right, I guess." Stanley was downcast for a moment, and then once more addressed his compatriot, who hung around in quite too significant sympathy. "Will you do something, brother, for a man who can probably speak a good word for you to St. Peter about tomorrow morning?"

"Sure will," returned the lanky soldier. "If I can," he amended.

"Well, bring that lousy scum around where I can talk to him for a minute, and while you're here, stand near enough to this stockade so I can snatch that horse-pistol out of your belt. I promise I wont shoot him with it."

Cummings chuckled. "You're darn' right you wont. The hammer of that there doo-hicky is rusted tight shut. I just carry that for medicinal purposes only. There's a cork in the nozzle of the contraption, and—"

"Never mind. Take the cork out. And go get my lily-livered friend. I want to scare him into a mild attack of fever and ague."

Shortly thereafter, by some means best known to himself, the dour Cummings managed to cut Pedro Rodriguez out from the herd of his companions and edged him over to the prisoner's stockade.

"So," said Stanley coolly, "I am the chauffeur of the illustrious Don Rosario, and you have captured me single-handed?"

Rodriguez grinned amiably. "It was the only way. You see, I have assassinated two chickens with one boulder."

"Yes, I see." Stanley snatched the pistol from Cummings' holster and pointed it at him. "Push Señor Rodriguez over a little closer," he requested.

The big American volunteer leaned against the Mexican until he was within reaching-distance. Stanley got him by the collar of his coat, and then, dropping the gun, took a good grip around his throat with both his hands.

"This wont hurt much," he admonished his prisoner. "It's just a trick, and the first time I'm merely going to show you how it works. I'm fearfully strong in my fingers, see?"

Stanley gouged his thumbs into the Latin's windpipe. The gougee gurgled and even rattled a little.

"Splendid exercise for the thumbs and tonsils," declared Stanley, releasing him a little. "Now I'm going to give you an opportunity to tell Papa where Don Rosario really is, before I push the thumb tips all the way through the place where the Adam's apple is wont to disport."

He applied a little pressure.

"Oh, señor, stop!" gasped Rodriguez. "I know not."

"Strange that a chauffeur should not know where to find his boss. All right. I'll have to get all bloody, *(Please turn to page 133)*

EUROPE NEXT SUMMER?

by Doris Webster *and* Mary Alden Hopkins

International Newsreel

London: Regent Street is the place if you are a woman who likes smartness.

EVERYBODY wants to go to Europe, but not everybody who could go goes. Some think it takes too much money; some think it takes too much time. Both are mistaken. If you are a business man who has a lot of money and a little time, you can do a telescoped trip de luxe. If you are a student who has a lot of time but little money, you can range and roam and really come to know the people in many countries. Even if your time and purse are equally short, you can by planning wisely visit your Europe—the part of Europe that belongs to you personally.

One way of planning a European trip is to pick out something that you very much want to see, and let the rest of the trip start from that point. If, for instance, you loved the Legends of King Arthur, then Tintagel in Cornwall is calling you. But unless before you sail you determine to go there, remote Tintagel will get squeezed out of the trip, and you will lose not only the ancient ruins on the craggy shores but also the approach through lovely Devon and the wild grandeur of Cornwall. There really are thatched-roof houses and clotted cream in Devonshire, and the Cornishmen do speak a strange and guttural language. You'll find everywhere delightful surprises like paths along the southern coast for pedestrians only, and tiny villages on the downs with inns too enchanting to be true. In any country where you choose one place to see, you'll have the same experience of discovering in the immediate neighborhood things you wouldn't have missed for anything.

By means of the answers you give to the questions, we have picked out the places in Europe that would probably have a peculiar appeal to you and to your family; and by the aid of this article you will be able to harmonize the varying wishes of your party so that each can have what he wants. It is often possible to combine diverse interests in one spot. James can have his swimming and Anne her artistic atmosphere in Saint Jean-de-Luz, while Father and Mother take a side trip into the Basque country.

This article singles out the places that appeal to individual tastes. By its help you can turn vague aspirations into concrete plans. Many a person who has vaguely dreamed of going to Europe has found it possible to make the dream come true.

KEY NUMBER 0

WHY not begin a collection of visits to unusual spots where you will meet unusual persons or see unusual sights? That is your line, for you are observant and understanding. Begin in Holland among the seaside dunes of de Koog and den Burg, inhabited by plover, avocets, ruffs, reeves and other foreign birds, not to mention seals on sand-banks. The visitors to the Island of Texel on which these two towns are situated are people who love birds (to admire or shoot), enjoy salt scenery and appreciate the satisfactory hotel accommodations.

"Beyond the hills lies Carcassonne," in the southeastern portion of France, containing a castle with fifty-two towers. Houlgate, on the Normandy coast, is quaint, unsophisticated and inexpensive. You will be stirred by the beauty of the gardens, and love the sea-bathing. In St. Albans, nineteen miles from London, you will see the oldest inhabited house in England, called the Fighting Cocks. This house has been continuously occupied for over eleven hundred years and was licensed as an inn in 1543. . . . . The most northern town in the world is Hammerfest, Norway, three hundred miles north of the Arctic circle. You'll find a hotel, and bargains in furs and walrus ivory. A summer day here is weeks long. . . . . Burgos, Spain, was the home of the Cid, Spain's national hero. . . . . Look at the Cathedral while you are there. But if you can't spare the time to wander afar, take a map of England, shut your eyes, put your finger on the map, and go there; it is an enchanting spot—it must be, for isn't it in England?

KEY NUMBER 1

A WALKING trip through Devon, England, must include Plymouth, from which port the *Mayflower* left for the States in 1620. The Doone Valley can be climbed afoot or on the back of a sturdy donkey. . . . . When you are in the vicinity of Trieste, Italy, you should visit the famous Grottoes of Postumia, formerly known as Adelsberg Grottoes, the largest and finest in Europe, with the River Piuca running in their depths. Small trains run through the grottoes for the convenience of tourists. . . . . The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, only four hours from Brussels, is a miniature kingdom with quaint streets, medieval buildings and lovely outlying walks. . . . . You do not need to be a mountaineer to climb some of the lower peaks of the Alps or the Pyrenees, for the Club Alpin and the Touring Club have made paths, built shelters and organized reliable guides. . . . . Maybe you can get to Iceland some day, a land of volcanoes, glaciers, geysers, mountains and waterfalls, where housewives wash clothes in boiling springs guarded by iron bars. . . . . If you expect the Trossachs of Scotland to be as big as the Rocky Mountains, you will be disappointed. But if you can see beauty not measured by miles, you must take the one-day trip through the mountains and lakes which you first met in Scott's "Lady of the Lake." . . . .

TO FIND THE KEY NUMBER

CHECK each answer, according as it is affirmative or negative, in the columns at the right. If you have a majority of "Yesses" (three or more) out of the five questions in each group, write the corresponding group number in the blank space at the top of each group. If you have a majority of "Noes," omit the key number, leaving the space blank. The final key number, under which the fortune will be found, is a combination, not an addition, of the individual numbers. For example, if Groups 2, 3 and 5 are each answered "Yes," the final key number is 235; if all groups are negative, the final number is 0; if all groups are affirmative, the final number is 12345.

GROUP 1—[*write key number here*]→		
1. Would you climb a mountain if it meant getting up at three o'clock in the morning?		
2. Would you enjoy a walking trip?		
3. Would you rather have a supper over a campfire in Jasper National Park than dine at the Ritz?		
4. Could you be happy without a bathtub?		
5. Would you prefer to make love under the starlight rather than in front of a comfortable fireplace?		

GROUP 2—[*write key number here*]→		
1. Is this your first trip to Europe?		
2. Would you make a point of seeing what the guide-book double stars?		
3. Do you prefer a place you've heard talked about to a place that has not yet been "discovered?"		
4. Are you always ready to go on to the next place rather than anxious to linger where you are?		
5. Are you good at sight-seeing?		

GROUP 3—[*write key number here*]→		
1. Do you prefer a restaurant where evening dress is required?		
2. Do you read the smart society magazines?		
3. Do you like to go where the wealthy go?		
4. Would you rather wear an unbecoming up-to-date hat than a becoming one that is rather out of date?		
5. Do you think it right to spend a lot on placing a daughter socially?		

GROUP 4—[*write key number here*]→		
1. Do you prefer Ibsen to the average musical comedy?		
2. Do you think that the creative artist should refuse to popularize his art?		
3. Do people call you a highbrow?		
4. Does scenery mean a lot to you?		
5. Would you prefer an artistic career to a practical one?		

GROUP 5—[*write key number here*]→		
1. Do you telegraph to save yourself the trouble of writing a letter?		
2. Can you generally buy what you want when you want it?		
3. Do you discard a pair of shoes rather than have them half-soled?		
4. Do you sometimes buy costly jewelry?		
5. Do you purchase your hosiery by the half dozen?		

International Newsreel

The "free city" of Bremen is one of the specially interesting places of Germany.

Times Wide World Photo

London: "The Houses of Parliament are dignity personified; Buckingham Palace is waiting to be looked at."

If you can't stay long, wander along the accessible but unspoiled coast of Brittany and stop at Douarnenez. On Sunday you'll see fishermen in red jumpers hanging mauve nets on the masts to dry.

KEY NUMBER 2

GO from Interlaken to Furka, Switzerland, by motor along the shores of Lake Brienz to Grunsel Pass, where you can see the highest peaks of the Bernese Alps. Visit the Ice Tunnel of the Rhone Glacier. Furka is a famous pass. . . . . Do not disdain Gibraltar because you have seen its picture so often. It is a cosmopolitan town as well as a rock. . . . . The Grottoes of Han and Rochefort, not far from Rochefort, Belgium, are natural excavations of colossal size, and weird beauty guaranteed to scare visitors deliciously. The Remouchamps Grotto, near Spa, affords the opportunity for an underground row on the River Rubicon. . . . . If your time is limited, spend it on motorbusses rather than on trains. Among the popular motor trips in France are circuits of the Forests of Fontainebleau and Chantilly, of the Morvan and the Avallonnais, of Auvergne and the Vivaris; the tour from Avignon to Les Baux and the Pont du Gard; the Versailles and Rambouillet circuits; the Route de la Corniche Bretonne, a seven-day tour along the beautiful coast of Armorica, with its old churches and its calvaries. . . . . North Wales is full of sights you will not soon forget and names that look as if the baby had been playing with the typewriter. . . . . Carnarvon has an ancient castle. Bettws-y-Coed is an excursion center. Llanberis is the starting point for ascending Snowdon. Beddgelert holds the grave of "Llywellen's faithful hound." . . . . In Germany the post office maintains sixteen hundred and fifty mail motor-coach services on which you may travel in the Harz, Thuringia, the Rhineland, the Black Forest, Bavaria, the Silesian mountains or to the seashore resorts on the Baltic.

KEY NUMBER 3

SCHEVENINGEN, Holland, close by the Hague, is the most popular bathing resort on the North Sea. You can have a "bathing machine" on the beach, a house on wheels which is pulled into the water to keep your bathing a private matter. Queen Wilhelmina sometimes visits near-by Katwijk; Princess Juliana loves the place; and several well-known artists have settled there in the little fishing village. . . . . Tourists, sick or well, are cordially welcomed at the Baths of Montecatini, "the Garden of Tuscany," Italy. From April to December a hundred hotels offer comforts and amusements from music to pigeon-shooting. . . . . When you visit Stratford-on-Avon, you will naturally see all the Shakespeare memorials and Ann Hathaway's cottage in Shottery, and maybe you will lunch on omelette, green peas and strawberries in an apple orchard. . . . . If your stay is short, you will not need to wander far from Paris. In Paris you will want to drive on the wooded Bois de Boulogne, the resort of fashion and the site of the famous race-courses of Longchamp and Auteuil, and walk on the Grands Boulevards, which extend from the Madeleine to the Bastille, thronged with cosmopolitan pleasure-seekers. Farther east than the Palais Royal and the Théâtre-Français, visitors do not as a rule go, missing the Church of Saint-Eustache, near the central market called "Les Halles;" the Hotel-de-Ville, a building in the Renaissance style; the Carnavalet Museum and the old mansions of the Marais and the Place des Vosges; and lastly, the Donjon of Vincennes.

KEY NUMBER 4

YOU are not the kind to do all of Europe in a month, so if your time is short you can't do better than settle down in France. The Hills of Auvergne, France, were born of volcanic upheavals. Sixty dead craters are linked in the Monts-Dome, amid high rocks and curiously shaped basaltic formations. Hot springs and climatic resorts abound. The quaint and picturesque valleys are Dordogne, Sioule, Sumene, Rhue, Alagnon, Cere, Jordanne. Ancient buildings are found in Tournoel, Clermont-Ferrand, Royat, Orcival, Saint-Nectaire, Murols, Saint-Fleur, Mauriac, Salers, Aurillac. Tourist motor-coach services run through the section. . . . . If you are in no hurry, go on to Lucerne, Switzerland, noted for its ancient culture, modern comfort, fascinating shops, mountainous scenery, and cosmopolitan gayety. . . . . Granada, in Spain, holds the ancient Moorish palace of which Washington Irving wrote "Tales of the Alhambra." . . . . "Smugs" in Bergen, Norway, are streets a yard wide, often in the form of a crude stairway. . . . . Oslo is inexpensive, clean and pleasantly small. It is situated on an ocean not too cold for swimming. Among its priceless relics are two Viking boats, long buried, with all kinds of equipment inside.

KEY NUMBER 5

TAKE the canal steamer at Stockholm, Sweden, for an extraordinary three-day trip on water among farmhouses, gardens, and woods! . . . . Since you like comfort without congestion, spiced with the unexpected, the fine old country seats and ancient woods around Utrecht, Holland, will please you. It is a center for motor-

ing or sailing to many attractive country towns and villages, including Doorn, the home of the ex-Kaiser, Arnheim with its glorious gardens, and Nymegen with its ancient monuments. . . . . Thanks to motorbusses, the marvelous scenery of the Pyrenees can be enjoyed without undue exertion even by those whose trip to Europe must be short. You have some five hundred miles including the Tourmalet Pass, the charming Vale of Aure, the wild mountain country of the Ariege (almost unvisited in pre-motoring times), the Carol Valley, and a final descent through the Gorges of Thues, to the plain of Roussillon. . . . . Land-cruises are a comfortable, carefree way of seeing remote districts in England by motorbus parties. It is a specially good method of visiting Cornwall, Devon, and the Wye Valley. . . . . If you have plenty of time, go to the fairyland of Budapest, where the hotels back on a promenade along the river. Here you may eat out of doors in a flower-garden, watching the lights on the black hills opposite drip into the river, and listening to a Hungarian gypsy orchestra.

KEY NUMBER 12

HOW would you like to go to Spain to look for your castle? Saragossa is one of the oldest cities; Barcelona is an up-and-coming commercial center. . . . . Visit Capri to see the Blue Grotto. . . . . For a small river the Thames affords a high percentage of enjoyment. . . . . One cheese is nothing much to get excited over, but thousands and thousands of them on a Friday morning in Alkmaar, Holland, are a sight. Employees wear white suits, and green, blue, red or yellow hats and with cries of "Hei, hei!" they push through the crowd of farmers, cheese-dealers and innumerable native and foreign visitors. . . . . Americans especially wish to visit the battlefields of the Great War. Beginning at the coast, the plains of Flanders, Artois and the Somme; with the low hills, the Kemmel, the Heights of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, and that Ridge of Vimy, rising above the "Black Country." The towns have been honeycombed by shell-fire. The Belfry of Arras lies strewn over the pavements of the Grande Place and the Petite Place, surrounded by houses whose damaged gables are still quaint and charming. Peronne suffered severely, and the Abbey Church of Saint-Quentin was battered. The Valley of the Marne, where the Germans were twice hurled back, forms the center of the Front. Here, in September, 1914, the issue of the war was predetermined by General Joffre. Here too, in 1918, the French fought side-by-side with the Americans, who won their spurs at Chateau-Thierry before covering themselves with glory at Saint-Mihiel on the Meuse. Next come the lines of the Oise, the famous Chemin des Dames, and the Front of Champagne. Here are Noyon, Soissons and Rheims, with their Gothic cathedral towers still standing high amidst the ruins. To the east are the deep woods of the Argonne, the slopes of the Meuse, the marshy plain of the Woevre, the Bois le Prêtre, the Lorraine Front, and the wooded hill-crests of Vosges. Verdun, most of all, is the shrine of pilgrims. . . . . It is possible to go to Europe, see England, Belgium and France and return to New York, all on three hundred dollars, sight-seeing included. Perhaps your Uncle John will lend you that much.

KEY NUMBER 13

SPA, Belgium, the oldest of medicinal watering-places, has given its name to hundreds of pleasure-resorts. This spa combines delightful climate with luxurious hotels (as well as some inexpensive ones), casino, baths, pump-rooms, promenades, concert-halls and other devices for having a grand time. . . . . Ile de France, the country around Paris, is dotted with royal residences of past

Times Wide World Photo

The Brandenburg Gate, Berlin. In the days of the Kaiser, only his car was permitted to pass through the center arch.

kings, among which the Palace of Versailles, near to Paris, is perhaps the most beautiful. Its immense park is a perfect model of the French garden, where the flower-beds and shrubberies are adorned with statues, fish-ponds and great fountains. Its two dependent palaces—the Grand Trianon and the Petit Trianon—are a visible sign of the Age of Louis XIV. . . . . Rapallo, Margherita, Portofino, each with its individual charm, are the best-known resorts of the Italian eastern Riviera. . . . . Martigny, at the entrance of four valleys, is one of the most delightful Swiss resorts. . . . . Buxton, about one hundred and sixty miles from London, is a famous mountain spa with covered promenades for wet weather and uncovered walks to a prehistoric cavern and the "Cat and Fiddle Inn." . . . . Dundee, Scotland, is as famous for its golf links as for its marmalade. . . . . If your time is limited you will get the most out of your trip if you settle down in one unusual place. You would enjoy Baveno on Lake Maggiore, just three miles north of fashionable Stresa. You'll find few Americans there, but plenty of Dutch and English. Its features are glorious walks all along the lake, with villas to the south and quarries worked by singing Italians to the north, innumerable steamboat trips and beautiful scenery. The hotels combine comfort and economy.

KEY NUMBER 14

THE "Kingdom of Kerry," Ireland, contains the Lakes of Killarney. You'll find yourself writing verse on nature if you expose your eyes to its beauty. . . . . Pompeii will never become commonplace, however many tourists tramp through its excavated streets and trace the flight of *Nydia* in the "Last Days of Pompeii." You step back two thousand years when you enter the courtyards of one of the houses. . . . . If you have a limited purse and unlimited desire for wandering, use while in Holland the circular tours, which include boats and trams, helping out with bicycle and shank's mare. . . . . If you long to visit a spot where American tourists are little known, try Saint-Jean-de-Luz and Hendaye, on the west coast of France, near the Spanish frontier. They are on the edge of the Basque country. You may dress as you please there, and be as queer as you like. . . . . View the midnight sun from the top of the North Cape to see the sun set and rise again without ever going out of sight. . . . . If you want to go to a place which but few tourists reach, go to Zermatt, Switzerland, at the foot of the Matterhorn. . . . . If your time is limited, stay on the coast. Discover your own English inn, the Hare and Hounds at Watlington, for instance. They all give you mustard with your beefsteak and kidney pie. Or settle down at St. Jacut de la Mer on the north coast of Brittany out of Dinard. A very few English and American families go there every year. They don't want their paradise spoiled by over-popularity, so don't tell anyone else about it. It's for Number 14 people only.

KEY NUMBER 15

YOU can travel by foot or waterways in Holland, enjoying the green country, red-roofed villages, blue-and-white sky and black-and-white cattle. Visit Aalsmeer and Boskoop by motorboat or bus to enjoy a revelation of what gardening may be. You will find thousands of quaint animals clipped in box and yew. This art of fantastic clipping is handed down from father to son. Artists love to visit, by sailing-vessel or motor-boats, the delightful Frisian Meers, the dead cities of the Zuider Zee, or the comparatively unknown province of Zeeland. . . . . If you want to see the Lapps before that queer primitive race dies out, you will find them near Lyngseidet, a village far north in Norway, living in tents and mud huts. . . . . If you are on a hasty trip, spend your time in England. English scenery has a charm of its own, and Tintern Abbey by pale moonlight or noonday sun is a delight. . . . . The Wye Valley is one hundred and fifty miles of abbeys, ruined castles, ancient manor houses and quaint inns, set in lovely surroundings. If you have all the time in the world, penetrate into Ugoslavia. Zagreb (or Agram) is adorably primitive. Market is held outside the church on Sunday, and you are likely to see a peasant buy a live pig, stick it under his arm and go into church.

Times Wide World Photo

Venice: "Doves wait to be fed at St. Marks."

KEY NUMBER 23

WHEN you are in Holland, the lowest-lying country in the world, you must go somewhere by airplane. See the waterways of Amsterdam or Rotterdam from above, or go from the Aërodrome to Paris, Brussels, Basle, Zurich, London, Berlin, Bremen or Hamburg, and to Copenhagen, Malmo or Hanover. Airplanes swoop down; cosmopolitan travelers conducted by officials show their passports and open their baggage; and you find yourself a part of the swaggerest and swiftest method of travel invented yet. If you prefer the seaside, you will find Trouville and Deauville very fashionable resorts, and Villiers, Houlgate and Cobourg are similarly favored. The Cotentin, like an enormous jetty, advances far into the Channel, and ends in two horns of rock, with Cherbourg, a naval harbor and port of call, lying between. On the west side lie Carteret and rocky Granville, "the Monaco of the North." . . . . At Monte Carlo, the capital of the tiny principality of Monaco, half the rich or titled folks of Europe are to be seen, as well as famous gamblers and adventuresses. . . . . By train you can go from Interlaken to an Alpine garden, a glacier, or a hotel above the clouds, or stay at home to a yodel concert, a fireworks display or just scenery. . . . . Piccadilly is your London if you are a man who likes smartness. Regent Street for women of the same type. Bond Street and Oxford Street for all shoppers. . . . . Take in the Ascot races if you can. All the fashionable world will be there.

KEY NUMBER 24

VENICE is a city in the sea, and you still travel the Grand Canal in a gondola. Doves wait to be fed at St. Marks, and no one would guess that the Campanile once fell down. . . . . From Copenhagen, Denmark, to Elsinore is exceptionally beautiful, and at the latter place is the famed and wonderful Kronberg Castle, the site of *Hamlet's* tragedy. . . . . Ypres, Liege, Namur, Mons and Louvain, in Belgium, are names well known in our own country. These war-scarred cities welcome American tourists with special cordiality. (For French battlefields, see 12). . . . . Burgundy is famous for the wines of the Côte-d'Or, and its capital, Dijon, is a towered city of inspiring architecture. . . . . Or if it is Brittany you are in, you will find choice cathedrals in Dol, Saint-Brieuc, Treguier, Saint-Pol-de-Leon, Vannes and Quimper; and romantic castles in Mortree, Combourg, Josselin, Sucinio and Tonquedo. . . . . If you haven't time for more than England, you want to see Kenilworth Castle, do you not, even though you have almost forgotten your Scott? . . . . If you admire Dr. Johnson, eat at the Three Crowns Inn in Lichfield. . . . . For the special benefit of Americans who want to see the principal places of Great Britain in a minimum of time, the British Railways have prepared a series of round tours at reduced fares.

KEY NUMBER 25

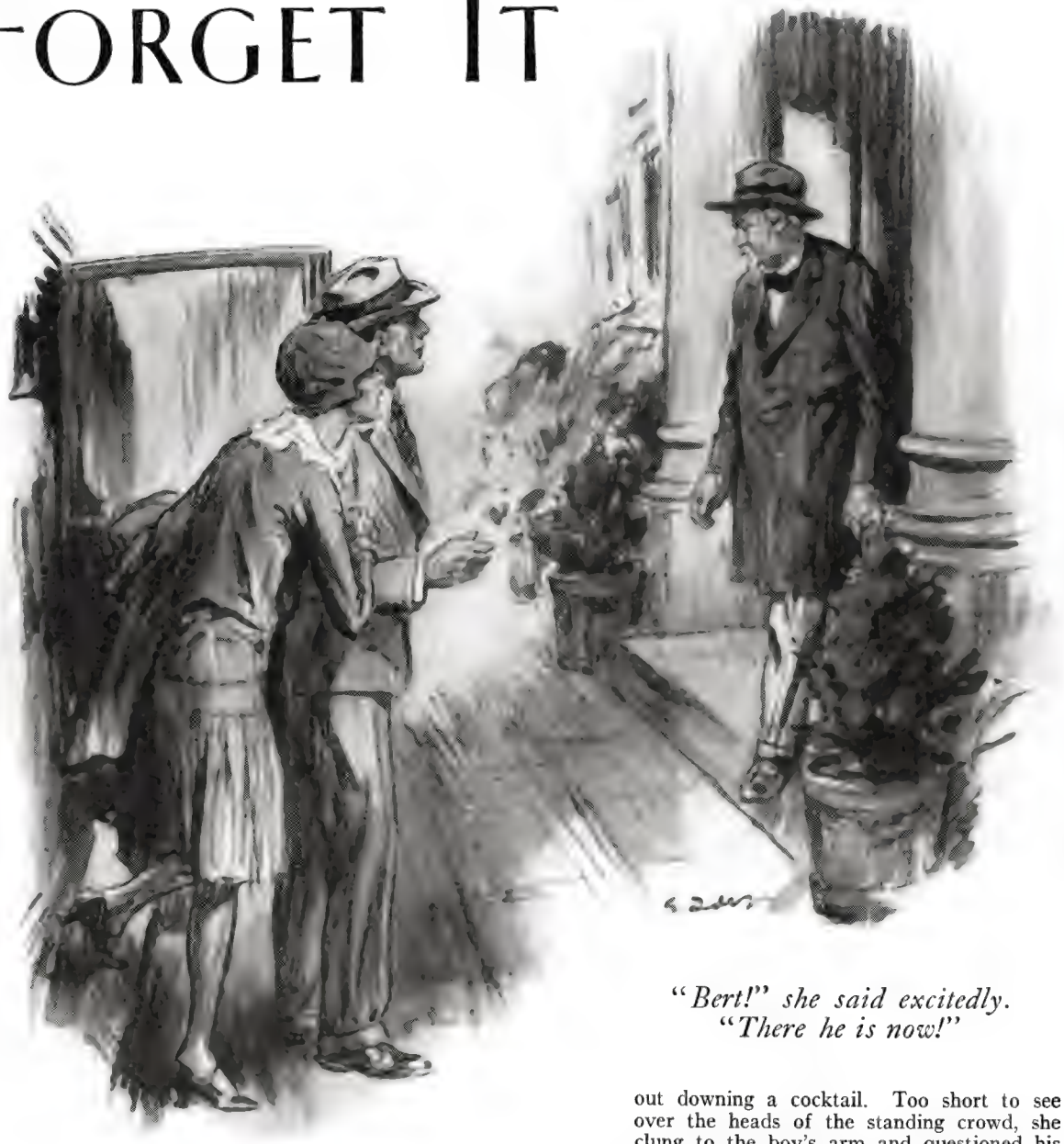
IF this is a first trip and a hurried one, spend it in England. The Tower of London, built by Edward the Conqueror, is guarded by the Beef-eaters, who have *(Please turn to page 124)*

Enjoy Fortune *and* Forget It

A racing story of the Whining Kid and the proud Major who teamed with him for love of ham and eggs and—sometimes—the honor of Virginia

by
William Slavens McNutt

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr



"Bert!" she said excitedly. "There he is now!"

NEW ORLEANS The Jefferson Park Track, the grandstand crowded; people standing; on benches, on chairs—tiptoeing, waving their arms, shrieking encouragement to possible winners in the close-bunched field struggling up the stretch, mouthing anathema on palpable losers beginning to falter and fade under the savage rub of the final drive.

Of the crowd in the stand a wild-eyed boy in his early twenties, with a nice, earnest, eager face minus the contours of sophistication. Chalk-pale from excitement, clenched fists upraised, shouting: "High Cloud! High Cloud! Come on! Please! Come on! Oh! Come on!"

At his side a young girl. Eighteen or so, slender, brown hair and eyes; a girl who looked as though she could raise a blush without downing a cocktail. Too short to see over the heads of the standing crowd, she clung to the boy's arm and questioned his face with eyes and tongue.

"What is it?" she asked. "What's happening? Is everything all right? What's happening, Bert? Are we winning? Are we?"

In the row directly in front of them two people—sitting. Of all the crowd, these two sat comfortable, amused by the hullabaloo, untempted to stand and tiptoe and stretch to see the finish. One was a heavy-bodied, large-featured elderly man approximating the manner and appearance of distinction. The other a woman. A graceful sixty, modishly and modestly dressed, a showing of live, glisteny gray hair about the edges of her smart turban. Delicate features, poise, charm.

"Oh, High Cloud!" the excited young man behind them cried. "Oh, shucks!"

"What, Bert?" the girl asked anxiously. "What is it?"

A final climactic roar as the top horse passed the winning post.

"We were ahead almost all the way," the young man explained to the girl sadly. "Why, when they were right opposite here, High Cloud was still in front but— No! He couldn't seem to

keep up, somehow. A lot of them passed him just between here and where they finish up there. My! I thought sure we were going to win."

"Never mind," the girl consoled him. "It doesn't matter. Really it doesn't. I don't care."

The big man turned his head and spoke to the young fellow.

"If you had asked me about that High Cloud horse, I could have saved consid'able wear and tear on your vocal cords and my eardrums," he said, smiling, benign. "He's a sprinter. He has a fair early turn of speed, but no stamina, my boy. No stamina. Not a bad investment with middling platers at six furlongs, but a hundred-to-one to finish out of the money at a mile seventy."

"Well!" the young man exclaimed. "My! I wish I'd known that. What do you suppose they print a thing like that in the paper for?"

"Paper?" the big man said, puzzled.

"Yes," said the young fellow. He drew a crumpled clipping from his pocket. "Here it is in the *Courier*. It says here—no, that isn't it. Just a minute. Here it is. It says: 'In the second, a mile seventy, claiming. High Cloud seems pounds the best of a bad lot. His early speed should give him enough of a lead to coast home by lengths. High Cloud looks easily the best bet of the day.' "

"My dear boy!" the big man exclaimed. "You must not put trust in newspaper predictions! Written by tyros, my boy. Tyros! Oh, mere careless scribblers with no real knowledge of the sport."

"Oh!" said the young man. "I didn't know that." He leaned forward, eager. "Look," he said, "in this next race is there—I mean do you know any horse that—"

"I am not a tipster!" the big man interrupted coldly.

"Oh," said the young fellow.

"I make it a rule never to give information or advice to strangers at a race meet," the big man explained, "—not even to casual acquaintances."

"I beg your pardon," the young fellow said humbly, flushing.

"Granted," said the big man.

He turned from the young man, looked at the horses cantering back to the judge's stand. The modishly dressed elderly woman sitting beside him caught his eye and smiled. The big man shrugged slightly and made a grimace. "Youth!" said the grimace. "One must make allowances!"

A traveling spot of commotion on the crowded lawn. It was made by the Whining Kid, dodging excitedly through the crowd, eagerly scanning the grandstand and boxes, heedless of whose feet he stepped on or whose ribs his sharp elbows prodded.

The Whining Kid was an eyeful. He wore patent-leather shoes topped off with fawn-colored spats, a suit that looked as though it had been patterned by a Hollywood hillside architect as an expression of delirium tremens, a dove-gray derby with a black band, and a necktie of bright salmon speckled with large green and blue dots.

He stopped midway of the grandstand and shrilled a call: "Major! Hey, Major!"

The big man who had commented on High Cloud caught the cry and cupped a hand at his ear.

"They're lookin' for you," the Whining Kid yelled excitedly. "Jimmy Haynes wants to see you in the paddock right away."

Jimmy Haynes! The top trainer of his time! Scores looked to see the personage summoned thus by one so high in the kingdom of the horse.

The big man called Major muttered, frowned and rose. He bowed in apology to the modishly dressed elderly woman at his side.

"Sorry to bother," he said in a deep voice. "I had hoped that if I retired to the comparative obscurity of the grandstand, I might be permitted to enjoy an afternoon of racing in peace, but—"

He finished the sentence with a shrug. With a smile the lady expressed both understanding and grant of pardon. The big man squeezed past her and moved down the grandstand steps toward the lawn, his tread majestic.

"I wonder who he is," said the young lady with the boy who had bet on High Cloud.

"I think I've seen his picture in the papers," the boy said. "I can't quite place him, though."

THE Major looked like pictures one sees in papers. He was a bit more than six feet tall and could make a weighing machine say two hundred forty without the assistance of an overcoat.

His hair was silver-gray, thick, long and slightly wavy. His eyebrows were bushy and his jaw square. His nose was large and fleshy and stippled with prominent pores. He wore a wide black felt and a black suit of an ancient cut.

Seeing him, one thought of the Senate chamber, an old Southern plantation and a racing-stable. Also—if one were wise to the way of the world and its rackets—of medicine shows, card-sharks and mining-stock swindlers.

He made his ponderous way to the paddock and there met the Whining Kid.

"Well?" the latter said anxiously, standing close and speaking from the corner of his mouth. "Any apes up there make the play?"

"I fancy we created an impression," the Major said grandiloquently.

"Listen," said the Whining Kid aggrievedly. "We gotta do somethin' more'n just make an impression. We gotta snare us a sucker an' shake him quick for the price of a plate o' fodder. I'm not kiddin' you for a minute; there's nothin' left o' the middle o' me but a backbone with a lot o' empty skin wrapped around it! Any o' them chumps sittin' up there near you look like money?"

"I observed an elderly lady seated beside me—quite evidently a gentlewoman, by the way—"

"Aw, nits an' dog-fleas!" the Whining Kid interrupted irritably. "What meat is it on our table if she's gentle or not! Has she got any jack on her?"

The Major frowned. "I am not unmindful of our necessity," he said in a tone of reproof. "When she opened her purse to search for a handkerchief, I saw a considerable roll of bills. You may rest assured she has money."

"I aint goin' to rest assured or any other way while she's got it an' we aint," the Kid declared. "Did you make the old dame?"

"My dear fellow!" the Major exclaimed. "I explained to you that she is indubitably a gentlewoman. Not at all the sort with whom one starts a conversation minus a legitimate provocation."

The Whining Kid drew a deep breath and shook his head.

"Aint the horses we been pickin' slow enough without you havin' to be late with your work?" he exclaimed, exasperated. "It's bad enough, your pickin' a dame, anyhow! The easiest of 'em's harder to take than the toughest man! You ought to know that. When a guy tumbles he's been put through the hoop, he's ashamed, an' he'll stitch up his lip an' hope none of his friends get wise. But a dame! Peel a bill off one of 'em, an' she don't care if the whole world knows she's just a lady chump, if she can only get her kale back. Say, one dame pagin' a missin' dime can squawk louder'n a man beggin' for his life."

"A lady does not squawk!" the Major said icily.

"No?" said the Whining Kid skeptically. "Then I never met a woman who was a lady."

"That," said the Major, "is probably true."

The Whining Kid glared up at the Major, and the Major glared down at the Whining Kid.

"Major!" the Whining Kid said desperately. "Wont you ever learn?"

WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT is one of the world's most enthusiastic followers of the sport of kings—and of stable-boys and beggars. Of course no one can understand such interest who looks upon horse-racing either as a mere speed contest between quadrupeds or as a betting event. A real horse-race is and always has been rather a rallying point for all sorts of most intriguing individuals meeting under circumstances extraordinarily arranged to bring out the best—and the worst—in them.

It is this which fascinated Mr. McNutt and has enabled him to make famous, wherever magazines are read or films are shown, some of his friends whom you may meet on this page.

"Ride him, Wagner! Forty to one, and I got him right on the nose!"

"Learn!" the Major exclaimed derisively. "From you? My dear boy!"

They were known to the race-track regulars, these two, wherever horses ran. Rumor had it that the Major came of a good old Kentucky family and was a college graduate.

Rumor for once was right. The Major was not really a major, but he was a Shelby and he was a college graduate. Clayton K. Shelby! That was the name the Major bore by legal right, a name that had been torn from the birth-record leaves of a family Bible in the Blue Grass State by the hand of an irate father.

Now the Whining Kid sighed and spoke in a conciliatory tone.

"All right, then," he said. "If it's goin' to help along any, I'm wrong again an' you're right. The dame's a lady! You say she is, an' we wont fight about that. She's got money. We know that, 'cause you seen it. All we got to hope for now is that she's a sap. If she is, go back an' take her. You're all built up as a big shot around the track with that hurry-call to the paddock I gave you. I don't care how you do your work, as long as you get it done; only whatever you do, don't leave this old gal high-hat you out of a profit. Lady or no lady, if she's a chump, you've got to bait the trap with ballyhoo to get her—an' you can't tout with your mouth shut!"

"I have a method," the Major said stiffly. "A trifle too subtle for you to comprehend, perhaps. For example: A young man directly behind me asked if I knew anything in this next race, and—"

"Oh, yeh?" said the Whining Kid, brightening. "That's a bite. Did you—"

"I snubbed him," the Major said. "I explained to him that I never gave information or advice."

"For the love o'— Say, Major, you aint gettin' old on me, are you? Why—"

"I fancy that made an impression," the Major said, with extreme dignity.

"On me it did," the Whining Kid said. "It aint impressions we got to think about, Major. It's profits."

"Can't you understand that no one who observed that gesture could possibly mistake me for a—er—well—"

"Tout?" said the Whining Kid.

"I resent the word," said the Major.

"All right," said the Whining Kid. "I get the play. Do it your own way, Major; but for the love o' beefsteak an' hot biscuits—don't miss. Get that dough!"

Fuming inwardly at his outspoken partner, the Major made his way back to the seat he had vacated. When the horses in the next race came past the winning post, he looked at his program and chuckled contentedly. The modishly dressed elderly woman beside him smiled in sympathy with his mirth, and the Major ventured a familiarity.

"These youngsters!" he said disparagingly, shaking his head. "They haven't the eye of us older horsemen, madam. Young Jimmy Haynes, now—you know of Haynes, madam?"

The elderly woman nodded. "The trainer," she said. "I've read of him. I often read the racing news."

"He called me to the paddock prior to this race," the Major

went on. "Wanted me to look at Paper Doll, that filly of his that just finished fourth. He asked me how I fancied the animal, and after a cursory examination, I said to him: 'Fourth in this coming event, Jimmy, my boy. Fourth with a bit of luck.'

" 'Fourth!' he exclaimed almost indignantly. 'Fourth! Why, Major, I'm going to win with that filly today.'

" 'Not today, I think, James,' I told him. 'The animal's a bit short, my boy. She needs a bit of tightening. A race or two, I should say.'

" 'Major,' he said. 'I'm disappointed in you. I don't think your eye's what it used to be.'

" 'Perhaps not, my boy,' I said. 'Perhaps not. Use your own judgment, but just remember that Major Shelby picks her to run fourth at best, my boy.' "

"She ran fourth!" the elderly lady exclaimed. "Just as you prophesied."

"Not a difficult prophecy," the Major said deprecatingly. "A minor achievement for a real student of horseflesh, madam. Don't think that I boast of it. I am, however, amused at the predicament of my young friend Jimmy. I fancy he'll suffer a trifle of embarrassment when he meets me again and recalls that Major Shelby told him his animal was fit for fourth place. No better. 'Fourth, Jimmy,' I told him. 'Fourth with a bit of luck!' "

In the row behind, the young man who had bet on High Cloud whispered guardedly to the girl at his side: "You see? He knows!"

From the lawn the Whining Kid noted with satisfaction that the Major was in talking touch with his prospect. A local tout, one Poppy Davis, stopped by the Whining Kid to pass the time of day and ask how business went.

"We got one on the fire," the Whining Kid bragged. "Easy now! Don't make it too raw, but get an eyeful o' that grandma sap the Major's workin' on up there in the stand. Just to the left o' the Devlin box. Get the one I mean?"

The local tout looked, and whistled his astonishment.

"Boy, run get a hat!" he exclaimed. "You're goin' to need somethin' to carry off the money in, if you ever get a workin' pipeline put through to that lady's purse!"

"Yeh?" the Whining Kid said eagerly. "She rates, huh?"

"Rates!" said the local tout. "Say! That one could match bank-books with many a millionaire an' pick up the marbles. That's Mrs. Evelyn Henry. She's J. K. Metzger's mother-in-law. That's all who she is!"

"You're rattlin' a lot o' home-town monikers that don't click with me," the Kid said. "They sound, though!"

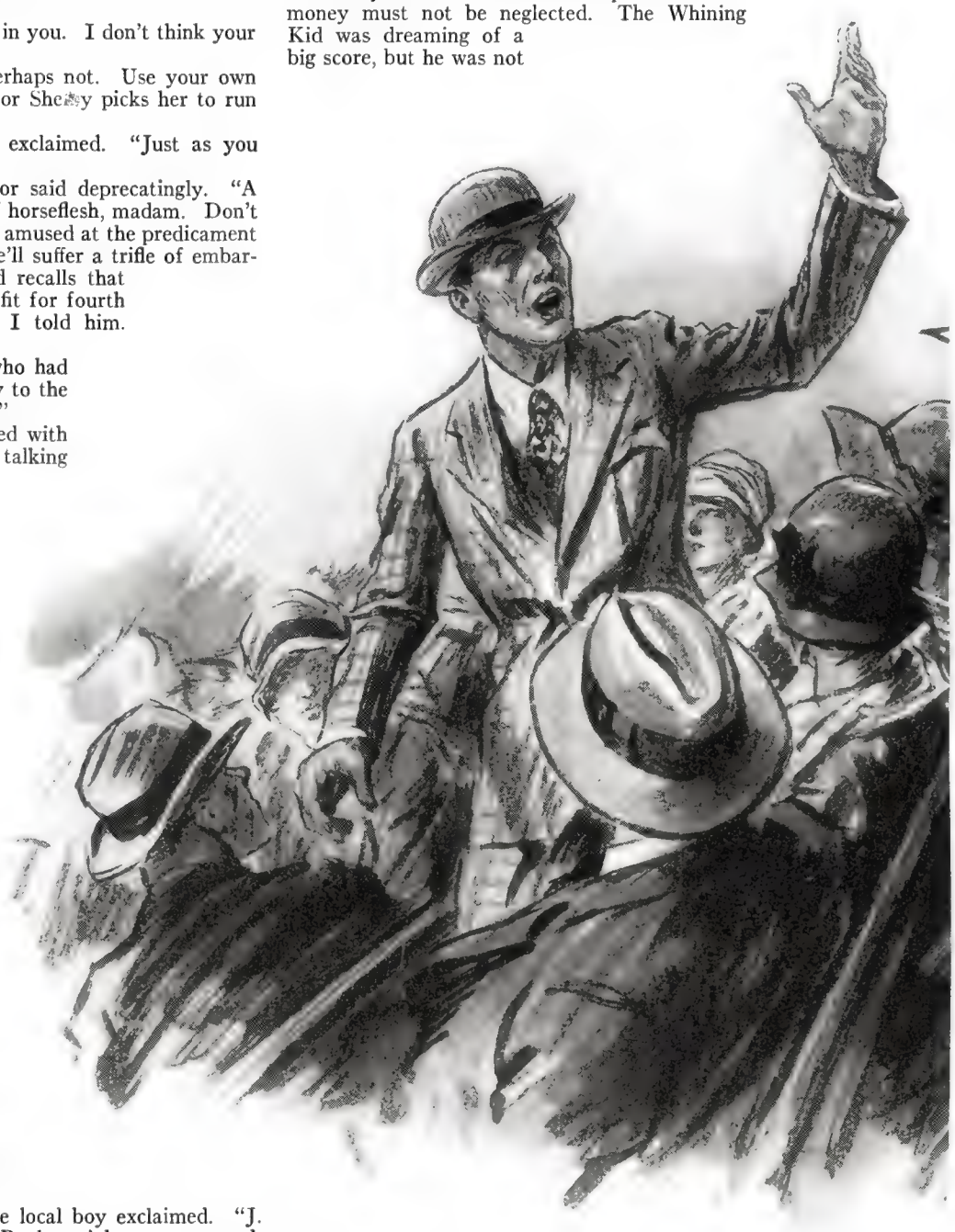
"I hope to tell you they sound!" the local boy exclaimed. "J. K. Metzger's president o' the Valley Bank, an' he owns enough real estate in this town to make a farm out o' most o' the city if he just plowed up his own land! No foolin'! He's a reformer, too. Gives his money any time to anybody who wants to stop everybody doin' anything! He'd have a fit if he knew Mrs. Henry was out here at the races. He hates racin'! Always tryin' to get it stopped."

"Whoopteedoo!" said the Whining Kid, awed. "This lady's a big shot, huh?"

"You should bother gettin' your shoes half-soled if the Major's got her hypnotized!" the local tout said enviously. "He must be good, that Major."

"What do you think I run with him for?" the Whining Kid asked complacently. "He's class, that big boy! He'll score more off one sucker one o' these days than most o' these cheap hustlers around here'll pick up in a year's work."

THE horses were parading to the post for the third race. The Whining Kid hustled to the rail, thinking fast. The Major was working on a big job at last! His work might take time, and it might be worth the time it took. Couldn't afford to hurry so promising a prospect. Days could be devoted to the proper cultivation of Mrs. Evelyn Henry, the wealthy mother-in-law of the president of the Valley Bank! Meanwhile the pork-and-bean money must not be neglected. The Whining Kid was dreaming of a big score, but he was not forgetting that dinner-time came soon after the end of the last race, and none knew better than he that nightfall with no money meant bed-time with no fodder—which, in turn, ran into a sad, gray morning, that no clear sky could cheer nor bright sun lighten. The Kid felt the weight of responsibility. It was up to him to click through with feed-money.



"They're lookin' for you," the Whining Kid yelled.

The third race was a mile and a sixteenth. The horses left the post at the upper end of the grandstand and came drumming by. Well in front, as they passed, was a big chestnut gelding with Number 11 fashioned on the saddle-cloth. The Whining Kid, busy with thought at the rail, glanced at his program and noted that Number 11 was named Live Oak. He glanced at the odds-board and noted further that Number 11, Live Oak, had closed at forty to one.

The Whining Kid heard a call and knew it as the voice of Opportunity summoning him to the wherewithal for supper. He looked once more at his program, to learn the name of the jockey astraddle Number 11, and found it to be Wagner. Thereupon he threw his arms in the air and raised his voice in imploration. "Ride him, Wagner!" he shrieked. "Keep him up there, boy. Oh, you Live Oak! Make believe I didn't know about you! Come on there, Wagner! Stay on top with him! Stay alone, just breezin'. Come on, Wagner! Boot that one in for Papa!"

He rushed back to middle of the lawn where he could better see—and be seen—and continued his shouting.

"Come on, you Live Oak! Stay out, there! Come on there with him, Wagner. Forty to one, an' I got him right on the nose! Look at that horse run! Look at him! Forty to one, an' he's pounds the best of anything in the race. . . . . Look at him run. Forty to one, an' everybody asleep but me an' the stable! Come on, Wagner! Keep him out there. Come on, Live Oak!"

Live Oak, in the back-stretch, was still on top by lengths. The crowd on the lawn were dividing their attention between the race and the Whining Kid. People pay money to see worse shows than the latter put on, as the field hit the turn out of the back-stretch and several horses began to pick up ground on Live Oak. The Kid screamed and sobbed and did gymnastics worth the envy of any college cheer-leader.

"Ride him, Wagner!" he begged. "Ride him out! Keep him up, there. Oh, Wagner, don't waste this one! Come on, Live Oak!"

The field rounded the turn into the stretch. Live Oak, a quarter horse by ability and a quitter by nature, went wide and lost much ground. He was through for the afternoon anyhow, but the action gave the Kid something to howl about.

"Did you see it?" he shrieked. "The dirty crook carried him wide! Clear to the outer rail! Did you see that? The pig was out there, runnin' easy, an' that cheatin' jock took him clear to the outside rail! Oh, the dirty thief! I had five hundred dollars right on that goat's nose at forty to one, an' the jock crossed me! Are the stewards goin' to stand for that? Are they? Did you see it? Why, he near pulled his arm off yankin' that horse out. Oh, the dirty thief! Say, the gang at the barn'll kill that kid! The stable was bettin'. They were shootin' with that one. I knew it! I was in! Why, the trainer bet a thousand of his own dough right on the nose. And that dirty crook crossed all of us! Oh, what they'll do to that jock tonight!"

When the horses were in, the Whining Kid subsided to a tearful murmur and watched closely for results.

"That was tough luck, losing that one," a young man sympathized.

"Tough luck!" the Kid exclaimed. "It's worse'n that, but I don't know the word for it. I had five hundred dollars right on that pig's nose at forty to one, an' the jock cheated me out of it. See the way he carried that horse out on the turn? Why, I thought he was going to jump the fence with him! Had the race in his lap an' he goes an' tosses it off! I wonder who bought him an' for how much!"

"Certainly was tough!" the young man agreed.

"Worst of it is I went for the works on that one, an' I've got a good one in the next race that *(Please turn to page 96)*

IN TUNE WITH

Underwood & Underwood

White Studio

MRS. FISKE

This is Mrs. Fiske as she appears in her new comedy, "Ladies of the Jury." For sixty-one years she has played from city to city; and since her fifteenth year she has graciously held her place as one of America's foremost actresses. She played her first part as the *Duke of York* in "Richard III," at the age of three; and she's been on the boards almost continuously since then. The nature of her calling made her education geographic rather than academic, but the tutoring of her highly cultured mother was an excellent substitute for school attendance. Of late Mrs. Fiske has been playing comedy almost exclusively, as the emotional exhaustion of her former tragic rôles became wearying. With an inner amusement in her gleaming eyes, she executes her performances with a delightful deftness that quickens and kindles the pulse of her youngest listener.

DOROTHY DOW

Since Dorothy Dow started writing, six years ago, she's had two volumes of verse published, and many short stories. She wrote us recently that she had attained her twenty-ninth year, and—"There are seven gray hairs in the middle of my head; there is something safe and kind and tender about gray hairs. I'm old enough now to stop thinking of men as rivals, and of men as pursuers. They're all human beings, instead . . . . I've seen Ethel Barrymore die correctly and dramatically in 'Déclassée,' and I've heard Fanny Brice chortle, as *Camille*, that she had been a bad woman, but mighty good company. I've had my heart broken, mended, and broken all over again . . . . And I've got memories instead of illusions. It's good to be twenty-nine." Miss Dow's picture appears above—and one of her stories begins on page 34.

GLORIA SWANSON

No baffling, mysterious beauty, this skyrocket who paused in her flight to Moviedom's heights to annex France's most eligible nobleman. At the right you see her as she really is—the splendidly reckless huntress who shook off the drab mediocrity of her childhood in Chicago and a few short years later rejected as easily and finally a contract said to offer her a million a year for three years. She has run the gamut of the silver screen's hunting-ground—extra girl, Max Sennett bathing-beauty, De Mille's star. Gloria crept into Hollywood a timid, gauche little Swedish-American. The great Swanson emerged a lady of the realm, a magnificent woman in whose dynamic, emotional intensity millions of people find escape. Her singing and speaking voice, heard for the first time by the public in "The Trespasser," reveals a mind that has triumphed over environment and sudden wealth.

OUR TIMES

Wide World Photo

White Studio

DR. W. J. HUTCHINS

Of the one hundred and twelve presidents of American colleges and universities — not to mention two thousand other distinguished guests — gathered to witness the induction of young Robert M. Hutchins into the presidency of the University of Chicago, dozens were old enough to be his father. One actually was his father. To William J. Hutchins, president of Berea College, whose picture adjoins at the right, the younger Hutchins owes in a large measure the gifts of a heritage and training afforded to few. In that great day for father and son there came a memorable moment when the son, his voice deep with filial devotion and gratitude, conferred on his father the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the university.

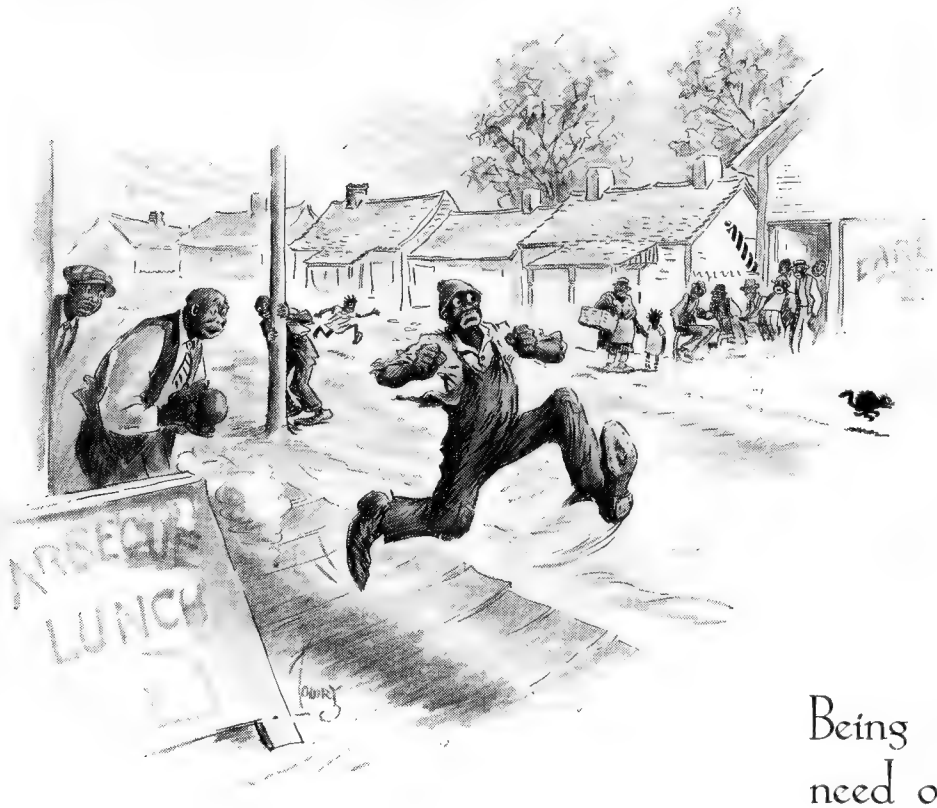
We salute the father's wisdom and guidance as heartily as we salute the son's magnificent fulfillment and achievement.

NOEL COWARD

is jack—and master—of all theatrical trades. He writes a play, and plays the lead in it; he writes a song (artful, meaningful words and music) and sings it; he writes a révue, and dances and sings from the curtain to finale. Mr. Coward, whose picture appears at the right above, literally grew up to music, for his parents ran a musical-supply shop in a little parish outside of London. Dancing he learned from Fred Astaire himself. At the age of ten he left Croydon to enter the theater. For eight years he wandered from stage to stage. Then the war claimed him. After that he came to New York with fifty dollars and three plays. He spent the money and got home to England somehow—with the plays still in his pocket. Four years later New York changed its fickle mind, and he now commutes between the Strand and Broadway.

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

He was broke at thirty-five. He had been a soldier, cowboy, gold-miner, railroad cop, pencil-sharpener salesman —eighteen failures in such conflicting occupations were chalked up against him when he went broke. And then, after the birth of his third child, his desperation sent his imagination back to the beginning of things; and lo, a superman was created to slay the voracious wolf at the door! Tarzan, the son of grim necessity, was born; and he made a fortune for his creator. Tarzan's thrilling adventures have been translated into sixteen languages. Eight million volumes have been sold in England and America alone. Mr. Burroughs was discharged from the army because of a weak heart; his amazing hero Tarzan now speeds up the heart-action of men and women, boys and girls everywhere, every day. Mr. Burroughs' picture appears at the left.



Opposite, in equal haste, came a cat.

WOLF! WOLF!

Being the narrative of the need of a lot of luck, some of which was delivered

by Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by Everett Lowry

STRAIGHT down the Strawberry Street sidewalk shot Gladstone Smith, colored—head back, chest forward and feet flying. On the opposite sidewalk, displaying equal haste and blackness, came a cat.

"Dat boy sho in a tight!" ran understanding curbstone comment as the racers passed.

"Aint he, though! Look like dat cat got business over beyond Gladstone's side de street."

Around a corner they flew, leaving onlookers in a sympathetic suspense that stung. Two blocks farther on, Gladstone drew a longer breath than usual and slowed down right opposite where Shakespeare Shackelford was taking the rest that the doctor had prescribed for his wife.

"Dat wuz a narrer squeak!" offered Shakespeare admiringly, as the cat darted across the street behind Gladstone.

"Sho wuz!" panted Gladstone. "Look like dat cat bound an' 'termined to cross de road in front of me, all de way from Baptis' Hill!"

"Sho would 'a' messed up yo' luck if hit had."

"Yeah, an' luck's whut I needs. Done got me new job."

"You workin ag'in?"

"Times is so dawggone tight I'se got to! White lady whar at my wife Julia cooks got to countin' de po'k-chops befo' an' *after* Julia cook 'em."

"White folks pow'ful ha'd to git on wid when dey does dat," agreed Shakespeare.

"Dis heah aint no plain job of work I got," elaborated Gladstone further, with a touch of pride. "I's he'pin' a *doctuh.*"

"Huccome doctuh?"

"Hawse an' dawg doctuh—Doctuh Baldwin, over to de ol' liv'ry stable: 'An'mals called fo' an' delivered.' I's a nuss paht de time. Dawg nuss."

"Dat aint so bad, neither," commented Mr. Shackelford. "Ol' dawg cain't be all time ringin' de bell an' 'sturbin' he nuss, wantin' somep'n."

"I aint mean I stays round de hawspital all time," explained Gladstone. "I s'licits business fo' de Doc, too. Git's a dime a dawg."

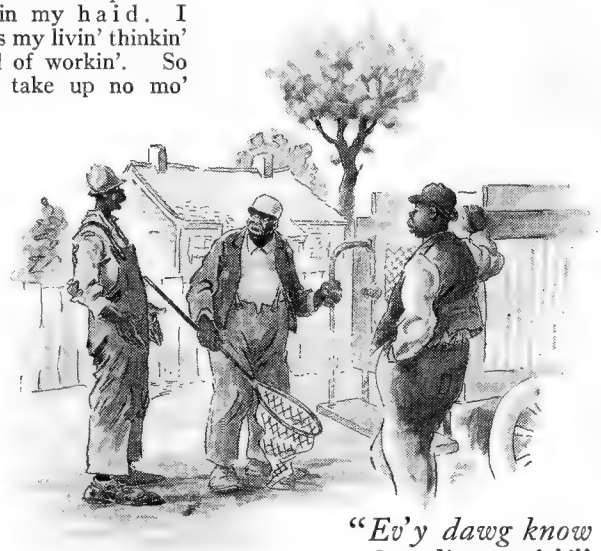
"Huccome s'licits?"

"Well, is yo' dawg think he can lick another dawg, an' den find out too late dat he done tackled a wildcat wid dawg-fur on hit, den I calls on you an' s'licits de business fixin' up yo' dawg. Doc Baldwin got one dem *vet'rans* hawspitals you all time heahin' 'bout since de waw."

"Uh-huh? Boy, dat set me thinkin'—whut you gwine be doin' tonight?"

"Julia aint say yit," responded Gladstone.

"Well, if she keep on aint sayin', you come round an' see me. All dis heah you been tellin' me done put notion in my h a i d. I makes my livin' thinkin' 'stead of workin'. So don't take up no mo'



"Ev'y dawg know whut dis net fo'!"

"Dem boys' eyes sho pop, seein' me leadin' ol' wolf about."

my time now while I's in sich a sweat to look after my business. See me tonight!"

With which Shakespeare, who had been sleeping in the sun since noon-time, made off in more haste than a trough-bound razor-back hog.

"Dawggone! Thinkin' git dat boy all stir' up!" marveled Gladstone. "An' if Julia aint see me, she aint say nothin' to me."

With the coming of night Gladstone remembered that he not only had a job calling to him on the morrow, but an engagement of a business nature with Shakespeare that night.

"Dat Shakespeare sho wuz dustin' about," commented Gladstone to himself. "He mus' got somep'n on he mind wuth oozin' up dar on Baptis' Hill to see him 'bout."

Shakespeare was waiting for him. "Sho is done business since I seed you," he opened the conversation.

Gladstone indicated that he had not done so poorly himself.

"Me an' you c'n git 'long together like ham an' aigs," Mr. Shackelford developed his subject. "I does all *my* sweatin' 'bove de neck. All de shoe-leather I w'ars out is gittin' back an' fo'th from whar I does my thinkin'."

"You talk like you been gwine from heah to thar."

"I is. You 'member I say yo' job done set me to thinkin'? An' thinkin' git me to gwine back an' fo'th 'tween two prop'sitions 'twel I got ev'ything fix up, now. Me an' you is gwine make us some money. So's de vet'rans' hawspital whut you an' Doc Baldwin runs."

"Huccome?"

"Like dis: white folks done keep after me all time to be conductor on de dawg-wagon."

"Huccome dawg-wagon?"

"Boy, you blind from de eyes up! Aint you never see dat li'l truck wid a cage full of dawgs in it whut dey cotches round town heah fo' not havin' no tail-light or no dis yeah's license-tag on dey collar?"

"Yeah, I seen *dat.*"

"Well, dat de town dawg-wagon. White folks'll pay me two bits a dawg to cotch 'em."

"Dat aint 'nough money fo' gettin' dawg-bit all time."

"Dat whut I *been* sayin', too. But times is diff'ent now—since you git yo' job. Us does business together an' makes mo'."

"I aint cotch no dawgs fo' nobody," Gladstone laid down his primary premise.

Shakespeare scowled.

"Give yo' mouth a rest! An' listen to a smaht man fo' a change. You know Miss Lutie Maydew?"

"You mean dat white lady whut all time gittin' boy 'rested fo' stimulatin' a mule de natu'al way, wid a plank—or tyin' knot in de check-rein to make hawse look ambitious when he aint?"

"Uh-huh. Miss Lutie make me prop'sition, 'count she like de way I works."

"Whut dat?"

"She say 'taint right to pen up all dem dawgs de dawg-wagon cotch up, waitin' fo' somebody bail 'em out. An' heap dem dawgs aint got no folks, nohow. So she say she aint keer whut nobody say—she gwine gimme dollar apiece ev'y time ol' dawg gits loose—"

Gladstone bore down upon his arithmetic. "You means de white folks pays you two bits to cotch a dawg—an' Miss Lutie pay you dollar to tu'n him loose after dat?"

"Dat hit. But co'se, I aint double-cross nobody: I does my duty an' cotch him back ag'in aft' dat. Miss Lutie got plenty money, an' heap times she aint rec'nize ol' dawg twel he git loose two-three dollars' wuth, I 'spects."

Admiration shone in Gladstone's eyes. So this was what Shakespeare meant by doing all his work above his neck!

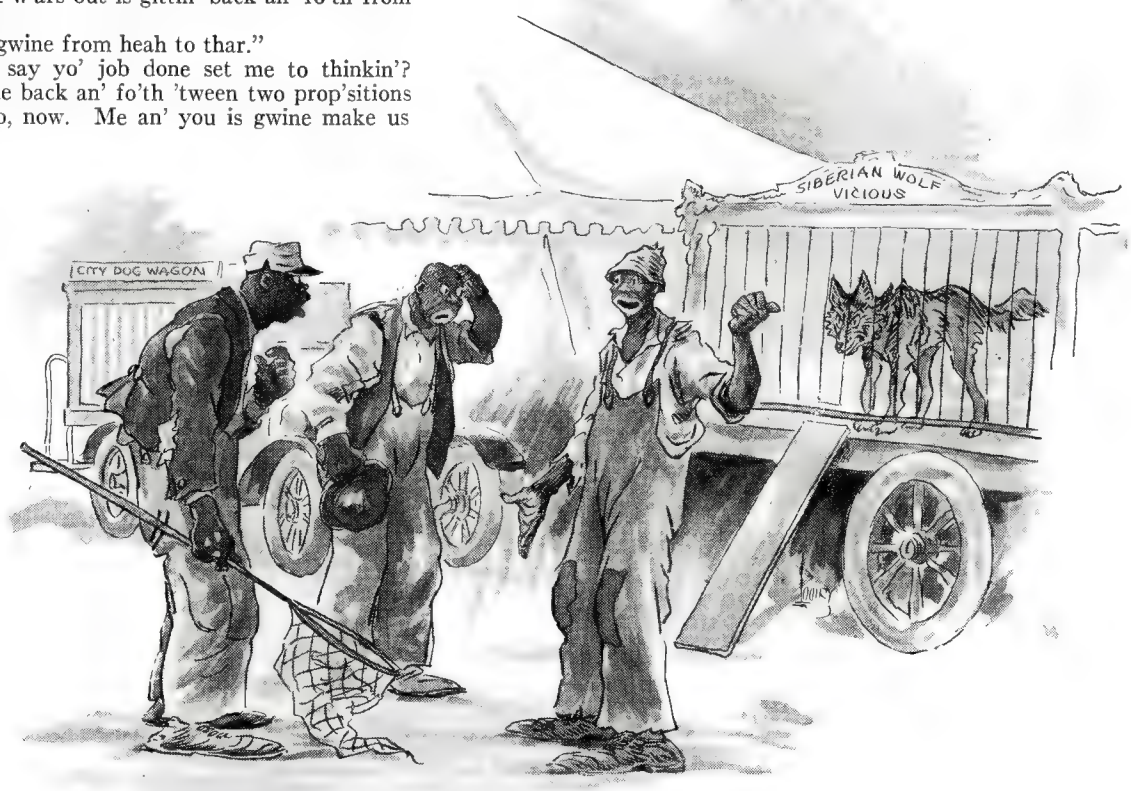
"Yeah," he interrupted, "but whar at me an' Doc Baldwin come in?"

"Why, heap dem dawgs 'bleeged to git wo' down from gittin' out an' gittin' cotch' so much. An' Miss Lutie still got plenty money and pow'ful kind heart—"

Gladstone's brain balked at the riddle.

"Den hit's time fo' dawg to go to hawspital, aint hit?" Shakespeare urged. "Wid Miss Lutie payin' de bill. So you still gits yo' dime from de Doc fo' de patient."

Gladstone saw everything! "You gits quawter to cotch de dawg. Miss Lutie pays you dollar to tu'n him loose. You cotch him ag'in fo' two bits. An' den I gets c'mission, dime from de Doc, fo' fotchin' de dawg in as a patient?"



"Jes' back dat truck up an' open de do'—he aint gwine hu't you!"

He put it thus into words. "Whut us gwine do wid all ouah money?"

"Boy, you's so bright you shines!" Shakespeare congratulated him.

Gladstone cheered up some more. "Doc Baldwin got to rustle round an' git up some mo' lumber," he opined, "to spread he vet'rans hawspital bigger! Cain't take keer de rush 'f bus'ness whut I gwine fotch in! Dime a dawg! Hot dawg!"

Morning saw a new and notable sight upon the broad streets of Demopolis. Bright and early the dog-truck shot forth from the city pound, driven by one Aspirin Edwards, of color. Upon a step at its rear, armed with an eagle glance and a butterfly net, and topped with an official-looking cap from a ten-cent store, rode Conductor of-the-Dog-wagon Shakespeare Shackelford!

Up one street and down another went the vehicle. And up one street and down another Gladstone Smith, ambulance-chaser for the veterinarian hospital of Doctor Baldwin, trailed it.

But at noon when the principals paused for lunch and comparison of notes, there was nothing but gas-consumption to show for their efforts.

"Look like ol' dawgs done heah 'bout us!" complained Shakespeare. "All de dawgs w'arin' collars wid tags on 'em."

"Us c'd set up a side-line, sellin' dawg-tags cheap," suggested Gladstone. "Minute us sells a dawg's license, he aint got no license, is he? An' is he aint got no license, us takes him up—fo' two bits. An' Miss Lutie say tu'n him loose—dat's a dollar. An' I fotch him to de vet'rans hawspital to rest hisse'f up—fo' a dime. An' us git two bits fo' he license, besides. How much money dat make?"

"Too much. Town aint big 'nough fo' all dat business," objected Shakespeare. "Us got to stay honest, like I lays hit out fo' you las' night. Look like you cain't think up nothin' whut aint crooked."

Gladstone sighed and looked at a billboard advertising the presence of Marjorum's Great Animal and Medicine Show in town. Looked like associating with an upright man in business sure did cut down the profits!

Shakespeare awoke the driver of the dog-van. "Frawg Bottom nex'!" he commanded. "Dawgs so thick over dar dey has to lie down widout turnin' round but twice."

"I be over dar d'rec'ly," stated Gladstone. "Got to go by de hawspital firs' an' see is de Doc need me."

From which simple detour, however, grew complications that threatened shortly to overshadow and obliterate all of Gladstone's present and nine-tenths of his future. For if any outward signs were symptoms of the Doc's need, Gladstone was in demand indeed. The eminent Doctor Baldwin, a thin gentleman with straggly beard and watery blue eyes, seemed bordering upon apoplexy as he awaited his canines' nurse and solicitor.

Dashes, blanks and asterisks alone could reproduce his conversation as he caught sight of the long-missing Gladstone. "—And you not only gone God knows where," concluded the man of medicine in a rousing bellow, "but the truck busted down too, and a patient waiting to be brought here for treatment! You got to go get him somehow!"

"Yessuh, Cun'l, sho is!" agreed Gladstone on the spot. "Jes' fixin' go git him. Dat dust you be lookin' at over de hill in a minute gwine be me. Whar at de patient?"

"You *better* be! It's that medicine-show over in Frog Bottom —Marjorum's. Got all those animals in cages to help that damned quack sell liver-pills to you darkies. Their wolf's sick—"

"*W-w-w-who* you say sick?" Gladstone paused in mid-leap.

"The damned Siberian wolf, they say. 'Animals called for and delivered,' my card says; and I'll be damned if I'll go back on it just because my truck's busted! You go get that wolf!"

"Y-y-y-yessuh, Gin'ral!" Gladstone marked his employer up a notch higher in the military scale. "Fixin' git dat wolf right now!"

But block by block Gladstone weakened. It was all right, and good politics, to tell the white folks you were going to fetch in a wolf, but how was the wolf going to take it? Especially these Siberian wolves! What was a Siberian wolf, anyhow? And for that matter, what was a wolf? A sort of dog—

Something dazzled Gladstone! Any time Shakespeare thought he had the only brain on Baptist Hill, he was fooling somebody named Shackelford! Gladstone suddenly began entering his own intellect alongside Einstein's and that of the winner of the Edison-successor contest. His was not only good, but he could prove it!

Halfway into Frog Bottom, Gladstone glimpsed the cloud of dust that partly obscured the backbone of his sudden scheme and the object of his search. A little careful short-cutting brought him out where he could hail and halt the diligent Shakespeare and his dog-truck.

"How's business dis evenin', Mist' Shack'fohd?" he concealed the plan that possessed him.

Shakespeare spat disgustedly in the dust. "Ev'y dawg in D'mop'lis know whut dis ol' bu'fly-net fo', look like," he complained. "Two dawgs done clumb a tree when dey sees hit, a'ready."

"Trouble wid you, you aint mix 'nough brains wid yo' business. While you's drivin' round town workin' yo'se'f into a sweat, I's been *thinkin'*," Gladstone rudely paralleled Shakespeare's previous night's conversation. "Me and Doc Baldwin."

" 'Bout whut?"

"Us got a dawg fo' you to haul in," Gladstone took liberties with zoölogy. "Aint but a dime in hit, but dat's mo' dan you gwine make out all dis fresh air you got in yo' cage now."

"Who gwine cotch hit? Hit's too late in de day to run no dawg fo' miles fo' a dime—an' den maybe not cotch him."

"Dis dawg done a'ready cotch. In a cage now—an' aint feelin' well. Us jes' got git him an' fotch him to Doc Baldwin's vet'rans' hawspital fo' fixin'."

Shakespeare looked into his empty cage. Whatever Gladstone said was certainly true about the unprofitableness of his operations to date. And a dime was a dime—with supper-time coming on.

"Tu'n round, Asp'rin," he forthwith addressed his driver.

"Den whar?" queried the depressed Aspirin Edwards.

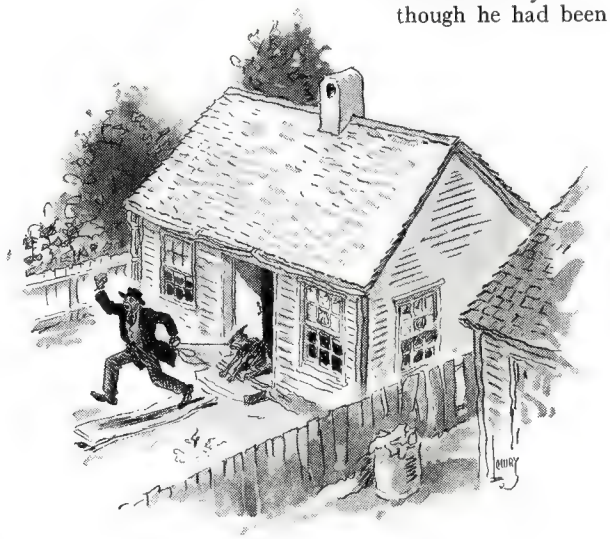
"Listen to dis heah smaht boy, Gladstone, den," returned Mr. Shackelford.

"Drive over to dat Marj'rum Med'cine Show," instructed Gladstone. "Dey's got a—a *dawg*—sick."

And: "Stand hitched twel I sees de big Doc now," Gladstone further directed when they had approached the place of pills. "Us med'cal men kind of tetchy 'bout swappin' patients 'bout."

"Evenin', Cun'l," Gladstone was shortly greeting the medicine showman. "Doc Baldwin done sont me after yo' wolf. Dem boys whut he'pin' me pow'ful skeery—sho would he'p me out if you jes' calls hit a *dawg* twel after dey finishes loadin' hit in de dawg-wagon cage. I—I'll jes' be over heah close to dis heah tall tree twel dey gits hit done."

Gladstone here moved considerably to one side at the peculiar look that came in the showman's eyes—as though he had been



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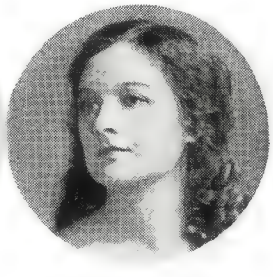
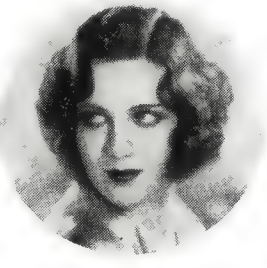


ELEANOR BOARDMAN, appealingly beautiful star.

MARY ASTOR, ever so attractive a screen star.



MARY BRIAN, beloved little Paramount star.

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insulted by a long colored boy with large feet. But, Gladstone decided, it was only professional jealousy. With which explanation he busied himself getting back to the borrowed dog-van.

"Now back yo' truck 'gainst de door to de w— de *dawg's* cage, an' when Shakespeare open de dawg's door, he move 'cross into yo' cage," he directed in detail.

"When *who* open *which* do'?" countered Shakespeare, his eyes unduly bulged.

Gladstone followed the direction of their gaze. That was the trouble about teaching a boy to read, he deplored inwardly. For as soon as one could read, he got to worrying—about such signs as the one on the patient's cage, reading SIBERIAN WOLF—VICIOUS.

And Shakespeare was not only getting gray around the sides of his face, but he was upsetting the equilibrium of Aspirin. Gladstone had to hurry. Not only was a dime at stake, but the principle of the thing—the principle that Doc Baldwin wasn't liable to take any more alibis off of him for a couple of days now.

"Jes' back dat truck up an' open de do'—he aint gwine hu't you!" encouraged Gladstone.

"How you know he aint gwine hu't me?" persisted the shaking Shakespeare. "If I wuzn't so hongry, I'd been gone from heah befo' now. My mamma always raise me not to monkey wid no wolfs."

"Shucks, dat aint nothin'," offered Gladstone further. "Lemme fix whut pesterin' you. —Now!" he exclaimed, as he hung his hat over the SIBERIAN WOLF sign. "Aint dat look better a'ready?"

"Sign sho does," admitted Mr. Shackelford. "But cain't see no change in de wolf."

" 'Sides dat, think of de dime," urged Gladstone. "An' when money staht comin' in, cain't never tell whar at hit gwine stop. Back up an' le's git gwine."

"Cain't tell whar at *I* gwine stop if dat wolf miss de cage," grumbled Shakespeare, weakening.

Aspirin saw the weakening, and nervously maneuvered the truck to a position with its open cage-door against that of the wolf cage. Shakespeare picked out a tree in his mind, and gingerly lifted the trapdoor of the patient's cage.

Nothing happened.

"Poke him wid a stick," advised Gladstone from much nearer his own personal tree.

"Boy, I aint poke *no* wolf fo' a dime," rebelled Shakespeare. "An' I charges nine dollars to poke one dis big."

"Well, *bait* him, den!" amended Gladstone. "Gittin' late, an' Doc Baldwin li'ble come ov' heah after us, is us aint make haste wid dat wolf."

"Aint been able bait my ownse'f since lunch—wid de dawg-business like hit is in dis town," complained Shakespeare. "Bait him wid *whut?*"

"Bait him wid Asp'rin's supper, den. . . . . I seen he got one. Put hit in yo' cage an' watch dat wolf cross over."

ASPIRIN parted with his supper as a mother parts with her favorite child, but Aspirin wasn't going to peeve any wolves now—not for two suppers. The sacrifice was justified, moreover, by the alacrity with which Doc Baldwin's prospective patient swapped cages to seize it.

"Dat wolf aint sick—he jes' hongry," observed Gladstone as the van door dropped behind the former.

Which seemed the wrong thing to say around Shakespeare at that.

"Whut us gwine do is dat wolf git to cravin' dahk meat?" he inquired as the truck lurched off. "An' how us gwine unload him, nohow?"

Gladstone didn't answer, because he saw it was time for him to be getting off that truck, anyway. Farsightedness paid the same as foresightedness in situations like the one he saw fixing to arise. It was Gladstone's business to know white folks, and he saw where it was soon going to be mighty interesting to listen and mighty profitable to be out of sight while he was doing it. Wherefore he was hidden behind an adjacent board fence when Miss Lutie Maydew signaled Aspirin to stop.

"Why, Shakespeare, what have you there? The *poor* dog!" Miss Lutie gushed as she perceived the bored-looking quadruped within the cage.

Shakespeare knew it wasn't manners to contradict a white lady.

"Yas'm, ol' dawg jes' takin' li'l ride," he endeavored to pass things over lightly.

"All caged up, too!" murmured Miss Lutie. "Shameful! Shakespeare," — she was fumbling in her purse now,—"you know our little arrangement. Here's your dollar, and I want you to turn the poor thing loose right here where I can see you—"

Negotiations were interrupted here by the flight of Aspirin. Shakespeare looked after him enviously, but remained to contract congestion of the brain over the problem presented by Miss Lutie's proposition. It wasn't right to show a boy as hungry as he was a whole dollar as a bribe to turn a wolf loose when he was only getting a dime to deliver it anyhow. Never had Shakespeare more felt the need for a couple of Harvard professors to help him think this thing out. He had already committed himself in a most damaging way by calling his cargo a dog, too. Endeavoring to change him into a wolf was not only liable to prove a thing beyond Shakespeare's powers, but might seriously endanger his acquisition of the proffered dollar.

BUT again, in the nick of time, necessity rallied to Mr. Shackelford's rescue and proved the mother of a good lie.

"Yas'm, Miss Lutie," Shakespeare accepted the dollar. "Jes' as soon as gits round de cawner heah into Baptis' Hill—an' my driver gits back," he stalled, "I tu'ns him loose. Sho is."

"Very well, Shakespeare; I trust you," smiled Miss Lutie. "Don't fail me. And see that the poor animal gets a good home somewhere, will you? The poor fellow is miserable."

"Yas'm, yas'm; I see he gits a good home all right!" agreed Shakespeare, so heartily that even the gingerly returning Aspirin heard him from afar off and was given fresh pause thereby. For in Mr. Shackelford's voice was the unmistakable ring of one who has again been overtaken by an idea, right when ideas were worth their weight in gold.

"W-w-w-whut you say you gwine do wid dat wolf now?" questioned the returning Aspirin.

"Who dat pass down de sidewalk by you jes' now?" Shakespeare answered one question with another. "An' don't holler so loud —somebody might heah you."

"Dat big woman back dar? Dat Julia—Gladstone's las' wife. Sho wuz good thing Gladstone git off de truck when he did: dat gal talkin' to herse'f."

"Dat huccome Gladstone live so long now —gittin' out 'f sight at de right times."

"Dat huccome I gwine live longer, too." Aspirin made fidgeting motions. "All I come back fo' now is to git me my two bits out 'f dat dollar befo' you earns hit. I aint 'spect I be round heah when you opens dat cage-do' round on Baptis' Hill."

"You say dat jes' 'ca'ze you aint smaht man like me," Shakespeare outlined the difference between Aspirin and himself. "You say dat Julia headin' fo' town 'long dat sidewalk?"

"Yeah. Whut dat got do wid hit?"

"Drive up dis nex' alley, an' you gwine see."

"Drive yo' ownse'f up dat alley, big boy! You lemme have my two bitses now, an' den I gwine show my feets six new streets—all of 'em fur off from heah."

"Dar you go! Runnin' firs' an' list'nin' later! Drive up dat alley an' listen to whut I done thunk up. An' if you aint like hit, dey still be plenty time to ketch air!"

GAZING through a crack in his sheltering fence, Gladstone saw that he had been led by the Lord when he left that truck. If he had started out to dodge Miss Lutie, he had finished by avoiding Julia. And while the longer he put off his meeting with that member of his family, the warmer his reception was liable to be, there was no use in getting hurt until he couldn't help it.

Old Doc Baldwin was going to need a lot of lying to pretty soon now, too. And as soon as the coast was clear of Julia, he was going to have to figure out a way of getting that wolf unloaded at the veterinary hospital. All in all, it looked like all a boy could do about trouble was put it off.

Meantime he could count what blessings he had. Prominent among them was the known fact that Julia was not at home. Which took a lot of the irony out of that song "Home, Sweet Home" the white folks kept singing. There might be something there to eat, too.

But *en route* to his abode he again changed the course of his immediate career by a chance meeting with a lodge friend. The ensuing discussion delayed him — a delay fraught with consequences because it permitted Shakespeare time in which to execute an idea so golden that even Aspirin had reconsidered his resignation from the dog-wagon for long enough to help perpetrate it.

Thus it came about that at the head of Hogan's Alley, Gladstone again encountered those two minor city officials, far lighter of load and heart than when Gladstone had last seen them. Which was alarming!

"Whar at dat wolf?" demanded the worried assistant veterinarian on sight. "Aint you know Doc Baldwin holdin' me 'sponsible fo' dat wolf? You let him git loose, an' I's ruint!"

Shakespeare nonchalantly produced and examined his dollar.

"Come on heah!" Gladstone burst forth excitedly at the sight of it. "You aint need tell *me* whar at you git dat dollar! I seed Miss Lutie stop you! An' I know whut you done!"

"Whut us done?" demanded Aspirin virtuously.

"Hit gwine cawst us mo' dan dollar is dat wolf you tu'ned loose eat somebody!" Gladstone ignored him. "You cain't never tell *whut* ol' wolf gwine do when he git loose! Rally after dat wolf, boy! Whar at de bu'fly net? Git out an' surround dat wolf, quick, Asp'rin!"

But neither stirred.

"Me an' Asp'rin got go buy us some supper," demurred Shakespeare. "Dat wolf all right."

"Whut you mean dat wolf 'all right,' ig'nant?"

"Means us git him a good home, jes' like Miss Lutie say."

"*Huh?*"

"Us put him dar jes' now."

"W-w-whar he?" demanded Gladstone in relief that didn't last.

"Well, us seen Julia done gone—so us jes' back up de cage an' tu'n de wolf loose—in *yo'* house," explained Shakespeare. "You c'n git him dar any time you wants him."

THINGS seemed happening to Gladstone that he could neither help nor express. Changes of color and countenance occurred and froze there. Nothing seemed to suit or cheer him in his extremity—least of all the location of the wolf. Watching his sufferings, and realizing that they bade fair to be of long duration and considerable intensity, Shakespeare felt anew that it was suppertime. Looked like Gladstone was funny about his wolves, anyhow. Aspirin voted with him.

Left alone, and drawn by a fatal fascination, Gladstone edged dubiously toward his home. Once there, he thoughtfully left the

gate open behind him while he satisfied himself that Shakespeare had told the truth. He had. Gladstone returned over the four blocks he had inadvertently traversed immediately after taking his first peep through a front window, and busied himself with barricades —which was where and how Doctor Baldwin found him.

Doctor Baldwin was all stirred up. Through a fog of profanity thick enough to be stirred with a stick, Gladstone gathered that Doctor Baldwin wanted his wolf.

"Yessuh, Gin'ral! Yessuh!" Gladstone strove to placate him. "Got de wolf right heah keepin' him fo 'you."

He pointed toward the front door, which he had been so busily barricading with the entire movable contents of his own and two adjoining yards.

"In there? In *there?*" stormed his employer. "That aint no place to keep a wolf!"

"Naw, suh—sho aint!" agreed Gladstone fervently. "Sho will be glad to git shet of him, too. All time pesterin' me in dar. I jes' keepin' him dar twel you come, suh."

"Until *I* come? I sent you two hours ago to fetch that wolf to the hospital! And you pen him up in your house, instead! Now get in there and get that patient out before I bust a fence panel over your dumb skull!"

"Yessuh, sho will! Sho aint no place fo' him!"

But for the first time in his life Gladstone couldn't do what the white folks told him to. He made a noble effort, but it fell many inches short of accomplishment.

"Gin'ral, I jes' natu'ally cain't fotch out dat wolf!" he mourned. "De sperrit's willin' —but de laigs is too weak! Aint neither one my laigs work right when I tries to do hit."

"Well, watch me do it then!" bellowed the irate veterinarian. "Afraid of a sick wolf! Move all those flower-tubs and that tree-stump back from the door now, so I can go in and get him!"

As slowly as possible, Gladstone complied. And then all but broke two world's records in reaching the upper limbs of a tree as Doctor Baldwin boldly entered what had become a wolf's den without Gladstone's consent or approval.

The door closed behind him, followed by a silence so terrifying to Gladstone that he could hear his heart beat. Then suddenly sounds! A yelping, an overturning of furniture, an outburst of surprised oaths from the medical one—and then bedlam!

Gladstone climbed three limbs higher and prepared to repeat the process as long as the tree held out. Down below, it was sounding more and more every minute like he was going to have to look up a fresh batch of white folks to work for when this was over. And if everybody happened to be wrong about wolves not being able to climb trees, one long black boy was going in for aviation the second that wolf started up this one!

BELOW a fresh and more intense banging arose. Gladstone could picture with horrible vividness, from the sounds, just what was happening. The rending of Doctor Baldwin limb from limb alone could account for all that racket.

Then a far more alarming thing! The door opened violently. Gladstone shut his eyes that he might not see the mangled form of his master. When he reopened them, it was but to realize that nothing was right. After all the uproar, what emerged first from the house was not the wolf but—Doctor Baldwin! And behind that irate man of medicine, very much attached to him by a stout clothesline of Julia's, his tail thrust excessively far between his legs, came—the wolf!

"Get down out of that tree, boy, and come here!" rasped Doctor Baldwin at sight of his high-roosting assistant. "Lead this dog on over to the hospital now."

"Dawg? Is you say *dawg*, Cun'l?" queried the pop-eyed Gladstone. "Dat sign—an' you —says *wolf.*"

"The sign—and that quack medicine-man —were both liars!" snorted Doctor Baldwin. "They fooled me—but this *police dog* didn't. Not after I saw him. Grab his rope, I say, and let's go!"

"Yessuh, Cap'n, sho will! 'Dime a dawg,' quoted Gladstone in relief. "Dat must been why dat white gent'man look at me so funny when I ax him call he wolf a dawg. An', Cun'l, is you mind doin' me li'l favor, suh?"

"Get to hell out of here with that dog!" stormed the veterinarian.

Gladstone grinned. Sure was pleasant to hear old Doc cuss a boy natural that way, again!

"Yessuh!" he continued. "All I craves is fo' you to drap back out of sight li'l bit when I leads dis heah *wolf* past whar Shakespeare an' Asp'rin is. Dem boys' eyes sho will pop, seein' me leadin' ol' wolf about, befo' I gits me my dime—'dime a dawg'—from you!"

TALK ABOUT JUSTICE!

(Continued from page 59)

home. Andy said he didn't care whether I brought Malvina back or not, just so I got his whisky certificates away from her.

Malvina was a pretty tough proposition. I found her in a nifty apartment with six maids. The place was full of truck she had bought with Andy's dough.

"Andy says for you to come on home and quit this foolishness," I told her. "He never meant nothing by running with Sue Haley. He aint even got close enough to kiss her."

"I like it here," says Malvina. "If it aint Sue, it'll be some other dame. I'm gonna get mine while the getting's good."

"Andy wants them certificates back."

"Well, he wont get them. They're mine. And if he doesn't like it, I'll sue for divorce and have the court award them to me as alimony."

It struck me that this was too slick a scheme for Malvina to have doped out all by herself. We found two days later that somebody had tipped off a prohibition agent named Harvey. He'd tied onto Malvina and was advising her to sue Andy for divorce. The slick blankety-blank knowed that if Malvina got into court, she'd blab a whole lot about Andy's affairs that Andy didn't want known. Worse than that, if her and Andy got to quarreling about how much alimony he was to pay, Malvina might snitch. She could tell the Government where Andy had five hundred grand worth of liquor he'd milked out of his distilleries.

Anyway, Andy pretty near hit the ceiling when I told him Malvina was standing pat. He tried calling her on the phone, but she wouldn't talk to him. He wanted to go and see her, but us boys was afraid he'd croak her on sight. We made him promise to stay away. The poor guy had to get some of the load off his chest. So he set down and wrote her letters, telling her what he thought. I advised him not to, but he wouldn't listen.

"When she reads this," he'd holler, "she'll come home!"

But she didn't.

Well, I and the boys talked it over. We decided we'd have to knock Malvina off if she filed suit for divorce. None of us was hankering to end up in Atlanta or Leavenworth. We had to watch Andy night and day. The only way we could get him to promise not to try and croak Malvina himself was to keep telling him she wouldn't go to court, and would get sense when she cooled off a little.

I seen Sue Haley two days before it happened. The fact is, she come to see me at Bud Moon's speak, where I hang out a lot.

"What's happened to Mr. Bogart?" she asts, innocent. "I haven't heard from him for days."

"Sue," I says to her, cold turkey, "you've played hell. Malvina's quit Andy on account of you, and I shouldn't be surprised if Malvina didn't get hurt one of these days."

"Malvina isn't the one that's going to get hurt," she says.

"You seem to know a lot about it," I shoots at her, "I guess you get your dope from that Government stool-pigeon somebody planted on Malvina."

SUE acted like she didn't know nothing about the Government guy, but her kind can't lie with a straight face. Her eyes was too blue and big—you could look right into 'em. I figured it was up to me—I being Hal's buddy—to tip her off.

"You keep out of this, Sue," I told her. "You done enough already. Maybe that stool-pigeon told you he could spring Hal if you'd help him put the finger on Andy. If he did, he lied. Somebody's gonna get hurt before this mess is cleaned up. I don't want it to be you. Get me?"

Her chin come up right sassy, even if it was shaking like a kid's.

"I know what I'm doing," she says. She hands me a letter from Hal, without saying no more. It was all splotched like she'd bawled when she read it.

Well, I read the letter. Hal was doing hard time. It's bad enough to be in the big house when you're right for a stretch; but if you're framed into a bum rap like Hal was, and you see a ten-spot staring you in the face, you don't write such happy letters. I handed it back to her. There didn't seem to be nothing much to say, so I kept shut. She run out of the place right quick.

That State's Attorney at the trial tried to make out like Andy had made up his mind beforehand to croak Malvina. That's a lie. I and the boys was doping up some scheme to put Malvina on the spot, the afternoon she filed her divorce-suit. But we hadn't got everything set for that night. Well, the next morning Andy was right quiet and peaceable. He said he was going downtown with Willie Blough, who drove for 'im, to see Sanderson, his mouthpiece. I should of gone with them, but Willie said he could handle Andy okay. Him and Andy started out about eight-thirty. They didn't even drive near Malvina's apartment.

Willie hit the Park on the other side from where Malvina lived. It just happened that Malvina had took a taxicab that morning to go down to the Courts Building. Andy's car and Malvina's taxi met at the corner where the park drive runs into the Avenue. Andy seen her, and she seen Andy. The damn' fool got red-headed mad all of a sudden. He put a gun on Willie and made him chase the taxi. They forced the taxi into a curb and Andy jumped out.

Imagine that? Six eyewitnesses on the spot. Broad daylight. And we could of croaked Malvina that night easy as pie. Well —it was just Andy's bull-headedness.

The mob got the sad news ten minutes later. I and several of the boys hot-footed it to Headquarters. They had Andy in the lock-up. A dick was shaking a first-degree murder report under his nose.

I've seen some tough jams since I been on the racket, but Andy's took the cake. First-degree murder. No bond. And in a town where the State's Attorney couldn't be handled. It sure looked bad for Andy.

"Why the hell did you do it?" I asked him. "Us boys would of fixed her."

MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE

SAYS "I BELIEVE IN BEAUTY"

From a poem to MRS. LODGE *by* AMY LOWELL . . .

Dancer of silver shadows,
You are all youth and freshness . . .
You dance in the dawn,
Printing a fleeting pattern of your bright body
Against sudden, startled green.

Lovely young Mrs. John Davis Lodge of Boston and New York is the bride of the grandson of the late United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. Née Francesca Braggiotti, she is widely known as a dancer. (Left) *in her brilliant interpretation of "Scheherezade," so much admired.*

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"I believe in beauty," she says. "Women should live for loveliness, for lovely minds in lovely graceful bodies. And the charm of a lovely skin is as important!"

Mrs. Lodge's own skin is exquisite, warmly colored and fresh as a tea-rose. "I've used Pond's Two Creams all my life," she says. "That wonderful Cold Cream cleanses deliciously and I've just discovered the immaculate new Cleansing Tissues to remove cold cream. Pond's new Skin Freshener is doubly precious because both tonic and astringent." The Vanishing Cream which holds her powder gives her arms and neck a lustre which she says "is attractive in the evening."

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Andy patted his big paunch, and sort of hung his head, sheepish.

"Aw, I got mad," he says. "I had to get it off my chest. I wouldn't of been satisfied if she croaked no other way. I wanted her to look at me while she was getting it."

BEATING the big rap in a town where the State's Attorney is ready to listen to reason is a cinch. He can slip some flaws into the indictment for you. He can pitch the indictment too strong. He can stall along and give you time to chase his witnesses out of town so's he can nolle prosse, claiming the State is in a helpless condition. He can pull bonehead plays in court accidental-like, so you can get a reversal in the Supreme Court. It's a cinch when the State's is right.

But you know Johnny Kraft, damn him. He'd always hated Andy, anyway, and he wouldn't even give Andy a break. We sent Tony Giuli to talk to 'im, and he throwed Tony out of his office. Right off he calls you newspaper boys in, and says he's gonna send Andy to the chair. I know you fell for Johnny's line—law and order and all that hooey; but ast him sometime if he's gonna run for the Senate. He's the kind of State's Attorney that sends boys to the hot seat to make a big rep. . . . . Yeah, I know—that's what *he* says. But—

Well—anyway, I want you to see what we was up against. You acted in your papers like this trial was just a walk-out from the start. Sa-ay, listen, you don't know what I and the mob went through. You did a lot o' guessing, but you didn't get the half of it, and what you did get was all wrong.

In the first place, Sanderson, our mouthpiece, wanted seventy-five grand to defend Andy. We offered him sixty if he'd take some hot bonds worth twenty grand as part pay. He balked, saying he had to be careful. We finally agreed on fifty-five grand, cash. In advance, too! Can you tie that? Not that Sanderson aint a smart lawyer. He's the best in town. He knows more law in a minute than Johnny Kraft ever will know. Johnny's just a wisehead. You can tell that by the way he thought he was all set to give Andy a ticket to the hot seat.

HUH? The jury? Now, wait a minute. I've been itching to tell one of you newspaper boys how we beat raps, so next time you wont write so foolish in your papers. You let on like we had that jury fixed. Honest, now, wasn't that silly? You can't never fix a jury in more'n one spot, an' then it's a ticklish job because you don't know in advance which ones of the venire is gonna be picked. The main thing is to work it so you'll have the right people on the jury panels.

There's always somebody around a courthouse who can slip a lot of good names into the wheel for you. In this case it come pretty high—thirty grand, I think; but we got a sweet lot of veniremen. Good guys, see? Guys that would listen to reason. F'r instance—on the jury—remember that skinny guy who wore a blue serge suit and a green tie? He'd been up for a felony two years ago. Remember that old truck gardener—the one with the knob on his nose? He lost a lawsuit five years ago. Both these guys was sore at the law, and rooting for us from the start. Then we got three women on. The brother of one had kilt his wife in Tennessee; another used to walk the Square, and the other used to know Andy's ma. Of course they all pretended like they didn't read the newspapers and didn't know a thing about the case.

Smart mobs don't fix juries. Remember that the next time you get hopped up and spill a yarn for your paper. Smart mobs don't have to; you get the right people on and then hornswoggle the rest.

I had to laugh at Kraft's face when them veniremen walked up to be ast questions. He only had ten preëmptory challenges. As soon as he knocked one off that smelled bad, they called up another that smelled worse. It sure griped him. I guess he told you boys that somebody at the Courthouse had sold him out. But he couldn't prove it. So what good did it do him?

And here's another thing: you boys made a lot of cracks about the accommodations Andy got in jail. You said they was velvet carpet on the floor and three bathrooms. *You* should have knowed better because you was there. . . . . Just kidding, eh? Yeah, I know. Pete made Andy as comfortable as he could whilst Andy was in jail, just out of friendship. Anything wrong about that?

WELL, anyway, getting the set-up in court was simple. The tough part come when we tried to line up Andy and our witnesses. Right after the boss was moved to jail, I and Joe Silver and Gary Patton and Sanderson held a pow-wow with Andy.

"What you gonna plead?" I ast Andy.

"Not guilty, of course," says Andy.

Sanderson laughed.

"The plea is to be temporary emotional insanity," he said.

Andy's mouth dropped open two inches.

"What's that?" he says.

Sanderson explained it to 'im. He said we'd have to show that the way Malvina had treated Andy had driven him coo-coo.

"You mean I'm nuts?" howls Andy. "That's a damned lie, Sanderson. I aint no more nuts than you are."

We sure had a time with the boss, persuading him to take Sanderson's advice. Sanderson put it up to him cold turkey. He said the State could easily prove that Andy croaked Malvina. That made him guilty of some crime. Insanity was his only chance.

"How about the unwritten law?" says Andy. "Can't we make out like Malvina left me for that stool-pigeon? I'm a injured husband. Aint I got a right to defend my home?"

"You ought to have killed the stool-pigeon, Andy," says Sanderson. "You killed the wrong party. Besides, you can't plead the unwritten law in court. You can talk about it for effect on the jury, but insanity will have to be the plea."

We finally pounded into his dumb head that he'd have to be insane until the trial was over, anyway.

"Supposing they believe us?" Andy wanted to know. "What'll happen then?"

Sanderson winked at me.

"In that case," he explained, "the verdict will be 'not guilty on the sole ground of insanity.' So we walk you before a probate judge and have you declared sane. Get the idea? You were insane when you killed your wife, but you're sane as soon as the trial is over."

Andy got the point after two hours or so.

Well, I and Gary Patton hired three alienists to examine Andy. Of course, they said he was nuts. The State's alienists said he wasn't. These docs are good sports. They'll trail with whoever is paying them. With this all set, the only thing left was to get some witnesses. It turned out to be a pipe. The witnesses didn't have to swear that all the things which was supposed to have drove Andy nuts was actually true. All they had to say was that they told Andy that stuff was true and he believed 'em and went nuts because of that. *I* could have been a witness—except Sanderson wanted me to stay in the witness-room and keep the other boys in line.

ANDY'S friends stood by him—you gotta hand it to the boys. Davey Carr come all the way from Savannah to testify. Johnny Lerger come from Los Angeles; we had Mark Truitt from St. Louie and George Dodson from Chi and—you know who they all was. Sanderson wrote out the stories they was to tell on the witness-stand, and I made 'em learn the dope by heart. But they sure drove me nearly goofy. I aint through cussing Johnny Lerger yet.

Johnny was supposed to say that he'd saw Malvina with the stool-pigeon at Indianapolis. Sanderson warned Johnny not to make it too strong. But you know what happened. The fool seen all you reporters scribbling down his speech, and he went for to make a big hit. The dumbhead! We told him to say that Malvina was in street clothes, but before he got through he had her dressed in just a teddy-bear. Of course, Kraft made a sap outa him on cross-examination. Indicted him, too. Served the dumbhead right.

As soon as Johnny left the stand, I lined him and all the boys up in the witness-room. I talked to 'em cold turkey.

"The next one of you," I says, "who forgets his piece or tries to add anything on to it, is going for a ride. We got this trial in the bag, and it aint gonna be spoilt because some of you wants to make big headlines in the paper."

"I seen her in a teddy-bear," Johnny insists.

"You wasn't in Indianapolis that day," I reminds him.

He looked kind of foolish. He'd got so excited in the courtroom he really believed he was telling the truth. Can you beat it?

YOU know how it went. Andy pulled a lot of crazy stuff that got over swell. Remember how he howled and liked to throw a fit every time one of the boys beared down hard on how dirty Malvina acted toward him? Remember the time he busted down and cried on Genevieve's shoulder? I nearly snickered right out loud. We had to rehearse Andy half the night before so's he would sound natural. You got to hand it to Genevieve. She come through for Andy swell. The last time Andy seed that girl of his before the trial, he told her he'd see her in hell before he give her another dime. But she didn't hold it against him. They acted like a loving father and daughter all through the trial, and had the jury bawling eight different times.

Well, you know how busy I was seeing that Andy got a good break in court. That was how come I overlooked two or three bets. In the first place, I had ought to of sent some boys over to Malvina's apartment right after the killing to give it a frisk. I oughtn't to of overlooked Sue Haley, neither. And my third dumb stunt was to put off speaking to a probate judge in case we should need him.

But it looked like such a easy walk-out, we all got careless. We had a tip-off by time them lawyers was near the arguments that the jury stood nine to three for acquittal, with the others sure to flop our way. It wasn't until Kraft kept dragging out his rebuttal testimony that we got worried. He wouldn't close, and we tried to find out what he had up his sleeve. Sanderson bullyragged him in court, and finally made the Judge ast Kraft why he was delaying the trial. Kraft promised to finish his rebuttal testimony the next morning.

That was three days before Christmas, remember? Sanderson was getting ready to make the jury a Santy Claus speech and ast them to give Andy a merry Christmas. The boys had made reservations for two big dining-rooms at the hotel to throw a big party. Was you the reporter that called it Andy's coming-out party? Yeah, I thought so. Huh! Coming-out party. Tell that to Sue Haley. She'll get a big laugh out o' it.

Sue come to see me that night. She walked right into Sanderson's office, where I was paying off our witnesses.

"How's the trial going, Sleepy?" says Sue, casual-like.

"It's a walk-out," says I.

"You boys have forgot something, haven't

"Tired out, run down persons become completely changed"

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"My own doctor advised yeast, too"

"I had always been subject to colds and for two or three years my face had broken out," writes Mrs. F. W. Forman, Jr., from Baltimore. "Both conditions no doubt were caused by sluggish intestinal activity, yet nothing I tried had any effect. Our family physician suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. My complexion began to clear and I stopped having those annoying colds."

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you?" she says, rolling them big eyes around, real innocent.

"Not that I know of, Sue," says I.

Sue laughed, real hard for such a little girl. Nasty. Get what I mean?

"Andy wrote Malvina a lot of letters, didn't he?"

Well, I remembered *that*, all right. If I'd only told the boys to frisk that apartment—

"What kind of letters?" says I, stalling.

She sort of cake-walks in a circle on the marble floor.

"Oh," she tells me, "letters the State's Attorney would like to read to the jury. Letters I found in Malvina's apartment when I went out there with the Public Administrator. Letters that Mr. Kraft is liable to get hold of pretty soon."

I looked at her real steady.

"Unless—unless what?"

Sue smiles—like a cat.

"Unless you round up the boys who lied Hal Loomis into prison and march them into court to tell the truth tomorrow morning."

There it was. Them letters would of ruint our insanity plea.

Andy cussed hisself purple when I told him how Sue had called for a show-down.

"Let her turn in the letters!" he yells. "I'll get a hung jury, anyway."

But Sanderson talked sense.

"Why risk another trial, Andy? You mightn't get a set-up as good as this again. Those letters prove that you threatened to kill your wife weeks before the murder. Sue's called you."

The boss calmed down and admitted it.

Huh? Sure. You boys was too busy with the trial to put two and two together, that's all. You didn't tumble to all the scurrying around we done that night. You was too busy listening to the State's Attorney's alibis. We did plenty scratching that night, let me tell you.

Them three boys that Andy had got to testify against Hal was rounded up under the pistols. They squawked plenty when we busted the sad news to 'em. But it was do as we said or take a ride. Andy had enough on each of 'em to send them away for more than five spots.

So they walked into court the first thing in the morning and admitted they'd pulled the bank stick-up. They hadn't, of course, but why not? We was afraid if Andy was tried a second time he might get the hot seat.

SUE didn't turn those letters over to Kraft. The State closed, and the arguments commenced. I wasn't there to hear Sanderson's speech. The jury bawled all the way through it, didn't they? Yeah. I missed the speech because I was busy in other parts of the courthouse. I'd learned my lesson and wouldn't take no more chances. I was trying to talk to a certain probate judge.

It sure looked like all our troubles was over. The jury swallered Sanderson's hooey like kids eating candy. They wanted to acquit Andy outright. But the judge stopped that. Just like Sanderson had been afraid of, the judge told the jury the best they could do was to acquit Andy on the sole ground of insanity.

We wasn't a bit worried. We figured that this was just as good as a straight acquittal. We put on our whoopee after the trial like we'd figured. Don't believe I seen you at the blow-out? Well, the other boys was there. We all marched over to the jail and serenaded Andy. . . . .

Talk about justice! All during the trial the State's Attorney had been trying to prove that Andy was sane. Then he turned right around and walked into probate court and tried to prove that Andy was insane—like the judge made the jury say—and argued that Andy should be sent to the booby hatch for the rest of it.

Still, we wasn't worried. Old Judge Blank said he'd take the case under advisement. The next day he left for French Lick on a vacation. He mailed back his decision.

Double-crossed! Yeah. So Andy's up in the bughouse. And take a look at this:

"Seattle, April 10, 1929.

"Dear Sleepy:

How does Andy like his new home? Hal and I are very happy on our honeymoon. He's got a good job and is going straight. He says you'd better try it. Kindest regards.

"Sue."

I just come back from seeing Andy. They put him in a ward with a guy who thinks he's Governor. The guy writes out pardons for Andy several times a day.

ENJOY FORTUNE AND FORGET IT

(Continued from page 83)

I was goin' to play plenty on!" the Kid moaned. "Now I'm flat, an' I can't even get aboard on this next one."

"What do you like in the next?" the young man asked eagerly.

"Nothin' now," the Kid said sullenly. "What's the good o' my likin' anything when I got no dough to play it? Say, if that Live Oak'd come in, like he should, I'd of played many a fifty-dollar ticket on this next one, believe me."

"Well, say, listen," the young man said hesitantly. "I can't play that strong, but I got a little money. Suppose you tell me what horse you were going to bet on, and I'll bet some for you."

"Um!" said the Whining Kid. "How much?"

The young man gulped. "I've got twenty dollars," he confessed. "I didn't intend to bet it all, but if you think it's a sure thing, why—"

The Whining Kid sighed and looked at his program. There was a horse there that he knew would be an even money or odds-on favorite in the next race. It might win. It wasn't much, but it was better than nothing at all.

"Ten for you an' ten for me," the Kid bargained. "This horse ought to be a long price, an' we'll get plenty. Let's go get the tickets now."

They bought the tickets. When they came forth on the lawn once more, the first line of odds were posted. The horse the Kid had touted the young man on was quoted at even money.

"Well, what do you know about that!" the Kid said disgustedly. "Just my luck. The news on this horse must o' got out an' made him a short price. Oh, well! Sure even money's better'n nothing, aint it?"

AND the young man agreed that it was. The horse won, at even money, and the young man jubilantly cashed his ticket. It was only after he counted his money that he realized he still had just twenty. He had risked his all and was even. The Whining Kid had taken the other ticket and cashed it. He was twenty ahead on the deal. The young man went home wondering vaguely if all were well with the world, and the Whining Kid sauntered cockily about the lawn greedily watching the Major's progress with Mrs. Evelyn Henry, temporarily content with the knowledge that his pocket was padded with dinner-money. . . . .

The Major and Mrs. Henry were getting on famously. They had discovered that they were both natives of Kentucky and were having a grand party raking over the coals of old times.

"I so seldom get to the races now," Mrs. Henry sighed. "I have to play hookey to come at all—and I do so love them! My son-in-law would be horrified if he knew I ever attended. He's bitterly opposed to the sport."

"It's the reputation given us real horsemen by the parasite hanger-on that breeds such opposition," the Major said sadly. "If we could only weed out the touts and crooked gamblers!"

"My!" Mrs. Henry said wistfully. "I haven't laid a wager on a horse for years. I'm sure Mr. Metzger would disown me if he ever found out that I actually placed a bet."

"Madam, shall we conspire?" the Major suggested with an air. "I am sure that your son-in-law would not be shocked if I placed a bet—and if, in some mysterious manner unknown to you, those same tickets found their way into your purse—"

"Oh, Major, that would be fun!" Mrs. Henry agreed. "Let's see. What shall we bet on? I'm so thrilled! Now let's see." She scanned her program eagerly. "Major, I have it! We've just been talking over old times, and here's a horse named Old-timer! Isn't that a coincidence? I'm sure it must be an omen. Shall we bet on Old-timer?"

"Nothing could be more appropriate," the Major agreed. "I shall go immediately and purchase the tickets."

He rose. Mrs. Henry opened her purse. An ancient pride stirred the Major to quixotic folly.

"Permit me, madam," he begged. "You may reimburse me later. How large a wager do you suggest?"

Mrs. Henry pursed her lips and thought. "Twenty," she decided. "Just enough to give us an interest. Twenty on Old-timer."

"Twenty on Old-timer," the Major repeated. "Believe me, madam, if the animal is worthy of his name he will run today as he has never run before."

As he sidled out of the row, the young man who had bet on High Cloud whispered excitedly to the girl beside him: "I don't care! It isn't our fault we overheard him. I'm going to do it!"

THE MAJOR knew something about Old-timer. He knew that if the horse were to win, he would have to run as he had never run before. He knew, too, that he would have to work a miracle to raise twenty dollars to bet on the horse, but he was strangely confident. For the first time in many a long year a woman, of the class to which the Major belonged by birth, had accepted him as an equal. The wine of this recognition was working strong in the old rascal's brain.

He descended to the lawn and signaled the Whining Kid with a wink. The Kid followed him under the stand.

"How're you comin'?" the Whining Kid asked eagerly.

"Splendid," said the Major. "Get me twenty dollars quick!"

"Splendid! Get me twenty dollars!" the Kid repeated. "How do you make them two cracks fit?"

"I must have twenty dollars," the Major insisted. "This lady is a woman of wealth. Great wealth."

"I know it," the Kid said. "You make her, an' then come an' harpoon me for twenty. Is that a business?"

"I am placing a bet for her," the Major explained.

"Your own dough?" the Kid wailed.

"It will establish confidence," the Major urged. "This is a big opportunity. I must have twenty."

The Kid sighed and handed over his recently earned twenty.

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AMONG office workers, colds and sore throat are responsible for more ill-health, lay-offs and cuts in pay, than all other diseases combined.

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"Whatever you do, don't let that leak away from you," he begged. "I knew when I glommed that bill I should 'a' gone an' fed my face, but I figured I'd stay hungry an' eat plenty in town. Do your work with that, if you gotta have it, Major; but for the love o' ham an' eggs, don't let it hop the fence!"

"I have a big opportunity," the Major reassured him pompously. "If it is properly developed, the matter of a twenty, one way or the other, will be one of little moment to either of us."

He stalked away to buy two ten-dollar tickets on Old-timer to win, and the Kid returned, disconsolate, to the lawn, nervously fingering the rabbit-foot he carried in his vest pocket. He realized that the Major was using the twenty as a "build-up," and in theory he approved of the maneuver; but the Kid was a tout at heart, and to a tout, the sight of outgoing money is ever provocative of mental anguish.

OLD-TIMER ran that afternoon as a bad horse sometimes will. He ran well to win, and the price that went up on him was twelve to one.

"What a wonderful lark!" Mrs. Henry exclaimed. "Major, tell me, how does one get the money for these tickets? Do you know that in all my life I have never gone to the window myself and actually cashed a ticket!"

"Madam, permit me to pilot you through the enjoyment of a new experience," the Major begged.

Together they went to the *mutuel* ring, and there Mrs. Henry stood in line before the cashier's window and cashed her two ten-dollar tickets.

Carelessly she stuffed the considerable roll of bills into her purse, the Major's original twenty along with her winnings, and suggested that she drive him into town in her car. Penniless and hungry, but fairly drunk with pride, the Major rode with the lady from his native State in her luxurious limousine, driven by a faultlessly liveried chauffeur. As his address he gave her the name of the finest hotel in the city, and when driven up before the entrance thereof, stepped proudly out and bowed low over her hand.

"I've had a perfectly glorious afternoon," she assured him. "I hope that— Oh, dear! Here's my son-in-law."

The Major straightened up and turned to face the questioning scowl of a severe middle-aged man with a close-cropped mustache.

"This is Major Shelby, John," Mrs. Henry said nervously. "My son-in-law, Mr. Metzger, Major."

The Major bowed low. Mr. Metzger nodded curtly and stepped into the limousine.

"Were you at the race-track this afternoon?" he asked Mrs. Henry.

She paled and nodded assent.

"I was told that you were," he said harshly. "I found it hard to believe." He spoke to the chauffeur. "Home!" he snapped, and shut the door.

AS the car rolled away, the Major stood on the sidewalk staring after it.

"She forgot to give me my twenty!" he mourned. "I couldn't ask her for it. I just couldn't!"

He knew, further, that he couldn't face the Whining Kid without at least the stake twenty to show for his afternoon's work. Desperate, he entered the hotel and combed the lobby, attempting a touch from each acquaintance he was able to corner. At the end of an hour's futile effort he was warned off by the assistant manager.

"Sorry, Major," the latter said. "Had a couple of complaints about you this afternoon. You're welcome to hang out here whenever you like, but you mustn't use our lobby for a panhandle parlor."

The Major was too blue to bluster. As he walked wearily out of the hotel, a cab drew to the curb. The young man who had bet on High Cloud, and the girl who had been at the track with him, got out.

"Bert!" she said excitedly, clutching his arm. "There he is—there he is now!"

The young man approached the Major diffidently.

"Excuse me," he said. "Could I speak to you for a moment? I expect you don't remember me, but I—"

"Oh, yes," said the Major. "You sat behind me at the track this afternoon."

"That's it," said the young fellow. "This is my wife, Mrs. Hoyt. You see we—that is—we're on our honeymoon."

The Major bowed. Mrs. Hoyt blushed.

"We want to go to Havana," the young man said. "So we—"

"We read a steamship folder," Mrs. Hoyt cut in. "We meant to stay right here in New Orleans for two weeks, but—"

"That's it," her husband explained. "We couldn't do both, so—"

"I guess you'll think we were frightfully foolish," Mrs. Hoyt chipped in. "But you see—"

"We didn't really expect to make anything," the young husband interrupted. "We just thought that if we did happen to make anything, why—"

"And if not, we'd pack up and go home," Mrs. Hoyt put in.

"Oh, yes," said the Major, blinking. "I see."

"Well," said the young man happily. "We made it."

"There's a boat for Havana tomorrow night," Mrs. Hoyt said. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"We figured we could afford to lose a hundred and twenty-five," the young man rattled on. "I lost twenty-five on High Cloud, and then when I heard you tell that lady about Old-timer—"

"I told him to," Mrs. Hoyt said proudly. "I told him: 'This man knows what he's talking about. You might just as well bet it all, and we'll go to Havana or go home tonight.' Didn't I, Bert?"

"YOU sure did!" the young man said proudly. "And I just can't believe it yet. Twelve hundred dollars! Now, look—er—we couldn't help overhearing what you said about Old-timer, and I—I asked one of the men out there in uniform—he's a policeman, I guess, or something—and he told me it was customary to—er—"

"He said twenty-five per cent," Mrs. Hoyt finished. "Is that all right?"

"We feel that we ought to do the right thing, even though you didn't tell us directly," the young man explained. "We've got more than enough for our trip, and we wouldn't have had it at all if it hadn't been for you."

"Well—er—I don't know," said the Major, giving an excellent imitation of a man in doubt. "Of course you understand I'm not in the business of—"

"Of course not!" the young man said emphatically. "I know, too, that three hundred dollars doesn't mean anything to you one way or the other, but—"

"Naturally not," said the Major valiantly. "Still—well, if you insist, why—"

With a hand that shook pitifully in spite of his supreme effort for control, the Major took and pocketed the proffered three hundred dollars.

"I wish you two nice young people a pleasant voyage to Havana," he said, bowing, "and the clearest of smiling blue skies for your further journey together to life's final port."

"Thank you," said the young fellow. "I—er—what I was going to ask you—I mean—" He hesitated, flushed.

His young wife frowned and very slightly shook her head.

"Yes?" said the Major.

"We're not leaving for Havana until tomorrow night," the young man blurted out. "If—if you're going to be at the track tomorrow, why, we could—I mean— You see, we've got more than enough to make the trip now; and if—if you knew something that was pretty sure to win tomorrow, why—why—" He broke off, staring at the Major, hopeful, scared.

THE Major thought of the nine-hundred-dollar winning that the young man had in his pocket, and his heart leaped. Then he looked at the young bride, and his throat tightened. There was terror in her eyes. Her lips were trembling. The Major hesitated. What remained to him of pride and conscience urged him one way; greed and the habits of a hustler urged him the other. Doubtless the three hundred in his pocket furnished a badly needed stimulant to pride and conscience. The Major decided, and rose grandly to the occasion. He laid a fatherly hand on the boy's shoulder and spoke from the chest.

"My boy," he said, "Fortune has smiled upon you at an opportune moment. Take the favor she has granted you and do two things with it: Enjoy it and forget it! Whatever you do, my boy, forget it! She's a fickle jade, this Fortune. She smiles on whom she will when she pleases, and crushes the favored ones who dare to beg of her for more. Stay away from the track tomorrow! Stay away from the track at Havana when you get there! Use what you've won, my boy, and never look for more where it came from! I've been around a long, long time, son, and I know whereof I speak. Believe me, I know!"

"I—I guess you're right," the young fellow said, gulping.

"He *is* right, Bert," Mrs. Hoyt said fervently. "That's just the way I feel about it."

"All right, honey," he said humbly. "We wont do it again. Well—good-by, Major, and thanks. Thanks a lot."

He held out his hand. The Major shook it. Mrs. Hoyt held out her hand. Then, impulsively, she touched her cheek to the old man's lips.

"Good-by," she whispered. "Good-by and thanks. Thanks, oh, so much! For everything."

They were gone. The Major watched them into the hotel and went his way. At the corner he stopped and wiped his eyes with his handkerchief.

"Damnable dust!" he said shakily. "Wonder they wouldn't sweep these streets occasionally!"

"I GOT to hand it to you!" the Whining Kid said admiringly. He was speaking to the Major across a restaurant table crowded with good food. "Three hundred fish is a good afternoon's take at any man's racket."

"A trifle," said the Major loftily. "One afternoon at Sheepshead Bay I—"

"I know that one!" the Whining Kid interrupted. "By heart! Your system is what sticks me. You bawl a guy out for tryin' to give himself up to you, so's to make yourself a big shot with the old dame, an' then you pass her up to get set with the goof you bawled out, an'— It's all hash in the dark to me!"

"I have my method," the Major said complacently. "A bit more of this brant, my boy? Some dressing? Not bad, this dressing. Just a smitch too highly seasoned, perhaps, but— How about another bottle of wine?"

"Sure," said the Whining Kid. "It aint bad, that wine."

"Drinkable," said the Major disparagingly. "Too new, however. Like so many things these days! No age to it! The old things, my boy! Old times! Old wines! Old places! Old friends! Oh, well—" He lifted his glass and drank.

The call that will wake any mother

ONLY a mother knows the anxious thump of the heart that a child's beseeching cry can bring. So often it comes in the dead of night . . . a sudden pain . . . a feverish brow . . . a babyish cough . . . so *many* things might be wrong.

And then, of all times, your medicine cabinet becomes the most important object in the house. What a relief to turn to it and there find the simple, trustworthy products which your physician suggests. And what a comfort to every mother's responsibility to know that the products in her medicine cabinet are the purest and finest obtainable.

Since 1858, physicians have prescribed Squibb Products as standards of purity and efficacy. Four generations of mothers have used them to meet the needs of every-day life and trusted to them in emergencies. They are safe products for your medicine cabinet. Into their making go the same high skill and care devoted to preparing the delicate vaccines and sera for which the Squibb Laboratories are famous.

Select them confidently when you buy—these products that contain the Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker.

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SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product, exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D.

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SQUIBB'S BORIC ACID POWDER—excellent as a dusting powder—exceptionally pure.

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SQUIBB'S EPSOM SALT—entirely free from impurities and therefore free of the usual bitter taste of ordinary epsom salt. Easy to take.

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BRAINS IN HER FOOT

(Continued from page 67)

"Yes," Ralph admitted when Daphne had gone, "I liked her, all right. But I don't suppose you two found much to say to each other, after you got over the reminiscences. Old school friends rarely do."

"Well, of course poor Daphne isn't intellectual, but she's awfully sweet. I've persuaded her to come down Saturday night, and meet our circle."

"What on earth will she do in that crowd?" asked her husband, who of late had sometimes wondered what he was doing in it himself.

"Oh, I know the talk will go over her head; but I thought we'd pair her off with Perry Paine."

"My God, Gladys, he'll bore her to death. If my best client wants to meet people who call themselves intellectuals, I can't say no; but don't stick a nice girl like Daphne with him. He's too numb."

"I shouldn't call him numb—just undeveloped. Making millions has kept him busy, but now he wants to get the things he's missed. Daphne could do wonders with Perry, if— Oh, I know, dear, you think I'm an incurable matchmaker; but really each of them is just what the other needs. And anyway," Gladys finished triumphantly, "your best client must have a good time at our party. He'll be lost when the talk starts, but if we let him sit and look at Daphne—"

Her husband recognized that she was right, as usual—and doing good to somebody, also as usual. She had, he reflected with compunction, the qualities of her defects.

PERRY PAINE was like a rock: as large, as immovable—and as restful, after you'd listened a while to Gladys' friends. Ralph was too busy mixing drinks to talk, but the rest chattered like a monkey-house, thought Daphne—all but Perry Paine, who sat beside her, smiling, silent, content.

But toward the end of the evening he woke up suddenly. The phonograph had been started, and Gladys insisted that Ralph and Daphne must dance the tango. Daphne forgot the chatter, as they danced on, forgot Perry Paine. She didn't need to forget Ralph; he wasn't a person, only a necessary instrument in this dream of perfect rhythm. But when Daphne came back to sit down at Perry Paine's side, there was an unexpected glow in his eyes.

"I own the Kubla Khan Hotel at Miami Beach," he told her. "I'm looking for a hostess for this winter, who can do exhibition dancing on the side. I can find plenty of dancers, but the hostess job needs a lady. A lady with brains and tact, too, who can remember who isn't speaking to who in Harrisburg and Omaha and a hundred other towns. The salary is three hundred a week and living-expenses. Will you take it?"

"I'll think it over," Daphne promised, aware that it wasn't his perception that she was a lady, with brains and tact, that had led him to offer her the job.

Thinking it over took two weeks, during which he and she dined once with the Hollisters, and she and the Hollisters dined once with him, and she dined with him alone three times. Then she told him she'd take the job, and knew she owed one more favor to Gladys.

"I'll need a partner for exhibition dances," she warned him, "and I'd prefer to pick him myself. . . . . No, I haven't got anyone in particular in mind. Though it's a pity Ralph Hollister is a lawyer; he's the best dancer I've met in years."

"He's an A-Number-One lawyer too," said Paine. "He'd be pretty near the top by now, if he cared a damn about anything. Or anybody."

"If he— Oh!" said Daphne, suddenly seeing the Hollister household in a new light. "I certainly must be dumb," she thought, "if I never noticed that. Poor Gladys! . . . . No, she doesn't know it. Poor Ralph!"

So Daphne went to Florida to work for Perry Paine, and Gladys predicted that they would be engaged before the winter was over. Her husband agreed that they probably would, and wondered why it seemed so outrageous. But when Daphne came back in the spring, there was no ring on her finger; and Perry Paine had gone to Europe.

"But hasn't he asked you to marry him?" Gladys demanded.

"Oh, we've talked it over. But I'm not in love with him."

"I know," Gladys began, "that some of his opinions are antiquated—almost reactionary. But—"

Daphne shrugged.

"Opinions don't matter. I like Perry—he's a good soul. But he can't make me feel the way Jimmy did." (Or Joe Tarbell, for that matter.)

"Well, Daphne, you're not nineteen any more. Love's the most glorious thing in the world, but not every woman can be as lucky as I've been. . . . . You haven't finally said no to him, have you?"

"Not yet," Daphne admitted. "I told him we'd talk it over when he came back in September. I'm going to stay in town this summer and just play around. I've got plenty of money. Perry says I can have my job again next winter, but if I don't take him, I wont take the job. Poor Perry—it makes him writhe to see me talking or dancing with another man."

"If you can make Perry writhe!" Gladys gasped. "Daphne, you like him, and he's worth millions! Don't be a—a fresh-water mussel."

"Oh, I know I'm dumb," said Daphne meekly. "But somehow or other you have to pay for what you get."

SO Daphne spent the summer in town, and played around—sometimes with the Hollisters, more often with people she'd met in Florida. In August Gladys told her that she and Ralph had been invited to Maine for a month, but that his practice wouldn't let him leave town.

"But he insists that I must go," she sighed. "He says I'm run down; and it is true that this last diet weakened me, till I gave it up. So, my dear, I'm going to ask you to amuse him while I'm away. Plenty of women who call themselves my friends would like to amuse him. Of course he never looks at them; but if I go away, and he gets lonesome— So please take care of him, Daphne. You like to dance with him, and you wont mind it if he's too tired to talk."

Daphne said she would. It was nice to be able to do a favor to good old Glad. . . . .

"I never heard you talk this much before," she told him at the end of their first evening. His quick brilliant smile flashed out.

"You haven't been exactly silent yourself."

After they had been out a few times together she wondered at his sudden volubility, and at her own. Not that they talked about anything in particular—just nonsense, Gladys would have called it, if she had heard them laughing over nothing. Daphne had never dreamed they'd get on so well. But before, Gladys' husband and Gladys' best friend had existed for each other only in their relation to Gladys. Now they were friends in their own right. She hadn't had a friend like him since Charley Gavin.

"I'm talking you to death," he said with compunction one evening toward the end of the second week. She smiled lazily.

"Not yet. But if you ever get on the housing problem, or the trend toward industrial democracy—" She thought he'd laugh; but he scowled.

"That stuff!" he muttered. "What an ass I used to be!"

"Why, Ralph?" she asked curiously. "Don't you care about any of that any more? Aren't you a radical at all?"

"Oh, I don't know what I am. Not that it makes any difference; the world runs on just the same. Maybe my radical ideas were right, maybe they were wrong; I don't know. But for me they were just a disease of youth. I don't seem to want to do anything now but practice law, and make enough money, and have a good time with people I like. But I'm hung up with that old crowd that never outgrew our youthful ravings—"

"But why?" she demanded impatiently. "Nobody can make you stay with a crowd that bores you. Why not cut them out?"

"If I did that, I'd have to explain to Gladys." He looked at her ruefully. "Did you ever try to explain anything to Gladys?"

"Look here, Ralph! You and I are good friends and I'm going to tell you something. You aren't being fair to Gladys. She's your wife. If you've changed your tastes and your ideas you ought to tell her all about it—not just sit around being bored."

"Did you ever try to tell anything to Gladys?" he sighed.

"You've told her before. All her opinions came from you."

"And that," he said, "is why I can't argue with her now. . . . . She was frightfully blue when I first met her. You know Gladys—she's got to have everything in order, and it had all been disarranged. And I— Well, I was just beginning to be disarranged, to wonder if all that I believed wasn't wrong. I talked my ideas to Gladys, all the harder because I wanted to convince myself—and she swallowed them all, because she was falling in love. When she believed them, I believed them—because I was falling in love. Now, after four years, if I told her I thought that was all tommyrot— Well, she's got the picture puzzle put together again. God knows what would happen to her if I tore it apart. And she's a good soul—"

Daphne nodded. Dreadful thing to call your wife, but Gladys *was* a good soul. Therein lay her passive power.

"But you can't imagine what it's like," he burst out, "to be married to a refrigerator!"

"Ralph!" she gasped, reddening. "You know she's crazy about you."

"Yes, I know. What I meant—" he explained uneasily. "When you give her an idea, she keeps it in cold storage, forever unchanged. And to hear the stuff you outgrew years ago handed back to you across the breakfast-table as if it was fresh and hot—"

"But don't hold that against Gladys! When you love somebody, their opinions don't matter."

"No," he agreed. "Opinions don't matter—when you're in love."

They stared at each other, uneasy, sullen.

"Go home, Ralph," said Daphne with sudden sharpness. "I don't like myself when we talk this way about her. Or you either."

HE went home; and half the night she lay awake, telling herself that she shouldn't like him. His indifference was almost cowardly; if he had any spirit, he'd do something about all this, not just talk. Talk about his wife, to another woman. No, she shouldn't like him at all.

But when she woke up in the morning, she liked him as much as ever.

Daphne lay thinking. This would be dangerous, if there were a physical attraction too. But he'd never touched her, except in dancing; they had rather scrupulously avoided even such harmless contacts as the brush of

"Antiseptics and Drugs are worthless in Toothpastes"

—Says Noted Health Magazine

Read this warning:

"The only function of a dentifrice is to aid in the mechanical cleansing of the teeth without injury to them . . . the antiseptics and drugs incorporated in dentifrices are valueless, neither curing nor preventing disease."

From an article in "Hygeia"
—the health magazine of the
American Medical Association.

IF you are using a toothpaste in the vain hope that it will *correct* or *cure* some disorder of teeth or gums, you must heed this plain warning!

Thousands of people are harming their teeth by believing that a dentifrice can *cure*— and neglecting to go to the dentist for the proper scientific treatment which he alone can give to teeth and gums.

No dentifrice can prevent or cure pyorrhea. No dentifrice can permanently correct acid conditions of the mouth. No dentifrice can firm the gums. Any claim that any dentifrice can do these things is misleading, say high dental authorities. A dentifrice is a *cleansing* agent—like soap—and should be made and sold and used with the *one* object of cleaning the teeth.

This is a tremendously important object in itself. Everyone wants clean, sparkling teeth. Everyone knows that cleanliness of teeth and mouth is vital to complete health.

Why not, therefore, accept this sane and common-sense attitude toward toothpastes. Dentists are all urging it. Stop looking for a dentifrice which will *cure*. Begin seeking the one which will *clean* your teeth best.

Because it does this one thing superlatively well, Colgate's has become the world's largest-selling toothpaste. Millions of people use it, and for 26 years have kept right on using it, because they have found it cleans better.

The reason for this is simple. Colgate's contains the greatest cleansing agent known to man, in a special, mild, effective form. This cleanser, when brushed, breaks into a sparkling, active foam. Careful scientific tests have proved that this foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to *penetrate** deep down into the thousands of tiny pits and fissures of the teeth where ordinary sluggish toothpastes cannot reach. There, it softens the imbedded food particles and mucin, dislodging them and washing them away in a foaming, detergent wave.

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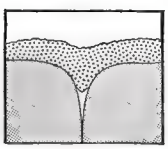
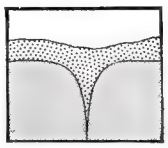
**Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start*



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Crowned King of 900 Better Babies

Read this remarkable story

"WE TAKE great delight in writing you that our little son, John Joseph, Jr., age ten months, won first prize in the six to twelve months class of the baby contest held at the General Food and Household Appliance Show in this city last week. He also won the silver loving cup by scoring 98%. There were about 900 babies.

"When John Junior was one month old, nothing would agree with him. We got the best specialist we could find; doctors held consultations, and the result was they said nothing could be done but operate. He could not even hold a spoonful of water down two minutes. In our greatest anxiety, the suggestion was made that we try Eagle Brand. I got a can, and gave him a feeding. *We watched with wondering eyes as he went to sleep and slept all night!* We have used Eagle Brand ever since."

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Please send me my free copy of the new "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby."
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shoulders against each other in a taxi, or shaking hands when they said good night. No, there was no danger; but Daphne played awhile with the notion of calling up Perry Paine in London, and telling him she'd marry him when he came home next month. She decided eventually to let Perry wait; but she thought it might be a good idea if she didn't see too much of Ralph, in the two weeks that remained before Gladys came home.

But when he telephoned that evening, she asked him to come up. It was raining, no evening to go out. After he had prowled restlessly about her living-room for a while, morose and silent, she wished she had told him she had another date.

"I was offered a job today," said Daphne, trying to make conversation. (The idea of their having to make conversation!) "As a hostess on a round-the-world cruise."

He whirled on her furiously.

"You're not going to take it?"

"Well, I don't want to go back to Miami, if I don't marry Perry—"

"You're not going to marry him!" Ralph stated.

"Of course not." Daphne perceived, with surprise, that she really wasn't. "I'd put off telling him, till he comes back next month—"

"Next month?" He laughed. "Gladys is coming back tomorrow night."

Daphne wondered if a paralytic stroke did this to you—left you numb, and yet in agony. Somehow she managed to stammer:

"To-tomorrow? But she was to stay two weeks more!"

"She wired me that she couldn't stand being away from me any longer."

SO Gladys was coming home, to put her arms around him, kiss him— Daphne felt a surge of blind primitive rage, and knew at last why she and Ralph had instinctively avoided even the touch of shoulders in a taxicab. He read her eyes, and took her in his arms.

"No, no!" she said presently. "This wont do. Please let me go. You know it wont do."

"On the contrary." He was deadly quiet. "Nothing else will do, now."

"That's absurd. You're not in love with me. I amuse you, because I'm a new woman and I don't talk much; but that doesn't mean—"

"You're the only woman who makes me happy—or ever could, now."

She doubted that, but she could see that he believed it; and his believing it seemed to be all that counted.

"But, Ralph, what can we do? Gladys—"

He gave an impatient shrug. "I'm not her property. I suppose you think it's rotten to take a man away from his wife—"

"A wife? I don't know. But this is Gladys. Ralph, it would kill her to have everything all upset a second time. You said yourself, last night, that you couldn't do it."

"That was last night. Everything's different, now. I couldn't do it—gratuitously; but now that there's a reason— It would hurt Gladys, of course; but it wouldn't kill her. It isn't as if we had children, or as if she didn't have some money. She could get some sort of job that would keep her busy—yes, and happy—"

"Happy? Not without you. You know she's mad about you."

"How can she be happy with me, when I feel like this?"

"She thinks you're mad about her still. You know it."

"Oh, I'm fond of her, of course; and I try to be nice to her—"

"You seem to succeed pretty well," said Daphne bitterly, wondering at this fierce Stone Age jealousy she felt, now that he had touched her.

"Well, I can't go on with it—not now. You needn't think you'd be saving Gladys' picture puzzle by giving me up. Sooner or later—"

Sooner or later, she perceived with deadly clearness, some other woman would take what she refused; a woman who wouldn't be so good for him, who couldn't, couldn't want him as much. That wasn't what he meant, of course; but it was what would happen.

"But with you," he said, "I could break away from everything—the old crowd, the old ideas—and make a fresh start. Amount to something."

So he was the sort of man who needed the right woman, to amount to something. But that didn't seem to matter. Besides, thought Daphne, she *could* make him amount to something; she could give him what he needed—

She walked to the window, motioning him back when he tried to follow; she stood awhile looking out at the rain. Then—

"My dear," she said, "I can't do it—not to Gladys. The things she's done for me, again and again— I couldn't pay her back like that. Even you don't know how blue she was, just before she met you. She'd been sitting pretty all her life, on top of the world, and all at once they'd pulled her seat out from under her. Ralph, it would kill her to have it pulled out from under her again—especially if you and I did the pulling. I know she oughtn't to be that way, but she is, and we know it. We'd hate ourselves forever, if we did that to Glad."

"But I'm not her property, I tell you! The question is whether I'm to live with the woman I love or with a woman I don't love any more. To see you tied up by all these old-fashioned scruples— Good Lord, Daphne! I thought you were more modern than that."

"I am, Ralph—about ten years more modern than the women who'd say that you must take what you want because you want it. This isn't a scruple—I'd break all the Commandments to make you happy. But I couldn't break a law of Nature if I tried, and it's a law of Nature that you've got to pay somehow for what you get. It's just our damnable luck that I'm the one woman on earth who'd pay too much for Gladys' husband."

"I don't see what you're driving at," he complained. "If you think it would be wrong—"

"It isn't that. Probably it's more wrong for you to live with Gladys, now, than with me; I don't know. But if you and I did this to her we'd remember it all our lives, and— Oh, it just wouldn't work, that's all."

HE glowered at her; she could see that he had begun to hate her, and was ashamed of wanting her. She was only praying that he wouldn't touch her, now.

"Well, you're damned cold-blooded about it!" he exploded. "I can understand a girl with your background giving up a man for—for moral reasons. But you just look at the price-tag and decide it's too much!"

"My dear," she said, "the sort of people we know don't worry much about moral reasons, do they? Whether they're right or wrong, they've thrown away the old rule-book. But you can't play any game without some rules. We've got to write a new rule-book—figure out as well as we can what will work, and what wont. We'll make a lot of mistakes; but I know it wouldn't work, if you and I double-crossed Gladys. We might just as well jump out of that window there, fourteen stories above the street, and expect that it wouldn't hurt. I don't care how free and fearless you are, some things will work and some wont."

She took up a cigarette and lighted it with steady fingers.

"So you tell Gladys," she said, "when she comes back tomorrow, that I've gone to San Francisco. . . . . Oh, yes, I'm really going. This town isn't big enough to hold you and me and Gladys now."

She was still standing by the table, her

smoldering cigarette between her fingers, when he went out. Alone, she walked slowly to the window and stood looking down at lamplight shining on wet pavements, two hundred feet below. . . . . When Jimmy dropped her, she had been hurt to the limit of her endurance—but at nineteen you didn't know what a real hurt was. And Jimmy was only a cub. The man she had sent away tonight—he had plenty of faults, but she could cure them; she wanted to cure them. She needed him as badly as he needed her—

That is, tonight he needed her. But a week from now he'd despise her for looking at price-tags. And she couldn't be sure herself whether she was a pioneer, trying to feel her way toward a code of rules that would work, or only a sordid calculating fool.

Really, it didn't seem much use. . . . . The wet streets shimmered, two hundred feet below— When—when things like that happened, she remembered, the papers always said that you'd gone to the window for air, and fallen accidentally. That would save everybody's feelings. Gladys would believe it, of course; Perry Paine would believe it; even Ralph would come to believe it, after he'd met some other woman—

But she turned resolutely away from the window. That would be quitting. She had an idea that the new rule-book would forbid quitting, even more sternly than had the old one. . . . .

"I can't understand Daphne," Mrs. Hollister told her husband, when eventually she received a brief breezy letter from San Francisco. "She's going to stay on the Coast till November, and then join that round-the-world cruise at Panama. Perry Paine was wild, when he came back and found her gone. Yet I know she likes him; and she ought to know by this time that she can't expect everything. Poor Daphne! I'm afraid she still carries her brains in her foot."

. . . . . Well—maybe. But somebody has to start that new rule-book.

A MILLION PRETTY GIRLS

(Continued from page 37)

about the things Anne and Doris discussed—clothes, shows, men.

In spite of it, Brett liked her less and less. In spite of it, Brett was beginning to be bored by her. She could tell.

So many mornings now, they did not share a seat on the bus together, because Brett had left early. So many evenings, Brett did not rap at her door, and ask if he could come in to talk.

When he did rap, she would lie gallantly, saying that she had been out all last evening—with a new man—and having such a wonderful time. They had gone dancing—dancing at the Petrushka. She was just crazy, she said, about the Petrushka.

When she and Brett went out, now, he took her to the Petrushka, or the Crillon, or Ciro's. They danced, and sipped things from glasses, and laughed at nothing, and then the evening would be over and there would be nothing to remember and nothing to forget.

No word said that mattered. . . . .

She was miserable, miserable enough to do something that she hated herself for doing. She made conversation with Anne, conversation about men. Men were Anne's meat; men were what Anne was always talking about, with or without encouragement, wisely, gayly, sometimes crudely. Jenny heard herself say, and wondered at her own voice as she said it:

"Of course—men are—funny. I know a girl, a friend of mine, who's been going around with a man. And he liked her awfully well—I mean, he takes her places and everything. But he never—never tells her that he likes her. Never says—"

Anne smiled, shrewdly. "You mean he hasn't flashed the little old narrow platinum band? Then she's probably keeping him out in the bright lights too much. Probably she's letting him take her too many places. She ought to try a nice shaded room, and a davenport for two. That's the place they get serious. Not in the night-clubs. Honestly, give me a *tête-à-tête* dinner—one that I can pretend I cooked myself—some good soft light—and *time*—and I could make the Prince of Wales himself propose to me!" She laughed, reminiscently. "Why, I remember—"

Jenny didn't listen to what Anne remembered; it didn't matter—just another of Anne's affairs, which eventually never mattered even to Anne. Instead she straightened her lips into the firm line that any girl in the shop would have recognized as meaning business, and went to the telephone. She had never called Brett at his office before; she hated girls who did that sort of thing. For a panicky moment she hoped that he would be out, and then she heard him say, "Hello!"

Her heart stood still for a moment, and then went on beating with redoubled vehemence:

"It's—I, Jenny. . . . . I just wanted to know—if you wouldn't like to—have supper with me tonight. In my—apartment. I feel—domestic. Like being housewifely. And I promise you there wont be biscuits that weigh a ton apiece."

"Why," said Brett, not too heartily, "I'd love to, thanks, only—why, I mean I'd love to."

No one could remember another occasion when Jenny had left before closing-time. And it wasn't as if she was ill either; without even the excuse of a headache, she had pulled her hat over her carefully waved hair, and walked out, at three o'clock of a busy afternoon. Behind her, eyebrows were raised. Could you tie that, the girls asked each other. The world must be coming to an end.

TEA for two, shaded lights; Jenny remembered the phrases Anne had used, as a child remembers a well-learned lesson. She stopped at the most expensive florist on Michigan Avenue, and bought, lavishly, heavy sweet gardenias, and big odorless orchids; paused in a caterer's to order certain foods; dashed across the street to buy a lamp which she remembered having seen in the window; upset a shop where the saleswomen went dashing wildly about for exactly the right dress, which was to be taken straight away, with no time for alterations.

"The battle of the ages," said Jenny, grimly but not unhumorously to herself, "is on."

At ten o'clock in the evening, and sitting beside Brett on the davenport, with the smell of gardenias secondary to overpowering perfume, and with one delicate lamp smiling into the room like a very frail flower, it seemed to Jenny that the consciousness of her own triumph had gone to her head like some dizzy wine. Because it was a triumph—from the middle of the careful little dinner for two, she had been sure of that: a triumph, because Brett could not take his eyes away from her—could not stop looking at her.

Because even now his arm had slid behind her, and one lean brown hand was closing over her hand.

He loved her; he loved her! Maybe it had taken a blue chiffon dress cut higher than the kneecap, and sleeveless; French perfume and cocktails; a shaded room, and mascara on her lashes, to awaken him to the fact, but he was surely awakened to it now. Thrillingly, happily, Jenny *knew*.

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She was so sure that she talked, nervously, vivaciously, to still the beating of her own heart, hardly knowing what she was talking about, except that somehow the conversation rambled tensely from one thing to another.

Something was going to happen; it was there in the room, strange, overpowering, portentous; something was going to happen.

"You haven't told me that you like my new dress." Silly thing to say. But—what could one say?

"I do like it. It's perfect—for you as you are now."

"What do you mean, as I am now?"

"Just that. As you are now."

"What am I now, Brett?" Her face tilted up at him; waved hair, darkened eyebrows, a mouth painted deeply red, bright rose cheeks, a vivid doll's face.

"What am I now?" she repeated.

"Oh—" He laughed, uneasily, and then the arm that had slipped behind her tightened feverishly. "Alluring—colorful, tantalizing, unreal, very—very—"

"Very what, Brett?" Her voice was shaky. Why was it that she felt suddenly scared? Perhaps it was because she had expected that Brett's voice would be tender, and it was, instead, harsh and a little husky. Husky, as if he was breathless from running a long way.

"Dangerous—kissable," said Brett, abruptly; and on the end of the word, he bent his face toward hers, his mouth fastening on her own prettily painted one so hotly, so cruelly, that it seemed to Jenny for a moment that the caress would turn her faint.

"Dangerous, Jenny—but so sweet."

HE was kissing her again and again: not exactly the sort of kisses Jenny had imagined; somehow not the sort of kisses she had wanted. Hard, fierce kisses, these, like little drops of hail on her throat, her face, her bare shoulders, kisses that were almost terrifying.

"You're a siren, Jenny! Even when I know you're a siren, I can hardly resist you."

Something caught in her throat, stabbing. Her voice came, incredulous, strained: "Why should you—resist me?" she asked, as simply as a child, as coyly as Anne herself.

"You're so—damnably sweet, Jenny. Like an orchid, like a flower. Other men have told you that. Others will tell you that again. Girls like you hear it all the time. I—didn't realize what sort of girl you were, Jenny, or I'd never have let myself in for—danger. I—I'm mad about you tonight, Jenny. Just for tonight. That's a caddish thing to say, but it's true. It's the last time I'll say it. Don't hate me for saying it. Tomorrow I'm going away. I've had—a legacy, Jenny. Just enough for—France, and my poems. You wont see me again. Just remember me a little while, Jenny. A day—a week—until the next man comes along."

She was cold and numb in his arms—struggling against his kisses in a dazed way. He was murmuring against her cheek:

"If you were different, Jenny,—or if I was different,—it would be so easy. Simple, sweet. But as it is, I'm going away."

He was kissing her again, drowning her in the tormented ecstasy of a kiss that seemed to go on and on forever; and then, quite suddenly, his arms relaxed, and he stood up.

From the sofa, Jenny stared up at him, and it was as if he were thousands of leagues away. He was looking at her, as if he was about to speak. But he did not speak. He turned, and went out of the door, shutting it carefully behind him.

IT was three o'clock in the morning. The little clock, ticking on the mantel, stared the news down at Jenny as she sat crumpled, exactly as she had been sitting ever since a certain door had been shut, carefully, upon her heart. Three o'clock in the morning. There had been a song about that once. Childishly, foolishly, Jenny started to hum the air as she recalled the words:

It's three o'clock in the morning;
We've danced the whole night through.
And daylight soon will be dawning;
Just one last waltz with you—

Silly song, all about love. All songs about love were silly. What was love? Something girls like Anne could have, for a toy to throw away? Something the Jennys could stake their souls on, and never get? Something painful, cruel, throbbing.

She got up, slowly, and walked into her bedroom. The long mirror in the door gathered into its depths her image, and she stared curiously at what it showed. A slim girl vividly painted, with a dress that showed as much limb, as much breast, as much body as could possibly be managed. A dress that seemed, somehow, to go with the stale smell of too much perfume and blue salve along eyelids, and the long earrings, and the chiffon hose that were barely stockings at all.

"You look," said Jenny softly, "like a girl of the streets."

She pulled the chiffon dress off so roughly that its delicate fabric split; tossing it aside, she went into the bathroom and turned on the faucets, until clouds of steam rolled out into the bedroom. When she emerged, half an hour later, the mirror could not recognize her, because she had washed the tortured curl out of her hair, and the color from her face, and she had replaced the revealing chiffons by a dressing-gown of heavy silk that lay primly against her pale throat. By six in the morning, and with the sun coming palely through windows that had been flung wide, both Jenny and the little living-room had resumed their wonted aspect. The heavy sweet gardenias had disappeared down the dumb waiter, and the fresh air had blown the last vestige of the heavy perfume away; along with the fragments of a rose-colored lamp, the cocktail-shaker reposed in the wastebasket. The room was fresh, orderly and clean, matching its mistress, who was fresh, orderly and clean too. Not alluring, not even very pretty. Simply—Jenny.

SHE dressed for the shop, in the plainest gray suit that her closet contained, scorning the addition of even a silver fox neckpiece. From the old hat-box that had been disregarded for a month, she retrieved one of her old hats, a gray one, very small. She was just about to pull it down over her sleek braids, when there was a knock at the door—a small one, just a tap.

Following the knock, a voice that made Jenny's blood falter in its course, leaving her face paper-white—Brett's voice:

"Jenny, are you awake? May I—speak to you?"

No. No, it was too much, that she should be expected to see him again, ever. Let him go away, on the note of last night. Let him go to the other end of the world. Forever and ever—while she could still bear it.

"I'm—sorry." Her voice was an effort, pushing the words into space; he could not hear her, and he spoke again, louder:

"I didn't hear what you said, Jenny. May I come in? Just a moment, Jenny? I have to see you. I have to—apologize."

She let him in. The door-knob was ice in her fingers. He was up, and like herself, fully dressed. Like herself, haggard. He didn't look at her. Probably he loathed her so that he couldn't bear to.

She said, her voice low: "There's nothing to—apologize for, Brett. Not a thing."

"Oh, Jenny—"

Her heart thudded in its beat. The hurt of having him say her name, even when that name meant nothing to him, was intolerable.

"Really, Brett—"

"Listen, Jenny! I'm—going away. I've had—a little money left me. Just a little. Enough to live some quiet place in France, and write. Enough to—just live on. I don't want to go away knowing you hate me—despise me. I don't want to go away with the knowledge that I've acted—badly—to you."

"Listen, Brett." Her nails, digging into the flesh of her palms, were spurs. This was crucifixion. Clean house, clean body, clean spirit—now. He was going away. Going away, never to come back. Let him take the truth with him.

"Brett—you needn't worry—about last night. It was all my fault. All of it—planned, stage-managed. The—allure. The—everything. So you'd"—she drew a deep breath, whispered, very softly—"love me!"

"Jenny—"

"It was all that. All, for the last month. I made myself over. I changed myself—to please a man. You! It was a sort of—madness. Last night woke me up. I'm sane now. Sane. I—"

"But good God, Jenny—why, I—"

WHAT she saw in his eyes frightened her and humiliated her. Not that—no, he shouldn't think she was asking for alms. He mustn't think her confession meant that. Never, never! She squared her shoulders gallantly. "As a matter of fact, Brett, if you had liked me, the me I made to please you, that is—I should probably have been terribly unhappy about it. Because it isn't the real me. The real me is the one you first knew, the one you see now. Not—alluring. Not pretty, not feminine, but a business-woman—"

"Jenny—please let me talk, Jenny—"

"You needn't be sorry for me. I'm not sorry for myself. Just—a little ashamed. Probably everyone does something cheap now and then. I didn't realize how cheap it was. Cheap—and futile."

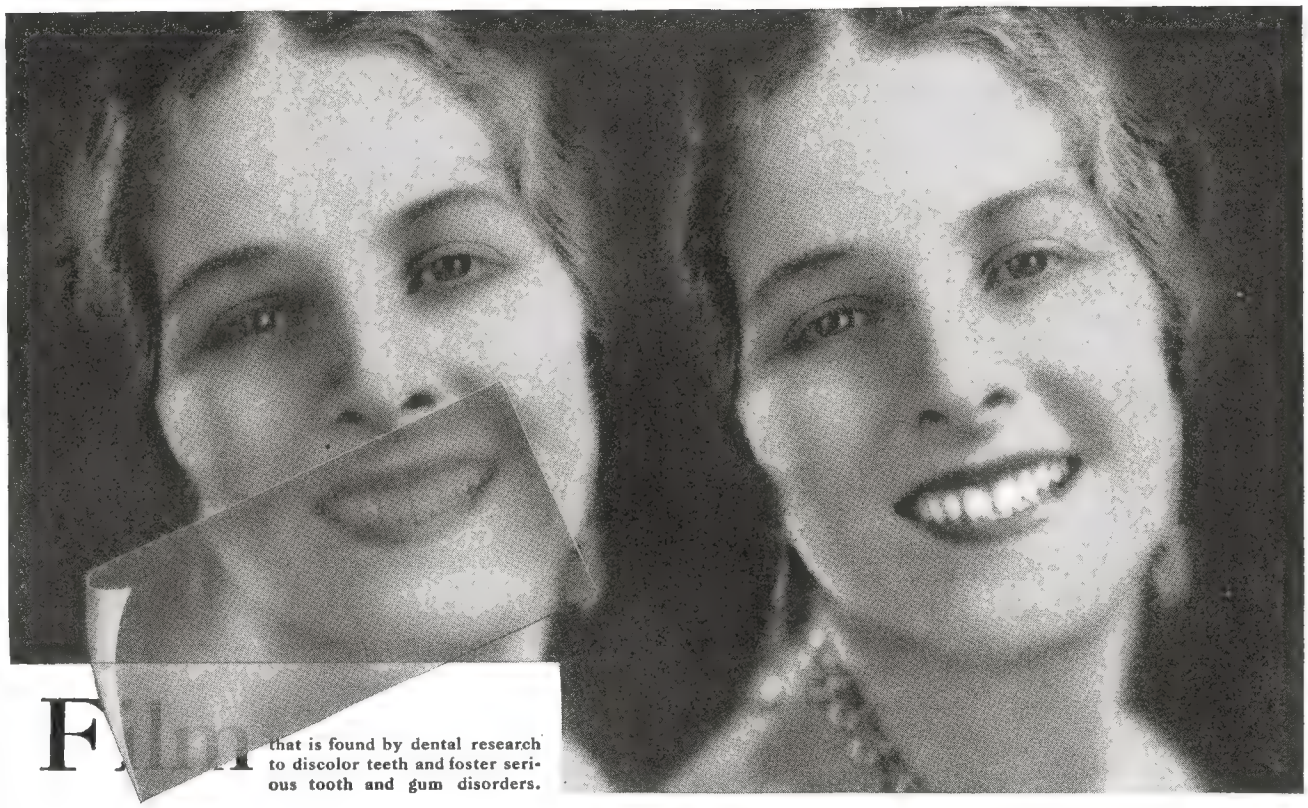
He took one stride toward her. He was laughing. His eyes and his lips were laughing; even his voice was mirthful. He took her in his arms, and she could not get away.

"Jenny—you adorable little fool, didn't you know enough to see that it was the *you* I first met that I was mad about? The world is full of girls made according to models. Flapper of nineteen-thirty. Lip-stick, perfume, sex-line, short skirts, flirtations. Guaranteed to smile, walk, talk and neck. You can't tell 'em apart. Pretty dolls, empty dolls. Millions of them, everywhere. I'd dreamed of something better. Something that could act real, think real, talk real. When I saw you the first time, I knew I'd found it. I adored you, Jenny. You looked the way the *Blessed Damozel* would have looked if her hair had been pinned in neat braids instead of hanging about her shoulders. You looked clean and cool and fresh and untouched. I—I—used to dream that some time I could touch you. I thought you were like a—poem. White, and yellow, and fresh, like the sea foam or country air. Unique. Actually, Jenny, I used to write a lot of poems about your lovely straight hair—so peaceful, so serene—and I used to think how nice it would be to look at that hair forever, instead of at little wisps and tangles and curls. I was just waiting until I had money enough—just a little more, Jenny. . . . . And then you changed—you tore all my dreams up, and I hated you for it, Jenny. And yet I didn't quite hate you—"

She was trembling against him; the little gray hat had fallen to the floor, and he was running his hand, gently, tenderly, possessively across the smooth coolness of the blonde braids that wrapped her head.

"Some day, Jenny, you'll let me unbraid them—let your hair fall about you like the *Princess* in the fairy tale—"

This was the way she had dreamed his kisses would be; this was the way she had wanted them to be—adoring, tender, very strong, like some beautiful song that was going to go on forever and forever!



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HEART OF THE NORTH

(Continued from page 63)

If they intended anything against Joyce, they doubtless would attempt it just before they started eastward on their trek through the Great Barrens and Strong-Woods. Alan had dreamed of that—dreamed of her being captured and taken along, as the bandits had captured Margaret Fournier. In those fantasies, so sharp and clear they woke him, he had connected her capture with that towering red-haired outlaw whom he and Bill had glimpsed when they lay behind the muskrat house.

Looking ahead through the propeller-disk, he glimpsed the great blue lake of his rendezvous with Bill. A few minutes later on the northern shore he sighted Goose Point reaching out into the sunlit beautiful waters of En Traverse.

Leaning forward, he pointed out the promontory to Buzzard and shouted:

"That's the place. Glide down and light—close in as you can. I don't see Bill there, but he probably couldn't get away from duty to wait for us. Our supplies are cached in that red-willow thicket back next to the woods. We'll go ashore and get them."

Buzzard cut off ignition. The engine-roar stopped. At a long diagonal the plane glided down toward the fatal headland. . . . .

In the scarlet-and-gold police launch, hidden behind a low-sweeping balsam at water-edge, Inspector Haskell and Corporal Whipple watched the machine whirr low over the point. As it came down and down, Haskell clutched his rifle tighter, watching intently.

His heart leaped as the machine touched the wavelets, skimmed on a little distance, and came to a stop.

"They're going ashore," he breathed exultantly to Whipple, as though unable to believe his incredible luck. "We'll skim out and ram the plane. Get ready!"

Chapter Eighteen

AS the plane glided down at a mile-long tangent and swept over Goose Point, Alan leaned out into the slip-stream and looked under keel, searching the flag-and-willow headland for a possible sight of Bill Hardsock.

Hardly expecting to meet Bill, he was not surprised when his old partner failed to show up. But as the machine glided silently over the point, his eyes were caught by an object there on the muddy landwash. At a second glance he saw it was a large gasoline drum lying in full view at the very tip of the headland. He could even see the tracks of the man who had rolled it out there.

The sight of the drum startled him. . . . . "Why the devil did Bill put that thing out there so glaring? He didn't need to draw my attention; we arranged about the cache. Any Smoky going around the shore-line in a canoe could have seen that drum. He could have tracked back into the willows and found our cache—and reported it at Fort Endurance. Damned clumsy of Bill to do that!"

Beyond the point, the plane touched the surface, plowed on through a shower of spray and came to a stop three hundred yards offshore.

With a vague uneasiness troubling him, Alan stood up and searched the headland through his binoculars. Dodging a thousand miles of police posts had made him wary as a sentinel gander. He had no suspicion of the truth, but over and over again he was saying to himself that it wasn't like Bill, his cautious patrol partner, to roll that drum of gas out there for any passer-by to see.

While he was searching the point, he felt Buzzard excitedly grasp his arm.

"Alan, look! Lord's sake—look over there!"

Alan whirled and looked where he pointed —at the southern shore of the lake eight miles away.

On a long timbered headland there a sudden sheet of flame had leaped up nearly sixty feet into the air, and stood out above the tree-tops, with a fiery puff and cloudlet of smoke visible for miles and miles across the open water. A few seconds later the flame died down a little, as though it had been of explosive origin, but a clump of paper birches up which the flame had raced still continued to burn like a gigantic torch.

For moments, bewildered by that huge glaring phenomenon, the two men stared at it.

"Fork-tailed lightning!" Buzzard gasped. "You tell me what that was, and I'll tell you."

"I can't figure it, either. But it was some man-made thing, that's sure."

Focusing on that distant headland, Alan saw nothing except the fire-wrapped birches. As he brought the glasses down, mystified, frowning, his uneasiness swept through him again, sharp and insistent. That suspicious drum of gasoline—Bill surely wouldn't have rolled it out there. That huge burst of fire across the lake—it had some meaning.

"Buzzard, something's wrong here!"

"Oh, you're just imagining things, Alan. Jumpy nerves. Let's go ashore and find the cache."

Alan hung back. His nameless suspicion was whispering to him: "If Bill didn't plant that drum of gas, who did? And why?"

Studying those silent thickets back from the water-edge, he warned: "I don't like the idea of going ashore here. If something's wrong, you don't know what we might be walking into."

"Well, what're you going to do? We've got seven gallons of gas in the wing tank and five in the emergency, and we can't get far on that."

"Maybe so, but I'm not walking into any trap. We've got enough to scout around a bit on and see what's what here. Somebody's over there where we saw that big gob of fire. I'm suggesting we get into the air again and hop across and have a look-see. We wont light down, but we'll find out something. That's our best bet. This lay-out here is all off-color and I know it."

For a minute they argued it; but Alan stood firm, and Buzzard finally gave in.

"All right. We'll hop across. But a couple more hops around over this landscape, and we'll be rocking on the wavelets."

Reluctantly he started the motor, taxied a little distance, began knocking the tops off the gentle waves, gave the plane the gun, and rose in a gentle climb out toward the middle of the lake.

From the height of a hundred feet Alan looked ahead through his glasses, scrutinizing that timbered point where the birches were still ablaze.

He started as the glasses picked up a tiny man-figure far away on that headland. Watching, he saw it rush out upon the extreme rocky tip. With the plane whirling nearer, he caught the figure in sharper focus —and recognized Bill Hardsock.

WAVING his arms, hat and part of a pine tree, Bill was frantically trying to draw their attention.

Alan leaned forward, cupped his hands and shouted to Buzzard:

"That's Bill! There on the headland. Light, and taxi it; he's waving us down, so it's safe. We'll soon see what the trouble is."

They angled down on the water and skimmed close in ashore. In a canoe Bill came paddling out to meet them.

Alan was astounded when he got a good look at his former partner. In all their years together, even during that canoe trip down the Alooska when they were taking Larry home, he had never seen Bill so woebegone as he was now. He staggered from weariness as he stood up in the wabbly canoe and grasped the cockpit edge. His eyes were bloodshot, his uniform plastered with mud, his unshaven face haggard and drawn. He was a man who tottered on the verge of a breakdown from exhaustion.

"I knowed you'd make it, Alan!" he panted, looking with marveling eyes at Buzzard and the plane. "I knowed you'd show up sometime. The gas and oil—that is, most of it—it's right ashore here, ready for you. There's more cached up the Alooska too. I was afraid—when you lit down over there. Lord, I was afraid you were a goner!"

HASTILY introducing his new partner to his old one, Alan demanded: "What d'you mean, Bill? What are you doing over here? What happened? Why, man, you're all shot!"

"Am half-dead," Bill admitted. His voice was thick; he could hardly stand.

"But what happened?" Alan repeated.

"Alan, that Johnny Jump-up caught onto our trick."

"What! Caught on? How?"

"I can't figure out how, but he did. He was out to bag this air-machine and nail you two. And he came skittish close to doing it! Lemme tell it:

"I had those drums cached over there on Goose Point like we arranged and I was waiting there, never suspecting a thing. One evening—must've been four or five days ago; I've damn' near lost track of time—anyway, I was sitting there in the willows slapping mosquitoes and listening to a couple whisky-jacks raise Cain with something back at the timber edge.

"Not having much to do, I sort of moseyed back that way to see what all the fuss was about. I ankled up easy-like, thinking it might be a wolf, and I could use twenty dollars. When I got up pretty close I all at once smelled tobacco smoke, cigarette smoke. Just a faint whiff, but no mistake about it.

" 'What the hell?' says I. 'Who's smoking Turkey tobacco around here? And who's all this silent, and close to me, and what's he up to?' It made me leery right away. I followed my nose up-wind and snuck up real careful. There in the first drogue of balsam was a Smoky, that Ogi-Tomax, sitting against a tree, lighting one cigarette on the butt of the last. They were that kind of cigarette that Haskell gets clear from Paris, Alan.

"When he finally got wise to somebody being near, he grabbed for his rifle. But I jumped for him too quick and hit him a couple times, and when he was coming out of it I lopped that gun of his around a tree. Then I collared him and asked him what the condamnsternation his intentions might be. At first he closed up like an oyster and wouldn't do nothing but grunt and look sour. I was suspicious of him laying low there watching me, so I up and lammed hell out of him then and there till he did pry open his jaws. Once he got started talking he spilled the whole cat out of the bag.

"Haskell had hired him to shadow me and spy out what I was doing. He must have got hep somehow to me taking that gas. How he figured out it was for you, how he ever knowed you were coming down north in an air-machine—that's over my head and hands. But he did know. And he and that fish-worm Whipple were coming there to Goose Point in the launch to get me, gas, oil, then lay low and nail you two when you lit down. Two bits to a shirt-button they're over there right now!"

As Alan thought how close he and Buzzard had come to going ashore and being captured, he shuddered.

85% of America's Leading Hospitals

now use the same absorbent of which Kotex is made

Here is medical approval which dictates every woman's choice of sanitary protection . . . it must be hygienically safe, it must be more comfortable than any substitute

KOTEX absorbent has replaced surgical cotton in 85% of America's great hospitals! Surgeons used 2½ million pounds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding last year. That is the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads! Remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as softest cotton, with 5 times the absorbency.

Hospitals depend on Kotex absorbent today.

They realize that comfort is most closely related to health during the use of sanitary protectives. Then is when women must have perfect ease of mind and body. And Kotex assures such ease.

This unusual substance—Kotex absorbent

Cellucotton absorbent wadding was an invention of war times. Its quick, thorough absorbency is almost marvelous. It is made up of layer on layer of the thinnest and softest absorbent tissues . . . each a quick, complete absorbent in itself.

These many air-cooled layers make Kotex not only *safer,* but lighter, *cooler* to wear. They also permit adjustment of the filler according to individual needs.

As one hospital authority puts it: "Kotex absorbent is noticeably free from irritating dust, which means increased hygienic comfort."

To women who still make their own sanitary pads of cheesecloth and cotton, these facts will be of interest. Kotex absorbs (by actual test) five times quicker, five times greater, than an equal amount of surgical cotton. It takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture and distributes that moisture evenly, not all in one concentrated place.

Kotex absorbent is used in hospitals where every precaution known to science surrounds a patient. Hospitals where world-renowned surgeons operate.

Lying-in hospitals use it in enormous quantities, proving conclusively that doctors regard it as hygienically *safe.* What other product offers this assurance?

Since it is so easy to buy Kotex and the price is so low, no woman need consider using anything else. Her choice is made for her by the medical profession. Surely, if they find Kotex absorbent best—even in the most dangerous operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use.

Why smart women prefer Kotex

It is significant that 9 out of 10 women in smarter circles today use Kotex. They find that it permits a freedom and poise hard to acquire otherwise. That's because Kotex really fits. It is designed, you see, to conform . . . shaped at the corners and tapered.

For perfect daintiness, Kotex deodorizes. This eliminates all possibility of an offense that fastidious women consider inexcusable.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over!

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 *Safe, secure . . .* keeps your mind at ease.

3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.

4 *Deodorizes . . .* safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 *Disposable* completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Thousands of women first learned about Kotex in hospitals, then discovered they could buy it at their corner drug store! The price of the Regular size is never more than 45 cents.

A few months' trial will convince you that you owe yourself this modern, comfortable, *safe,* sanitary protection. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

BILL went on: "When the Smoky told me that—did I make some tall tracks? I never got such a wiggle on in my life! I told that Smoky, I says: 'You're going to pitch in and help me. One little crooked move out of you, toad-eater, and I'll strip all your clothes off and leave you to the *brûlé* flies in your bare hide. They'll make a raw collop out of you before sundown.' I guess he believed it; he tied into the work like he was trying to make a good impression. With him helping, I made two trips across the lake and snaked the drums all away—all except one drum which I heard the launch coming and didn't have time to take—"

"It's still over there," Alan interrupted. "They rolled it out in plain sight on the mud. They thought it would draw us down like a decoy, but instead of that it made me suspicious. They overplayed. But what got you all shot this way, Bill?"

"I've been awake four or five days and nights, that's what! Not one wink! Didn't dare sleep. It made me sweat blood to think of you lighting down over there and getting nailed. I had to draw your attention somehow, when you were over the lake; and it had to be one whopper of a signal, that far away. I got a couple big piles of birch paper ready and had a drum of gas handy to soak it with; and I kept a dry-wood fire going so's I could stand back and throw a blazing chunk at the paper. But it made the signal, all right. It nearly singed me—and I stood thirty feet back."

"I'll vow it made a signal," Buzzard commented. "It looked like the evacuation of Lens!"

"I had to stay awake every minute," Bill continued, "for fear you'd come and fly right into the trap. And then I had to guard the Smoky. He's tied up back there; didn't dare turn him loose, or he'd told Haskell where I was. If I'd ever got started dozing, I'd have beaten Rip Winkle for long-distance sleeping. There was times when I got so near overpowered I had to wade out and set on a rock with the water up under my chin, where I didn't dare go to sleep or I'd been drownded."

Merely by looking at Bill, Alan knew that his former partner had left half his story untold. It was only afterward that he heard all the details of Bill's heroic siege.

"How about Joyce?" he asked. "You've been to see her, Bill?"

"I ducked aside twice. Last time was a week ago. She took in a big raft of peltry. She's closing up the place to go out to Edmonton and be with her dad."

"A week ago," Alan thought. "Anything could have happened in a week." He asked: "Any news at Endurance?"

Just everyday things, Bill reported. Except for Larry. Larry would cry, Bill said, whenever he looked at his shattered leg. Larry, who kept himself as young as men half his age, who prided himself on his wolf-lean body—he was wasted away to a mere shadow of the man he had been.

GLANCING out across En Traverse, Alan suggested: "We'd better be leaving here. Haskell and his stool-pigeon over there probably saw us light. They may take a notion to whip across the lake after us. Where's the oil and gas, Bill?"

"Right yon by that rock jumble. The Smoky is just this side. I'll go along—"

"You stay here; you're about all in. Buzzard, you turn the plane and make ready for a quick get-away in case that launch shows up. I'll get the drums."

Skirling ashore, he saw the Indian, Ogi-Tomax, tied against a tree near a little smudge. Freeing him hastily, he hurried to the tangle of junipers and granite boulders, where he found the precious gas and oil which Bill had sworn to bring.

As he raked off the bulrushes and lopped junipers and looked down at this evidence of how Bill Hardsock had kept faith, a lump rose in Alan's throat. Just to help a former comrade, Bill had sacrificed his treasured leave of absence, had been caught in theft of police stores, had gone A. W. O. L. several days, and was in for heavy punishment when he returned to duty. With personal vengeance added, Haskell would give him the limit.

Taking a load out to the plane, Alan hoisted it up to Buzzard, who began siphoning into the wing tank.

With an anxious inquiry in his bloodshot eyes, Bill asked:

"Say, Alan, why can't I go along on this trick? I'd give a leg to. I'm A. W. O. L. now. Haskell can't do much worse to me than he intends to do as it is."

"But if you're A. W. O. L. much longer, you'll be charged with desertion."

"I don't give a tooth. I want to go. We stood leg to leg against those bandits once, Alan—"

After all Bill had done for them, Alan couldn't refuse him. He asked Featherof:

"How about it—can we carry a third person?"

"Well, we maybe could. But I wouldn't like— It'd cut down our gas load, and this is only a two-place plane—"

"Then I'll not go," Bill agreed sturdily. "Don't want to be a drag. I'll sleep off my dry-jag here and then mosey in to Endurance."

Alan went after two more drums. As he reached the plane with them, his ears caught a faint low drone barely audible far out upon En Traverse. Standing up on the cockpit edge he turned his glasses north.

Six miles out, the powerful police launch was heading straight toward them.

"Knock off on that!" he called to Buzzard. "We've got to get gone. They'll ram us, or shoot at us from protection of the launch. You've got enough in the tank to take us to the Alooska. We'll stow these drums aboard; what we can't take we'll leave here on this headland. Can get it later—"

UNDER Buzzard's directions they worked frantically. When they were ready, when Bill clambered down into the canoe and held out his hand in good-by, Alan was struck to the heart by the unspoken prayer which Bill stoutly refused to word.

"Buzzard!" He jerked around to his flight partner. "Bill's got to go along! Damned if I can leave him out in the cold! I can't."

"Then try to wedge him in with you. We'll carry him—if we have to tie him on."

Alan pulled him up. Bill managed to squeeze into the tiny one-place compartment, and by that act deserted the Mounted Police.

With the big boat only a mile out, Buzzard taxied the plane and headed it parallel to the shore line. Through the glasses Alan watched the launch. Whipple was driving it. Even on clear deep water he lacked the nerve to open the boat all out, as Frank Pedneault would do on a winding treacherous river. But the launch was skimming in upon them like a swooping hawk and speedily bearing down within rifle range.

It seemed to Alan that the White Speedair, heavily laden with gas and oil and a third man, would never rise from the water. It taxied nearly a half-mile before it began smacking the wavelets. The police boat swerved right and diagonaled in to cut across its course. White puffs of smoke were bursting from a rifle in the prow—from a rifle in the hands of George Haskell.

But when the plane finally did take hold of the air, it left the boat behind in a twinkling. Roaring out of range, it swung away into the northeast—toward its goal on the Big Alooska.

THROUGH the glasses Alan made out that tiny clearing where Joyce's home nestled within whisper of the spruces. Two miles down-river Buzzard throttled the motor, eased the stick forward and glided expertly down and down into that difficult narrow lane of evergreens. With the trees blurring past on either hand, he skimmed low over the water, touched easily and gracefully, and came to a stop a hundred yards up-stream from the canoe landing.

When Alan stood up, stiff and cramped, with the plane drifting slowly down-current, he looked ashore; and it seemed to him that his imagined vision of his return suddenly became reality to the letter. For he saw Joyce appear in the doorway and stand there a moment, transfixed with astonishment, as he had known she would be; and when he waved to her, when she recognized him and Bill, she came running down the path, bareheaded in the noon sun.

He started to get out the canvas canoe to tow the plane in to the landing; but Joyce, understanding, untied her father's sturdier craft, laid in an extra paddle, and came skirling out toward them.

As Alan clambered down upon a float and waited, he remembered his decision, last night beside his lonely fire, to tell Joyce what had happened within him since he saw her last. Easy, that decision then; but he wavered now. Did he dare tell her that? Did he dare resurrect all the poignant memories between them? If it was useless, if she had put him out of her life— Today he would surely find that out; today she would give him some indication, some clear token.

Reaching out, he caught the prow of her canoe. Joyce rose and stepped up. . . . . In another instant he was clasping her hand.

"Joyce! Joyce! I was afraid for you—here alone, girl. I can't tell you how glad—when I saw you. . . . . And glad to be back here."

As their eyes met, as Alan felt her small hand warm in his, he was torn between the joy of being with her again and a vague whispering fear. In that first moment of their meeting, when impressions stood out sharp and clear, it seemed that all passion had gone out of Joyce's manner toward him. In former times when he came to visit her, she had greeted him shyly, with a restraint that was a girl's self-defense against her own love. She greeted him warmly now, she was friendly, even cordial, but in the same way—it seemed to him—as she would have met Hardsock or Pedneault or Larry.

Introducing her to Buzzard, a little proudly, he stepped down into the canoe, lapped the painter rope around a strut, and together he and she guided the plane athwart-current to the landing. After mooring it securely and getting part of their personal duffle, the four of them, with old Pence appointing himself guard over the machine, went up the path to the trading-store.

BILL HARDSOCK, walking in a daze after his terrific ordeal, could not wait for food. Even on the plane trip, hurtling through air with the motor roar in his ears, he had several times dozed off. He hardly knew where he was or what he was doing. At Joyce's suggestion Alan took him into her own room, helped him strip off his muddied uniform and saw him fall asleep like a stone sinking out of sight in water.

As he hung Bill's clothes on a chair, Alan happened to notice that his picture, which for two years had stood on Joyce's dresser, was not there now! It halted him like a blow. The pictures of her parents and her Ottawa chief were still there. His alone had been removed. Why had she taken it down?

Back in the kitchen, while Buzzard was outside washing away the grime and oil of five days' flight, he remembered the *ceinture flêchée* and found it and brought it to Joyce.

"I thought of you, out in Edmonton," he said awkwardly, breaking the string. "I believed you might like this, Joyce. It isn't much, but I was short of—I was pretty near—"

CHOOSE YOUR ROUGE shades this NEW, fascinating way

Forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your costume

CATCH THE SPIRIT, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat Rouge *does not blot out the skin.* The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat Rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat Rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds.* Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat Rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value.* You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades.*

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same.* You couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge.

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat *Summer*-tan. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

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Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

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One sample free; additional samples 10c each

As Joyce unfolded it and saw its exquisite beauty, an admiration leaped into her eyes. She exclaimed: "Oh, it's beautiful! It's the loveliest I've ever seen anywhere."

But then, as she looked from the gift to the giver, something seemed to check her, and with an effort she forced herself to say quietly: "It was kind of you, Alan, to think of me."

Alan turned away in bitter disappointment. "It was kind of you"—how cold and distant those words sounded!

When Buzzard and he came back in, they sat down to a meal of caribou steak, mushrooms Joyce had gathered, baked bracken roots as palatable as potatoes, and waterfowl eggs from the great southern marshes—*la pouillier de le bon Dieu.* Joyce had already eaten, but she sat at the head of the table to keep them company.

As she passed them food and the three of them talked, Alan could not help noticing Buzzard's quick ardent admiration of Joyce.

"You go hunting caribou and wolves!" his eyes seemed to be saying. *"You,* by yourself, in a country like this! And running a trading-post all alone!"

A little later, when Joyce had insisted on their getting a few hours' rest and had left them in her father's room, he remarked:

"There's one lucky devil in this world, Baker."

"What do you mean?" Alan asked, spreading a blanket and pillow on a bench so that Buzzard could have the bed.

"The man Miss MacMillan will marry."

ALAN winced. He had never thought of Joyce marrying another man. The remark aroused a passionate, unreasoning hurt in him.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Buzzard smoked a cigarette and glanced nervously at his partner, who had lain down and was trying to get a little rest to fit himself for the flight and battle just ahead. Something was wrong between Alan and this pretty, spirited Joyce MacMillan. There was, or had been, some passionate relationship between them. It had evidently gone on the rocks: Baker was engaged to some girl at Fort Endurance, and Miss MacMillan—well, there was that incident he had seen half an hour ago when he happened to glance through the window.

"It's a pity," he thought, "for them two to bust up. A damned shame, that's what. She's a regular girl. Lord, I'd hate to ever quarrel with her!"

He wondered whether he ought to tell Alan about that incident he'd seen. Alan was evidently floundering around in the dark about Miss MacMillan. He was a bit awkward and blundering in such matters. Buzzard thought:

"First chance I get, believe I'll tell him what she did. He ought to know. She either loves him or hates him—to do a thing like that!"

When Alan woke up, late in the evening, Buzzard was still asleep and Bill Hardsock was dead to the world. Hoping to find Joyce, he went out into the trading-hall.

Joyce was not there. For a few moments Alan stood looking about. Bill had told him she was closing out the post. The shelves were bare of trade goods; a few packs of personal belongings had been corded up; the whole place was taking on a cold ghastly loneliness, prophetic of the time when Joyce would leave this home of hers, and the North, and would never be here again.

He hated to think of Joyce's girlhood home being sold to some utter stranger. Thinking of Larry, soon to be invalided out of service and condemned to a life of intolerable idleness, he wondered whether he might not get this post for his crippled patrol partner. It was well located, and Larry's many friends among the Indians would be sure to bring him their furs.

Still hunting Joyce, he went down to the landing where old Pence, whittling at his story-stick, was guarding the plane against any log floating down and damaging it.

"You riz up early, Alan b'y."

"Yes. Got a couple things to do. They must've been on my mind. Where's Joyce?"

"She went down the river-bank, down thar to that fust brook comin' out'n the timber, to snag some trout. We're shy on meat."

Alan stepped into Dave MacMillan's canoe, laid in an extra paddle, and started downstream. Gliding around the first bend, he saw Joyce two hundred yards ahead, standing on a jutting rock beside a brook mouth. She was between him and the late evening sun, and the golden glow of it shone through her rebellious hair. A great fever rose in Alan's veins, possessive and tender, yet fearful. Had she put him out of her heart as she had removed his picture from her sight?

WHEN he came alongside and lifted the canoe prow out upon the shelving rock, Joyce greeted him with a quiet friendly smile. They sat down together on the wolf-foot moss. As though wondering at his errand she glanced at the canoe and two paddles, but said nothing.

After his days in the plane, with the swish of hurtling struts and the thunder of a motor dinning his ears, it was incredibly quiet on this spruce-buried stream. Incredibly good to be making a wilderness canoe trip, with sunset on the river. Behind them the heavy woods, mossy and cool and dim with perpetual twilight, stretched back to the flanking pine hills. Across at the south bank a big Keewatin otter was playing among some half-submerged boulders. At the brook-mouth trout were leaping at their evening feeding, and big-finned Arctic graylings were saulting out in silvery arcs. In the whispering surface wind, mayflies of brilliant color were dancing their mating dance; and that little winged wolf of the air, the hungry insatiable dragon-fly, went coursing over the water, snapping gnats out of the air with his trap-door jaws.

Very observant, Alan covertly stared at Joyce. She was facing but looking past him at the far shore and woods. Her lips were slightly parted, her jacket loosened at the throat, her dark eyes half-veiled by their lashes. As he studied her features, it seemed to him that something profound had happened to Joyce since he saw her last. She had changed; she was hardly the same girl. There was some new strange spiritual quality about her, as of a person who has gone down into a ravaging sickness and has had the strength to conquer and rise out of it—but at a terrible cost.

To break the silence between them he began telling her of these last weeks—of his trip out to Edmonton, his providential luck in meeting Buzzard, the prison charges that stood against them, their flight back north, their escape from Haskell's trap, his gladness when he saw her running down the path.

As she listened, thoroughly alive to the danger and hardships he had gone through, Joyce felt a profound gratitude, for she knew Alan had done this largely for her sake. When he mentioned the prison charges facing him, she experienced a moment of panic; and imagined herself testifying in his behalf, fighting for him as he had fought for her.

The Victoria position, Elizabeth's final triumph in that matter, caused her no twinge, no hurt at all. She had steeled herself against that. Here on this very rock Bill once had talked with her, and here she had spent a night when time stood still. Since then she had often thought that the world held nothing of happiness or hope of happiness to match against the agony of those dark hours.

SHORTLY thereafter, when they had discussed plans for closing in upon the bandits and she had told him where to find Mugwa-Etthen's band, Alan rose to his feet, giving her his hand to rise. He said:

"I've got to go down-river a few miles, Joyce. Bill cached some supplies near that *saut* where you and I got upset that day and had to swim for it. I want to bring them up here this evening."

He waited a moment for some hint that she might wish to go along with him. None came. He suggested:

"It'd take only a couple hours. If you'd care to, I'd like for you to go—"

"I'd better stay. Bill and Mr. Featherof will be awake before long. I'll have supper ready when you get back."

"I can help you with that, if you'll go—"

Joyce hesitated. She was aware that Alan deeply wanted her company. After all he'd done for her, it seemed cruelly ungrateful to refuse. And she herself wanted to go. But that bitter wisdom whispered a warning. Since that morning when she turned his letters and picture and gifts to ashes, there had been no looking back. There must be none now.

With gentle firmness, she said: "I'd like to go, Alan. But I'll have to run back to the post. There's so many things to do." She tried to smile. "I don't want to be a neglectful hostess to Bill and Mr. Featherof."

As she started up the river trail, her thoughts went back to several things Alan had said in the course of his story—especially to those occasional references to Elizabeth. At the time, in his presence, fighting to be calm and casual, she had not dwelt upon them, but now she could look at their significance. Not that he had said anything derogatory about Elizabeth. But his tone, his manner—was he becoming a little disillusioned? Was he seeing Elizabeth Spaulding not as the sister of his dead partner Curt, not as a girl to be cherished and shielded, but as a selfish and calculating person? Was he dimly foreseeing what his married life with her was going to be?

Joyce checked herself sharply from hoping or even thinking that Alan might break off his engagement, or from extending him anything more than grateful friendship. She was glad, profoundly glad, that this revelation of his reluctance caused no resurrection of hope, no tremor of emotion. The discovery of her strength suffused her with a kind of pride. But for all that, she felt a great sorrow for Alan.

RETURNING at deep twilight with the drums, Alan found Buzzard cleaning fouled spark-plugs on the plane engine.

A bit tired from the up-stream drag with a heavy load, he sat down on the planking to smoke a cigarette. Buzzard finished the job presently and joined him.

Candles were already lighted in the trading-store. Alan looked up the path, expecting to see Joyce's figure in the lighted doorway. He hoped to have an hour or two alone with her this evening. But all day the conviction had grown upon him that a talk would be worse than useless. It would be a harrowing of old wounds, a cruel w ong to Joyce, after he had gone from her to Elizabeth; a grossly dishonest thing, when Joyce was now under obligations to him.

If only God's truth didn't sound so preposterous; if only he could tell Joyce that he had become engaged to Elizabeth, had expected to marry Elizabeth, and yet all the time, in his deepest longing, had wanted not Elizabeth but her!

"If we're going to get away from here first thing in the morning," Buzzard broke into his thoughts, "we ought to put in a couple hours' work after supper on these aileron leads. They're pretty badly frayed around the pulleys."

Alan knew that Buzzard was asking him to help with that job. But he did not answer. He wanted this evening with Joyce.

He tossed his cigarette out on the water.

"Maybe we'd better go up and help Joyce what we can."

Buzzard did not stir. For several minutes he had been glancing uneasily at Alan. Finally he screwed up courage to speak.

"It's strictly none of my business, Alan, but—but— You say you're engaged to a girl there at Endurance, but you bought Miss MacMillan that rainbow scarf with your last dollar, and you talked a lot about getting back here and helping *her*—"

Alan was loath to speak of Joyce, even with a partner. He tried to say quietly: "We've been good friends for several years. She's one of the sweetest girls I ever knew. You've met her now. You'd naturally want to help her, wouldn't you?"

"Of course. But— See here, I may be imagining things; you can tell me to shut up if you want to—but it seems to me there's something wrong between you and her."

Alan repeated, rather shortly: "We're good friends. There's nothing more than that."

Buzzard knew otherwise. He had had a vague suspicion of it ever since Alan first mentioned Joyce MacMillan's name at the café in Edmonton. As he remembered the incident of this noon, he wondered at the Spartan courage Joyce had shown and at the passion behind such an act. Surely some bitter unhappiness lay between these two!

He said reluctantly: "If that's true, if you're merely friends and nothing is wrong, what made her burn up that scarf you brought her?"

"What!" Alan whirled on him, gasping. "Burn up that *ceinture flêchée?"* He half-rose. "You say that's what she did?"

IT startled Buzzard—that look on Alan's face. His words had been an unintended rapier-thrust. In a flash he realized he had said something better left unsaid; had blundered into something portentous in his partner's life.

Alan demanded sharply: "You're sure about that? You didn't make a mistake?"

For a moment, groping about to retrieve his blunder, Buzzard hardly knew what to say or do. There had been no mistake; he had watched it with his own eyes when he glanced through the window to see where Alan was. He debated whether to draw back from his statement or to plunge ahead and tell the rest of that incident—Joyce's momentary battle, the shudder that swept her whole body when she put the scarf into the stove, and the quick blinding tears that she dashed away.

He thought: "Better not get any deeper into this. I'd only blunder again. Better back out entirely."

He stammered: "I might have made a mistake. I might—uh—it might have been the wrapping paper. I just merely saw her put—uh—something into—and I jumped to conclusions. *Must* have been the wrapper. What would any person want to burn up a gift like that for? Let's forget it."

His tones carried no conviction. He realized it himself. Alan disbelieved him; Alan knew Joyce had burned the scarf he had given her.

He looked out across the purpling river, cursing himself hotly. He had meant only the best, and he had dealt Alan a savage pitiless blow. Why in hell hadn't he kept quiet about that incident?

After a little time Alan said to him:

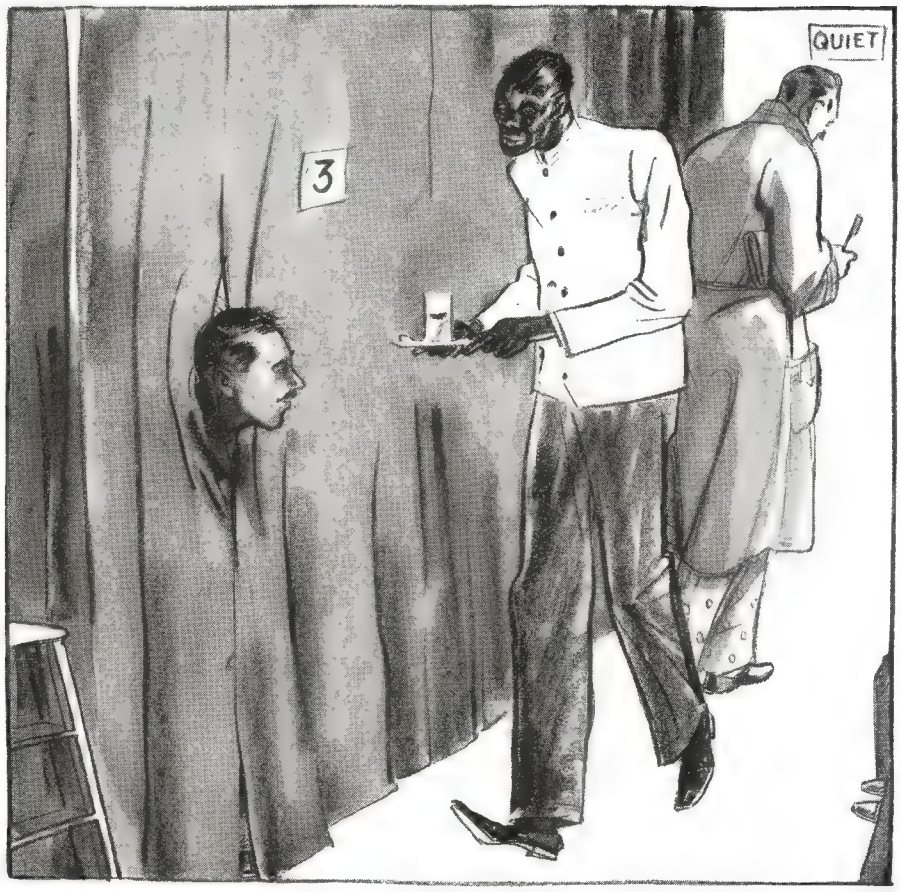
"You'd better go up, Buzzard; she may be waiting for us."

"Aren't you going?"

"No—not now; I don't much care—I don't want supper."

Something in his voice warned Buzzard not to urge him. As he turned away, Alan said, in the tones of a man who has made some hard and abiding decision:

"When you've had supper, come back down here; I'll help you with that work; we'll do it now, so we can get away early.



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I was thinking—for this evening—something else. . . . . But that's out—now."

Chapter Nineteen

AT three o'clock the next morning Buzzard lifted the plane out of the Big Alooska. With Alan directing him, he headed due north.

One hundred and thirty miles away, nearly four hundred miles from Fort Endurance, a small tribe of Tinnehs lived along the western fringe of the Thal-Azzah. They were a timid, skulking, inoffensive band, primitive in their ways, browbeaten by the arrogant Loucheux and Caribou Tinnehs, and shouldered into a region where other tribes scorned to live. Dave MacMillan had been their friend and they brought him their furs; and Alan, during his years at Endurance, had sent a protective patrol to them twice a year.

Joyce had found out where they were spending this summer; and Alan had a mission with their old headman, Mugwa-Etthen.

When the timbered country began yielding to lakes and semi-muskeg, he got out his glasses and started searching ahead for their camp. The extent of country that he could sweep, even with the machine but a thousand feet high, was extraordinary. On the flight north he had practiced until he could steady the glasses in a trembling plane. With those powerful binoculars he had counted muskrat houses in distant lakes, had picked up canoes on rivers hardly visible to the naked eye, had once caught the white glint of a prospector's tent against a mountain ten full miles away.

At five thousand feet he could sweep a region of more than one hundred and fifty thousand acres. The eyes of an eagle, the wings of a bullet-swift curlew, and that big-barreled Browning machine-gun—through luck and driving purpose and a faith in his dubious plan, he had smashed through obstacles till now he held the power and heavy odds over those bandits!

The sure knowledge of this was about all that was left to him. His work in the Mounted, his life here in the North, both were gone; and Buzzard's cataclysmic words last evening had showed him that his secret hope towards Joyce had been a fool's hope, a fool's wishful thinking.

Last night, there in the twilight at the canoe landing, his thoughts had been bitter thoughts. How low he must have fallen in her esteem, that she should burn his gift to her! At first it had seemed rather cruel of Joyce to do that. But then he looked at the incident with relentless honesty, and he could not blame her. Once he and she had planned to marry. People spoke of it; it was generally accepted along the River. She had liked him, loved him. What must her feelings have been as she watched his relations with Elizabeth, and saw him engaged to another girl and coming no more to the Big Alooska? She must have felt shame, a burning shame, at being jilted. Month after lonely month of that—it had been an outrage to her girlhood. Nothing she could do could be so heartless as what he had done to her. She was right to spurn him now. He thought it showed a splendid strength in her to forget him and live her own life, dependent on no man.

THROUGH the propeller disk he at last sighted the Indian camp, a cluster of brown leather tents beside a lake where the band was passing the summer near their fish weirs. Strings of sun-blackened fish and waterfowl were stretched between the lodges; a dozen skin canoes lay upturned on the landwash; an indiscriminate mixture of naked children and shrill yapping "crackies" were playing along the mud flat.

As Buzzard roared over the camp and banked to alight, the winged monster created pandemonium. Some of the Indians broke for the nearest flags; others stood staring up in petrified astonishment; others pulled deerskins over their heads and stoically awaited the crack of doom.

When Alan and Bill went ashore the band was reassured by the sight of the two *Shagalasha* who had been their good friends in the past. Old Mugwa-Etthen, a gnarled and wrinkled old savage, stalked up and gravely bade them welcome.

Leaving Bill to explain what the winged monster was, Alan took the old headman aside and squatted down with him for a council *wa-wa*.

After this flood season of heavy rains, Alan knew there were few areas in the watery wilderness of the Thal-Azzah where a party of men could camp. He himself had only a hazy idea where those areas lay; but this old headman, Mugwa-Etthen, Who-follows-the-Caribou, had lived his life along the border of that great marsh; he knew it better than any other man alive, and could probably give Alan a fairly definite idea where to look.

The most he expected from the old Indian was information to save him a couple of days of searching.

The news he did get, all unexpectedly, fairly staggered him.

Very wisely, Joyce had kept from letting the nomad bands know anything about the police defeat. Only the Mackenzie 'breeds and a few of the Loucheux had heard. The *Shagalasha* maintained order in so huge a territory largely through their reputation of never failing, and the news of their stinging defeat would do incalculable harm. Joyce had not even told old Mugwa-Etthen.

SWEARING the old headman to silence in guttural Tinneh, Alan began sketching the story of the robbery and battle. As he told of the bandits escaping up the Alooska, he noticed that the old chief suddenly became interested. At the mention of those men hiding somewhere in the Thal-Azzah, the old Indian visibly started.

Alan looked at him keenly. "Something's up," he thought. "I've stumbled onto something." And he demanded: "When I *wa-wa* two-three breaths ago you start like hit buck. Why?"

The old headman, silent a moment, rumbled throatily: "The moose-bird must have whispered to the *Shagalasha* my friend, 'Go to the Follower-of-the-Etthen-herds. He sees and knows everything.' And the *Shagalasha* came."

Drawing a crude map of the Thal-Azzah with his bony forefinger, he sprang his astounding news.

Ten suns ago, he said, Tukeok and another young buck had gone westward into the Land of Many Waters to locate rat colonies for autumn trapping. One evening they heard the *boom-boom* of fire-sticks faraway southwest. Slipping up, timid, cautious, they saw some strange men shooting wavies for food. They saw a tent, a camp on an island. . . . .

For several minutes, fighting down a wild elation, Alan forced himself to crouch there, asking questions, fixing that map and that spot unforgettably in his mind.

At the wigwams he rejoined Bill.

"Come on! Let's be getting into the air! An hour and a half from now we'll be saying it with a machine-gun. When we flew up here we brought our luck along!"

Thirty miles west of the Indian camp they sped over a caribou *foule*—thousands and thousands of the animals trickling north in loose columns to the cool hills of the Arctic coast to escape the flies. The females and calves had gone a month ago. This was the male *traverse*. Though it was only a third of the western Barrens herd, yet as far north and south as vision reached, the dun animals were walking the ridges and swimming the lakes in inestimable numbers.

On beyond the *foule* the Thal-Azzah began in earnest. Innumerable creeks, rivers and sluggish channels crisscrossed in every direction; countless lakes and ponds dotted its vast extent; quaking bogs, broad gleaming mud-flats, quagmire and marshes of tall flags, stretched to the watery horizon.

At every rookery lake that they roared over, the teeming waterfowl were thrown into wild confusion. They looked down upon thick-clustered colonies of muskrat and beaver homes—a trapping paradise for the young bucks of Mugwa-Etthen's band. Out in the middle of the larger lakes they could see white floating specks that were great trumpeter swans, their snake-like necks upstretched, honking sonorously at this mighty roaring eagle of the skies.

From his height of three thousand feet, reading the country spread below him, Alan could follow the crude finger-map without once being in doubt. Under keel now lay the string of seven little mud volcanoes which the old Indian had mentioned. Beyond that the immense mile-broad channel stretching westward into the heart of the Thal-Azzah. Far away west, barely visible through the glasses, a glint of blue, of blue deep waters. . . . . That should be the great blue-water lake which Mugwa-Etthen had described; it should have islands in the center of it; on one of the islands near the north edge of the cluster the bandits should be camped—if they had not moved on.

As the plane sailed out over the glistening lake, Alan leaned out and searched ahead, with his eyes glued to the binoculars. There in the lake center, that group of islands—nearly two score of them, as old Mugwa-Etthen said. Hardly bigger than gardens they looked, merely high backbones thrust out of water, but dry and habitable and of different color from the bogs and flag beds around them.

Before he was within two miles of the group, he noticed that waterfowl were scarce around the northernmost island. No wary swans, no droves of geese, no floating acres of gray and white wavies; but only a scattering of smaller duck.

"Swing north!" he shouted at Buzzard. "Those five islands there to themselves—"

The machine swerved and thundered closer. One by one Alan started to search the five. On the first one, nothing; on the second, nothing. But on the third. . . . . He started suddenly as he caught that center one in clear focus. . . . . Bill Hardsock, catching a glimpse with naked eye, yelled and prodded him; Buzzard forgot his controls and leaned out into the slip-stream, staring down.

Below them on that center island, conspicuous to their sky patrol, stood a solitary dirty-white tent.

AFTER a few moments Alan leaned forward and shouted instructions:

"Drop down to a thousand feet. Fly over that island again—slow. Want to study it carefully before we start things."

Buzzard dropped down, swung around. As the plane sailed over a second time Alan drew the island up to him. He could see the paths broken through the reeds to water-edge, the heaps of wet feathers where the men had plucked waterfowl, and even a patch on the tent side.

But he saw no canoes.

It puzzled him—the absence of the two boats. Had the bandits gone? It couldn't be; they surely would have taken their tent. It was all the shelter they had. Then where were those canoes?

Studying the tent sharply, he saw a movement of the flap-front and distinguished a man's face, upturned, peering at them.

One bandit there at least! But the others? And those boats gone?

A guess shot into his mind: those others had probably gone hunting—hunting for caribou over east at the *foule*. Rifles were no weapons for waterfowl; those men were too wise to be banging away continuously to get enough meat. Perhaps this one man had been left at camp to guard the precious furs against the hordes of water rats.

As though that watcher there below realized what this ominous circling meant and had become panicky, a puff of white, a single puff, burst from the flap-front. Confident the man was alone, the others gone, Alan decided to take this bandit alive. He needed information about the others and information about that pack of furs—to clear Dave MacMillan.

While Buzzard circled at a safe distance, he tore a page from a memo book and wrote a message:

"If you shoot again, we'll splatter you and that island into the lake with our machine-guns. Stand out in the clear. No weapons on you. Don't try any crooked move after we light."

He wrapped the message round a monkey wrench and handed it to Buzzard. From war-time practice of dropping "eggs" on ammunition dumps and batteries, with no aërial sights except two nails and a string along the fuselage, Buzzard was a good judge of speed, altitude and the right split-instant to release. Whirling over the island, a few hundred yards up, he planted the missile within a dozen paces of the flap-front.

As they looked back, they saw the man run out to it, read the message, hesitate a moment, and then raise one arm, waving something white.

A PISTOL-SHOT off the island the plane lighted. Buzzard stayed in the machine. Alan and Bill got out the canvas canoe, slipped automatics into their pockets, took their rifles prominently in hand and went ashore.

While Bill searched the bandit for a hidden revolver, Alan looked at him curiously. He was a strange character to find in this country. Slant-eyed, his skin olive, he looked as though he had Oriental blood in his veins. The rag he had waved in token of surrender was a sling.

Alan demanded: "Are you the fellow we hit in that fight?"

Chink Woolley nodded.

Bill went inside the tent, looked around, came back out.

"Furs and dust here all right, Alan. But only one rifle and a couple of blankets."

"Are these other men out hunting?" Alan asked. "Or where?"

Woolley batted his eyes, as though taking thought. "Huntin'—yes," he managed.

"Which way?"

"Nort'east."

"That probably means they went southwest," Alan remarked, and his short laugh was not pleasant. "You lie natural and easy-like, but it wont get by with us. We've nailed too many liars in our time. Now I'm going to get some information out of you, one way or other. Information is all you're good for on earth, friend, so you'd better not be backward!

"I want to know who this party of yours is, where they came from, how they got into this country, how they know their way about in it. I want to know how that pack of otter pelts got into Trader MacMillan's storage-shed. I want to know the man who killed Jimmy Montgomery there on the *Midnight Sun*. Now get busy. You're maybe out of practice telling the truth, but try hard, friend—try *damned* hard!"

He clicked the safety on his automatic and brought his elbow up against his side.

The breathless action of this tense and gripping story is strongly sustained in the next, the March, issue.

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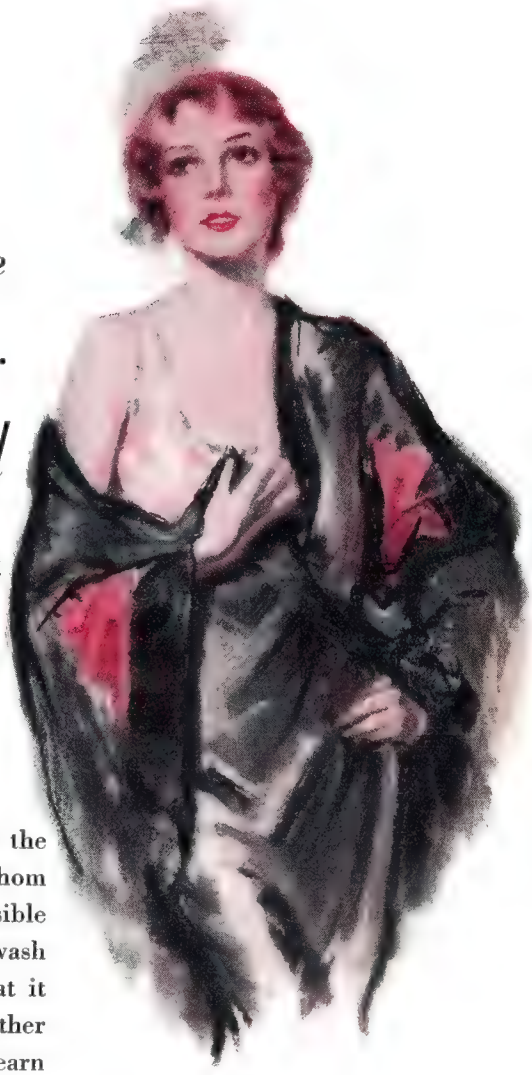

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RIGHT IN THE ROUGH

(Continued from page 41)

out favor or fear of successful contradiction, is as it should be. The sheep permeates the life of our people as nothing else does. A picture of the typical American would show him in a woolen sweater dining on a grilled lamb-chop—"

"My gosh," groans Scotty. "Step on it!"

"And so, my fellow-countrymen," I continues, "the Government has decided to express its appreciation of the great service you men render. There has been erected, at public expense and for your exclusive use at a nominal cost, a golf-course, nothing less. In charge of it has been placed Angus Anstruther Ferguson, winner of the East Ottumwa open, and perhaps the greatest exponent of the game in the—"

"Game?" cuts in a voice thick with corn. "What game?"

"Golf, sir," says I. "The sport of kings and the ace of pastimes. Mr. Ferguson and myself—"

"Huh," grunts the sheep-man. "That's funny. I thought you two city roosters were auctioneers. I seen them red flags on Sandy's place—"

"A most natural mistake," I observes genially, "and one that does you credit. And now with your kind permission, I shall call upon my confrère to explain the details of the game. Gentlemen, Mr. Ferguson."

It's a row of dead pans that's turned to Scotty, my spiel having left the boys sitting on their hands and looking for the nearest out. But though Fergy's in plus-fours, he's far from being nonplused.

"To what my friend Colonel Fleetwood has told you," says he silkily, "I should like to add this: The course we have laid out here is in the nature of an experiment. Should it be successful, I'm betraying no confidences when I assure you that the Government plans to follow it up with heavy land purchases and improvements. Then will come the railroad, and with it a great boom in values—"

That fetches 'em. There's an immediate quickening of interest, and by the time Scotty's finished tooting the horn of plenty, the boys gladly follow us for an inspection of the links, leaving the barbecued sheep to stew in their own juices for the nonce.

FERGUSON'S done himself proud at the first tee. Not only has the ground been smoothed out, but a railing covered with bunting encloses it on three sides. Featuring the decorative scheme, in back of the mound is a flag-framed lithograph of George Washington, a couple of caddies standing by as a guard of honor and presenting arms with brassies as we approach. The local lads are duly impressed. Fergy waits for the effect to sink in, and then goes into his routine.

"Golf," says he, "is as simple as it is interesting. There are nine holes on this course, indicated by red flags, and the idea's to drop the ball into each of 'em in the fewest number of strokes. The clubs in this bag have varied uses, which I'll explain later. To begin with, I'll illustrate the initial shot from the tee, as the starting point is called."

With great care Scotty hills up a ball, takes his stance and lets go with everything he has. It's as complete a muff as you're likely to see in a month of week-days.

"What is known as a practise swing," smiles Ferguson. "Always be sure to take a practise swing."

Again he swipes at the pill, and again he misses. This time he frowns and is silent, but I come to his rescue.

"What is known as another practise swing," says I. "Always be sure to take two of 'em."

Scotty slips me a scowl for a thank-you, and again addresses himself to the gutta-percha. The third trial's a success. The club-head connects with something round and white, and down the arroyo sails the ball, a two-hundred-and-fifty-yard drive on anybody's sheep-range. Fergy follows it up with three more nice ones, and then tosses his driver over to old man Mackintosh.

He manages to get off the tee for a hundred yards or so, after which the club's passed around like a peace-pipe at an Indian powwow, practically all hands taking a crack at the repaints. No urging's necessary; the desire to hit something with a stick being just as compelling as Scotty figured it would be.

"What'll you give me," asks one merino matador, "if I drop the ball by the flag?"

"Well," says I, "seeing that the distance is a scant six hundred and five yards, the best I can offer you is the New York Central Railroad, the Western Union Telegraph Company and the hand of Hetty Green."

THE driving being over with, Ferguson suggests an exhibition twosome with Sandy Mackintosh, the rest of the gang to follow and get themselves a load of the fine points of the game. They're willing enough, though a couple of the old-timers go for their horses to trail the round. Hoofs can't do the Chemung Valley links any harm. You could have run a caterpillar tractor over it without being anything but helpful.

Mackintosh slaps one off the tee into the ant-hill hazard, while Scotty hooks his into a grove of mesquite. Sandy's out in six, and five hundred yards from the pin in eight.

"That's all right," says I. "I'll concede the putt." The Scot's in no mood for pleasantries, however, and all I get for my big-hearted approach is a dour scowl.

"In a lie like this," explains Fergy when the gallery, mounted and afoot, reaches the mesquite, "the proper club to use is a mashie-niblick. By laying it back thus, I obtain a lift—"

Scotty gets his lift all right, but not enough of one for practical purposes. The ball bangs into a bush, ricochets to one side and crashes into the ribs of a horse.

"What a course!" I mutters to Fergy. "Seems like you can't shoot anywheres around here without hitting live-stock."

Scotty finally gets out of the mess with a perfect iron that lands him two hundred yards away in a gopher hole. Clear of that in nine, the boy friend extricates himself from a ditch in twelve, from behind a medley of rocks in sixteen, and is on the edge of the green in eighteen. Not far away is Mackintosh shooting an even twenty.

"Shoo those sheep away from the pin," shouts Sandy. "I'll sink it from here."

At that, I believe he'd have done it if a bewildered lamb hadn't run back across the green and kicked the ball just as it seemed about to drop into the pay-off. Fergy eventually gets down in twenty-one, four up on Mackintosh, who loses a couple of strokes when his almost perfect approach becomes entangled in a pile of cattle-bones.

"At this rate," I remarks to Scotty, "it'll be easy for you to remember the par of the course."

"How do you mean—easy?" he asks.

"It'll be the same," I tells him, "as the year of your birth plus the white population of Muncie, Ind."

Both players do better on the two-hundred-and-thirty-yard second, a hole singularly free from obstructions. Apart from a swampy spot filled with tules and snakes, a ridge of rocks and the usual mesquite, it's just so much velvet. Our pro captures the deuce in a birdie eight, Mackintosh taking a ten and proud of it.

On the long third Ferguson gets a terrific drive, but there's a slice on it and the ball kicks over a dry creek-bed into strange acreage.

"That's out of bounds, I guess," he remarks.

"Aye," comes back Sandy. "It's not only out of bounds, but it's out of the State. That's New Mexico on the other side of the creek."

"New Mexico," repeats Scotty with a grimace of distaste. The boy really has nothing against New Mexico, but New Mexico has a great deal against him. They'd give plenty in Santa Fe to shower him with the hospitality of the commonwealth.

Ferguson drives again, but this time he hooks the pill into a deep arroyo, covered to the lip with thick brush. The caddy speeds ahead for the hunt while we follow at a much more leisurely pace. When we gets to the tangle, the kid's not to be seen, nor can we raise him with whoops and loud halloos.

"What do you do when you lose a caddy on this course?" I asks. "Drop another and take a penalty?"

We beat around the bush for a half hour before we come upon the boy. It seems that in the copse he'd been frightened by a bobcat, become confused and wandered away for more than a mile.

"I imagine that'll be enough for today," says Scotty. "You fellows get the idea, don't you?"

"Sure," comes back a sheep-man. "Hit and hunt."

I DON'T know exactly how to explain it, but Chemung Valley flops hard for Ferguson's country-club. Perhaps it's the lure of golf itself, but more probably it's the lure of anything to break the monotony of life.

The boys are to be found on the links at all hours, and the stilly watches of the night, once broken only by laconic grunts anent the price of wool, now resound to arguments over club grips and that sad chant of all true golfers: "I'd have— If I'd—"

Within a month Fergy's enrolled sixty members at fifty per, and peddled 'em enough balls and sticks and lessons to bring the total take up to around five grand. Not bad for an investment of less than two hundred bucks!

For some reason Scotty figures the exclusive angle for the big draw and plays it across the boards. Nobody with two twenties and a ten is ever rejected, to be sure, but everybody admitted is made to feel that he's *e pluribus unum*, and those not members are soured applicants who've been turned down. I remember the day after the barbecue a bird suggesting to Fergy that his brother would probably like to join up.

"I'll file his name for investigation," says Scotty. "The Government, you know, is very particular about our membership."

"Oh, Bill's all right," declares the herder. "Ever been in any trouble like selling hooch to the Indians?" asks Ferguson. "No? Well, I'll look him up and let you know in a few days. We can't have anyone who's been in trouble," adds the grifter—who's got more indictments and fugitive warrants hanging over him than most tigers have spots! "However," he adds, "tell your brother to send in a check with his application. I'll get him through if I have to make a personal matter of it."

Practically all of the members of Chemung Valley are playing members, and some of 'em, gifted with a natural swing and follow-through, begin turning in darn' good scores after the first couple of weeks. None of them, however, is a match for Scotty when he once gets into his stride; and the prospects of having bets forced on him are rather slim until—

WE'RE sitting one evening in front of the flop-house that bats for a hotel at Chemung Junction, when a pale, stoop-shouldered chappie strolls up and introduces himself as

Dan Trafford of Chicago, out in the dry air belt for his health.

"I hear," says he, "that you're interested in a golf-club that's been organized out here recently. Wonder if I could arrange to play over the course."

"I think so," returns Ferguson, after a quick size-up. "The membership fee's fifty dollars. What kind of a game do you shoot?"

"Fairish," shrugs Trafford. "My handicap's fifteen back home, but my scores wont worry me any. I just want to keep occupied and out in the air."

"Fifteen's about my speed," remarks Scotty carelessly. "Care to play nine holes with me tomorrow?"

"Delighted," says the stranger.

"Manna for the children of Israel, eh?" I remarks, as he strolls away.

"Seasoned to taste," grins Ferguson.

"Watch your step," says I. "You don't know any more about him than he knows about you. You're not the only slicker on the turf. They're so thick nowadays they're selling 'em for raincoats."

"Maybe," comes back Scotty, "but I deserve to be taken if I can't cop on my own hand-made course."

FERGY returns from the links the following afternoon all smiles. He's not only had a snappy set-to with the Chicagoan, but he's punished the health-seeker's poke for fifty bucks.

"All wool and a yard wide?" I inquires through force of habit.

"Well, practically," replies Scotty. "I'm certainly not to be blamed if a grateful caddy accidentally kicks my ball out of unplayable lies and absent-mindedly tees it up in the rough."

"Gosh," says I, "don't you ever give anybody an even break?"

"I've had weak spells in my time," returns Ferguson, "but this was no day to indulge in sentiment. Trafford had it over me like a tent."

Having smelled the blood of one winning wager, Scotty begins working the betting side of the street in a big way. Not only does he gamble high and heavy with the visitor, but gives away strokes and bisques freely to the locals just to get some of their woolen money on the line. And he crooks 'em something shameful, bribing opponents' caddies to step on balls, and giving 'em a quarter for every one they can't find.

The rough stuff sort of sickens me, but there's nothing I can do about it. I need the split Ferguson's slipping me, and besides, the boy's much too hasty and informal with a gat for me to cross him.

"Listen," says I one night when Scotty tells me he's run the bank-roll up to ten grand, "what about putting on our Paisley shawls and old gray bonnets and getting thee hence out of here?"

"What for?" demands Scotty. "Why leave the table just as the roast is being brought on?"

"Because," I comes back, "we might overeat and get indigestion. You don't want to be operated on by a grand jury again, do you? You might not come out of the ether this time."

"Grand jury, your necktie," scoffs Ferguson. "When did it become a felony to organize a golf-club? When did—"

"With your record," I cuts in, "anything that you do is a violation of the law. What about impersonating Government officials? I wouldn't be surprised if Washington's been tipped off already. Why wait here until you're tapped on the shoulder from behind?"

"You seem to forget," says Scotty, "that we're fugitives from justice—you from Ohio and I from New Mexico and other points. Where'll we find a better hide-away than the Chemung Valley?"

"There's something to that," I admits

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Dear Madame Rubinstein—Yesterday I went ice skating. Today my lips are chapped, my hands are rough and my face is dry enough to crack. Can you help me?—Jane R., Boston. P. S. I only want to buy one preparation.

Dear Jane R.—If you want but one preparation, then by all means choose my Valaze Pasteurized Cream! This unusual cream is wonderful for the face, the throat, the hands, the arms, the elbows. Then, if you wish, you can protect your lips with my exquisite Valaze lipstick which never dries the lips and will remain on for hours.

Dear Madame Rubinstein—The stage is certainly a strain on my complexion. I have noticed "whiteheads" as well as blackheads under my skin lately—and my face, away from the footlights, looks sallow and coarse. What shall I do? —M. B., N. Y.

Dear M. B.—Your complexion need not suffer, my dear! If you will wash every day with my Valaze Beauty Grains, all the hard skin substances and hidden impurities will be quickly removed. Then at night, apply my Valaze Acne Cream to purify your pores and magically clear your skin.

Dear Madame Rubinstein—I have three charming daughters who are fairly clamoring for "mother to step out". They laughingly accuse me of being old fashioned . . . So I have made up my mind to surprise them. Have you anything to aid a sadly drooping chin?—Mrs. J. H. L., Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Dear Mrs. J. H. L.—One with so much spirit could scarcely be called old-fashioned! Start tonight by cleansing your face deeply with Water Lily Cleansing Cream, my amazing rejuvenating cream. Then apply Valaze Contour Jelly, patting it well into the skin, pressing up on your eyes, lifting your chin. This will tighten the facial muscles . . . and will firmly round your contour. Write me of your progress, do!

Dear Madame Rubinstein—Trying to look presentable for business is such a nuisance. I powder my nose twenty times a day and still it is shiny! Have you a remedy? And oh, yes!—have you a rouge that "sticks"?—D. B., Pa.

Dear D. B.—First of all, try my Valaze Snow Lotion. This adheres marvelously and makes the loveliest of foundations for my Water Lily Powder. Keep a Water Lily compact in your desk drawer. The powder comes in enchanting colors, as clinging as you please. And the rouge is ever so flattering to your skin. Or if you want a rouge that will stay all day long, there's Valaze rouge *en creme*. Smooth it over your cheeks! Then add the same enchanting hue to your lips. You will be amazed at the transformation!

Cosmetic and scientific home treatment preparations of Helena Rubinstein are on sale at the better shops and at her salons. The values are really unusual: Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Valaze Cubist Lipstick (1.00). Valaze Beauty Grains (1.00). Valaze Acne Cream (1.00). Water Lily Cleansing Cream. (2.50). Valaze Contour Jelly (1.00). Valaze Snow Lotion (1.00). Water Lily Compacts: single (2.00), double (2.50). Valaze rouges en creme (1.00).

Helena Rubinstein, Inc.
8 East 57th Street New York

weakly, "but what's going to happen when the babies here take a tumble to—"

"They never will," interrupts Ferguson. "The one thing in the world that cannot be underestimated is the intelligence of our membership. Did I tell you I was pulling a tournament Saturday and Sunday?"

"What kind of a tournament?"

"A regular tournament," says Scotty, "with prizes and everything. There'll be a championship flight that'll probably end in a playoff between me and Dan Trafford, and a flight for the lesser lights. We'll shoot the nine twice to make it an eighteen-hole match."

"Who," I inquires, "puts up the prizes?"

"You," returns Ferguson, "as the representative of the Department of Animal Husbandry."

"Good night, shirt," says I. "I'm practically on my way to Leavenworth or Atlanta right now."

THE tournament works out as Scotty's doped it, with Trafford and himself in the Sunday afternoon final for the championship and a buxom side bet.

The first hole's halved in eights, the second in sixes. To this unpractised eye, Trafford's the class of the twosome, but he's most unfortunate in his lies, all but his tee shots being nearly unplayable. The boy, however, handles his niblicks and mashies with such skill that it's a good gamble he'll trim Ferguson, despite the handicap of two caddies.

The new member seems to be entirely ignorant of the deck stacked against him; but on the third green I begins to suspect that he's prepared himself for a possible protest. As he stoops over to putt, I notice in his back pocket a bulge of familiar aspect.

"Better go slow and careful," I warns Scotty. "Trafford's carrying a gat; you don't want him to make a hole in one, do you?"

"Forget it," says Ferguson. "Shooting irons are part of a gentleman's wearing apparel in this neck of the woods."

"All right," I shrugs, "but don't bust up the autopsy to bawl me out."

The first nine ends all even, and play is continued at the first hole. Scotty takes this one with a nine; and a phenomenal forty-foot putt puts the second in the bag for him. On the third Trafford gets off the tee for two hundred and fifty yards down the groove, while Ferguson slices his, the ball dropping on the near edge of the boundary creek. However, a search on the bank and in the dry bed of the stream fails to uncover it.

"Perhaps," suggests Trafford, "it kicked over on the other side. Let's take a look."

We follows him across, and sure enough, less than ten feet beyond the creek and deep in the rough, is Ferguson's ball.

"It seems," says he, "I'm out of bounds."

"Yeh," snaps Dan, "and out of luck! Stick 'em up, Scotty!" And a shiny rod plumps into the boy friend's ribs.

"What the hell!" gasps Ferguson. "A dick!"

"From the District Attorney's office at Santa Fe," says Trafford. "Sweet of you to slice into New Mexico and save us an extradition scrap. I figured you'd do it, if I stuck with you long enough."

"Oh, well," shrugs Scotty, back to his nonchalant self, "Chemung Valley's that kind of a course—it's easy to get into trouble if you don't keep 'em straight."

"Any course you follow's like that," remarks Trafford. "Come on. Let's go." And he starts marching Ferguson toward the railroad tracks a mile or so away.

"So long, feller," shouts Scotty to me. "Look after the club till I get back, will you? I'll beat this rap."

"Not me," says I, backing hastily across the creek. "I might hook one into Ohio!"

THE MURDERS ON THE SHIP

(Continued from page 33)

"Then dear God alive, man, do you realize you are asking me to let you start a panic among my passengers?"

"You misunderstand me, Captain. I am just warning you that to the best belief of the New York Police Department you have a man on board here who is wanted for murder. The last thing in the world that I want to do is either to make the fact public or to subject your passengers to police methods. Everything that I say to you is in strict confidence."

"Do not mind me if I get irritated, Valcour. I am a man who irritates easily. I think myself that you are on a wild-goose chase. Look, let me show you—I personally know for a fact that with the exceptions of your own and those of Mr. and Mrs. Poole, our bookings for this passage were made well over two weeks ago, whereas this murder you speak about was done last week. Furthermore, there were no changes made in the ship's complement while we were at Hamilton." Captain Sohme spread his hands in an expressive gesture. "Unless your man is a stowaway, where is he?"

"Captain, I have dealt with many strange cases during my connection with the police, and I tell you frankly that this is the strangest case I have ever known. Since the moment when it broke, I have had the conviction that when we got to the bottom of it we would find a motive so unusual in its nature that it would make this case unique—that when the picture is completed, it will turn out to be (if you will forgive me an extravagance) a mosaic done in scarlets. If I were to discuss my reasons with you now, they would only confuse you, as greatly as they confuse myself. As to your contention that except for those of the Pooles and my own, all bookings for this trip were made over two weeks ago, I can simply point out that a passage could easily have been bought from one of the passengers already on the list. It's done frequently, isn't it?"

"Yes—there would be a simpleness about it, too."

"Very simple. Especially as no passports are required either for Bermuda or Canada—just some papers."

"It is like going through a fog, man."

"And, as in a fog, we must go slowly."

"There is nothing we can do?"

"Nothing." Valcour smiled slightly, and added: "We can just deliver that letter to Mrs. Poole."

Chapter Three

Lat. 33° 10′ north
Long. 44° 44′ west

MRS. POOLE turned in her deck-chair and looked at Ted.

It was a pity he had his clothes on—just as it was an equal pity that so many men had their clothes off, when obeying the convention of any activity such as swimming, for example. An undressed humanity would have appalled her, but as with everything, there should be certain definite and important exceptions. One might even embrace as one of the exceptions whole nations.

Nature had simply located the various races' bodies wrong. Take your tropics: Who, she asked herself (staring still sideways in warm contentment at Ted), cared a hoot about the stocky, over-bellied bodies so interminably on view in the tropics—in any of the sun-parched, rain-drenched, insect-ridden, overrated tropics? Now, a tropics filled with Teds, as she had first seen him: flat on his back on the hot pinkish sands of Bermuda's coral beach, very young and wiggling all through his smooth brown hardness, wiggling from sheer pleasure of the drenching, burning sun which was offsetting the chill sea breeze—strong fingers scooping up pink gold and pouring it in lazy rivulets on bronze, his head rising like a turtle's, and brown eyes staring at her from above sienna cheeks.

"I've only got two days left to get burned in," he had said.

That had been (the satisfaction in her eyes deepened; after all, the main thing in life was to know what you wanted; it was simple enough to get it) the first time in her life she had heard Ted's voice, the first time in her life she had ever seen Ted. That had been three days ago, and it was only a brief yesterday that he had become, with his profile, her present husband.

Canvas-covered metal segments of the railing rose and fell in effortless rhythm. She thought of them as slender white fingers stroking blue sky and sea. Even though looking at Ted, she could see it—sense it all about her; the picture and the odorless essence of the sea that sifted all about her. She was happy just lying there and looking sideways at Ted, with his brown eyes drooping sleepily downward on a book.

"Happy?" she said.

"And sleepy."

"You aren't polite," she observed.

"You can't be both polite and happy."

"Here comes Mrs. Syrup."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Sanford Syrup. Doesn't she? Dripping treacle! You'd better really go to sleep."

"You too."

"I will."

Mrs. Sanford paused solidly at the rail and stared from beneath a floppy pompadour at the (suddenly) sleeping Pooles. Her sugary eyes crystallized as they pinned themselves on Mrs. Poole. The sun blazing out from a cloudless sky was very searching. She shrugged her shoulders faintly, and foulards unhappily outlined her stocky limbs as she continued her thoughtful walk along the deck.

Mrs. Poole, with her head still sideways, opened her eyes. It seemed that Ted's were permanently closed. She raised herself carefully from the chair and walked over to the rail, where she stood and looked for a moment at Ted. She cupped a match successfully against the breeze, and timed the lighting of a cigarette to correspond with the arrival of Lieutenant Valcour at her side.

"Even on the ocean," she said.

Valcour laughed. "Well—if you must be famous."

"I did think that of all the boats that ever sailed, this one would surely have no one on her list who knew me."

"Privacy, Mrs. Poole, is a nonexistent quantity. Many people dream about it all their lives and only achieve it by dying."

THEY stood with their backs to the railing, staring at Ted.

"You wont tell him, will you?" she said.

He noted the slight hardening of her lips.

"He doesn't know?"

Her smile was quite set. "He thinks we're—well, contemporaries."

"But he's bound to find out, isn't he? I mean, you can't go running about on little boats to obscure places forever. You wouldn't want to."

"But it wont matter later." She looked smug.

"Harpooned?"

Her laugh was very clear and fresh. Ted stirred drowsily and opened his eyes.

"It doesn't take long to sink a harpoon," she said.

Valcour kept his voice low and said

swiftly: "I must talk with you privately, Mrs. Poole, when you can conveniently arrange it."

She stared at him, frankly puzzled. "You sound serious."

"It is."

"This evening?"

"Thank you."

"Hello, you two," said Ted.

IN spite of numerous voyages made as a wireless operator, Mr. Gans could never quite shake off an ever-present touch of seasickness. After a sparse supper in the officers' mess, he returned at once to the wireless shack, and adjusting his head-set, sat listening in on the evening's traffic. It was normally light and sporadic for that latitude and period of the evening. There was little static. He listened to a desultory exchange of international wisecracks between the operators of a Belgian freighter and an American tanker.

At eight bells young Mr. Swithers dropped in for a cigarette and a chat. The chat ranged, for an hour, from the average hypocrisy of churchgoers, through the sanctity of motherhood, to the antics of girls in various mutually patronized dives. At nine o'clock, having finally decided that Antwerp made a monkey out of Port Saïd, Mr. Swithers bummed a last cigarette and departed for bed.

Mr. Gans continued to sit. He drummed on the table. He fidgeted. He wished the *News Bulletin* would come through and he could close station and go to bed. He wondered whether he mightn't just as well, as he frequently did, make the *News* up and call it a day. Life on shipboard was interminably lulling, and his eyelids were heavy with the desire for sleep. The call-letters of the *Eastern Bay* were repeated twice before they registered.

Mr. Gans threw a switch. The dynamo whined complainingly to a shrill purr, and the brittle *shush-shush* of the set's quenched gap sent his signal to the calling station. His pencil started to write the singular incoming message with accomplished ease. He nodded curtly, while in the middle of writing down the message, to the man who had come into the wireless-room and who was standing beside him at the table. He didn't know the man's name. He didn't want to. Nuisance, passengers. . . . . He threw the switch, shot in an acknowledgment, signed off, managed by gymnastics to get in the final dot—the dynamo slumped whirring to a sigh, and left the creaks and night-magnified noises of the restless sea.

"Funny message, that."

"Yes sir."

"I shouldn't have read it, I guess."

Mr. Gans tore the message blank from its carbon. He continued to mingle politeness with severity. "It is against the regulations. However, as it's in code, it wouldn't mean anything to you."

"Must be the New York police code, as it's addressed to Valcour."

"Guess it is."

"I should think you'd have to be very careful when taking down code. I mean, slight slip-ups in an ordinary message wouldn't matter, but in code—" The man's voice trailed off, and his eyes stared slowly around the room.

"We rarely have slip-ups, sir—unless it's a night when the static's pretty bad, or there's a lot of interference. Then we usually get a repeat."

"You've an assistant, haven't you?"

"No sir—not on this tub."

"Really. But what would happen if something happened to you?"

"Nothing."

"You mean that nobody else knows how to operate the set?"

"No. They'd have to pick up another operator when we hit port." Mr. Gans stood up.

"Going to deliver it at once?"

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In an amazing way, Tangee changes color as you put it on . . . and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, whatever your complexion. It is the one lipstick for blonde, brunette or titian.

You can see the color come to your lips . . . color so lovely, so natural that it seems a very part of you. And in truth it is, for Tangee is indelible and leaves no coating or greasy smear.

Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, soothing and healing to the lips . . . yet is firm in consistency and outlasts several of the usual lipsticks. In gunmetal case, $1.00. In superb case of gold and black enamel, $2.50.

Based on the same marvelous color principle . . . Tangee Rouge Compact, 75¢ . . . Tangee Crême Rouge, $1.00. You know that your lipstick and rouge are the same in tone.

The new Tangee Powder, in the shade most becoming and most natural to you, $1.00. Tangee Night Cream for cleansing and nourishing, $1.00. Tangee Day Cream to protect the skin and as a base for powder, $1.00. The new Tangee Cosmetic, for beautifying lashes, brows and tinting the hair, $1.00. All prices 25¢ more in Canada.

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THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. R-2
417 Fifth Avenue . . . New York

Name.....

Address.....

"Messages are always delivered at once, sir. Besides, they want a return answer tonight, and I want to get to bed."

"I'll show you where Valcour is, if you like. I just passed him on deck, up near the Captain's quarters."

"Thank you."

They went from the brightness of the wireless-room out onto the black boat-deck.

"Nice night."

Mr. Gans, from familiarity, was oblivious to any conditions of any night.

"Yes sir."

"That's phosphorus, isn't it?"

"What is, sir?"

They paused by the rail.

"That stuff down there. See it?"

Mr. Gans looked in the direction that had been indicated by the man's pointing finger. Smooth planes of jet swung endlessly past.

"I don't see what you mean, sir."

The man's fingers started to close about Mr. Gans' thin and ineffective neck.

"Just keep on looking," he said softly, "and you'll see."

Chapter Four

Lat. 33° 51′ north
Long. 64° 40′ west

THE elder Miss Sidderby paused by the taffrail and observed, with some faint show of interest the patent log. The motion was more noticeable at the taffrail than at any other section of the ship, but it did not bother her. She was a natural sailor.

She knew everything there was to know about patent logs; their mechanism and their purpose had been carefully looked up in an encyclopedia months before this happy trip had become a reality; but she wanted it explained to her by stuffed white drill dotted with brass. It would offer such a splendid point for contact.

Her eyes searched the after-deck's darkness for glints of white. There were none. Perhaps, after all, she had better take up auction bridge. Ella, her younger sister, who had no neurosis for white drill, was an adept at auction bridge. She was playing it now (Miss Sidderby knew) in the lounge, with Captain Sohme for a partner, and the interesting Lieutenant Valcour and that Mrs. Poole for opponents.

Miss Sidderby mounted a ladder and started forward along the boat-deck toward the officers' quarters. She had a vague impression of something falling—of footsteps hurrying some place.

Well forward, close by Captain Sohme's quarters, there was something flat and white-looking on the deck. As she advanced upon it, the whiteness developed into white drill dotted with brass. The whiteness continued into a face. She recognized it as that of the wireless operator, and wondered whether the poor lamb were drunk or just asleep.

Miss Sidderby bent closer and caught a rather dreadful little sound coming from between Mr. Gans' black lips just before she shrieked.

Miss Sidderby did not shriek again. She wanted to; she tried to, but something was the matter with her throat, and she couldn't do it. A weight was determined to drag her flat down on the deck. . . . . Her years came forward in phalanxes to crush her. She knew she was on her knees—and that her eyes were sinking with a disagreeable swirling sensation down toward poor thin Mr. Gans, who was dead. . . . . She was sure of it—quite sure of his deadness. . . . .

"What's the matter here?"

Captain Sohme's strong voice preceded a scattered pattering of running footsteps.

"Mr. Gans!" She clung convulsively to white drill encasing a rock-carved leg. "Mr. Gans is dead." She felt herself being lifted to her feet, felt a firm arm supporting her. "What a dreadful thing to happen on such a lovely trip!" she said.

Ella, her younger sister, was on the other side of her, on the other side from the shoulder end of that firm supporting arm. Ella added a supporting arm too, and through it all Miss Sidderby could feel the faint throbbing of the ship's engines, the even heave and dropping of the deck, the singing, swinging wind rushing through the unseen rigging up aloft from nowhere to nowhere in the black-starred night, across such vast and indifferent reaches of wet loneliness. "You must close his eyes," she said. "You must close his eyes at once. He is dead."

She felt herself a joint attraction with poor young dead Mr. Gans. They were staring at her just as intently as they were staring at him. Mrs. Sanford was staring, and looking in consequence quite thin and watery-like. And Mrs. Poole was staring, with all the satisfaction gone from her lovely eyes and something a good deal like fear in the place of it.

Only men were staring at poor Mr. Gans. Lieutenant Valcour was leaning down and doing things—saying something: "I suggest, Captain, that the ladies go into the lounge." Ella was leading her through tense hushed groups—deck force, black-gang, mess-boys—all pale little faces knotted in twos and threes, all staring at her—sounds, words coming at her, all blending into a general: "She found him."

The little lounge was cheery. They settled her in a chair, and Ella, terribly eager, was bending over her solicitously and saying: "Don't speak if you can't, darling, but do tell us what happened."

Miss Sidderby eyed her younger sister.

"I want a glass of water," she said.

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR carefully unclosed the fingers of dead Mr. Gans' left hand. They had been held very desperately, very convulsively tight. He took from between them, before the breeze could blow it away, a bit of paper. It was a corner torn from a message-blank. It was a very small corner, and there was nothing on it at all.

"I might suggest that we go at once to the wireless room, Captain," he said. "Perhaps you would request Mr. Swithers to stay here with the body."

Mr. Swithers (dragged from his bunk by Miss Sidderby's arresting shriek), barefooted, singleted, loosely trousered, and very impressed with death, said to Captain Sohme: "Shall we carry him to his bunk, sir?"

Valcour broke the indecisive pause. "I believe it is a case of murder, Captain."

The small white faces of the knotted groups were very still—little pinpoints in a darkness and in a vastness that would ever remain beyond the limits of their special knowledge, until it claimed them as it just had claimed their shipmate Gans.

"Murder?" Captain Sohme was confused and deeply upset; the word rattled about in his head.

"I should say so, Captain. There are those marks about the throat made by fingers—note the condition of the lips, the eyes. I think that somebody strangled him."

A Portuguese wiper, whitely bare from a slender waist up, with a corner of his loosely meshed sweat-cloth caught lightly between his lips, started weeping noisily.

"Shut up," said Captain Sohme.

"Shut up," said the wiper's neighbor.

The wiper stopped weeping in order to begin a complicated and audible prayer in Portuguese.

"Send that man—" Captain Sohme's bilious-getting eye singled out the Chief Engineer. "Mr. McGurk, please send all of your men down below."

McGurk, who considered every request from the bridge a veiled insult, stiffened his Aberdeen body and with a, "Down you go, lads," started his shuffling flock toward their quarters.

"I suggest the wireless-room at once, Captain." Valcour's voice was urgent.

CAPTAIN SOHME was making an effort to get himself in hand; it had come, then, this thing which Valcour had been warning him of after lunch.

"Mr. Swithers, you stay here with the deceased," he directed.

"Yes sir. Shall we move him to his bunk?"

"Wouldn't it be better if things were left until we could examine them?" Valcour said.

"See that nothing, including the deceased, is touched, Mr. Swithers."

"Yes sir."

"And clear this clutter." Captain Sohme's large hand inclusively indicated the remaining knotted little groups.

"Yes sir."

They started aft along the boat-deck for the wireless shack, and Captain Sohme felt unhappiness resting emptily in the pit of his stomach. It had come, this bitter business called murder, like a pestilence upon his ship. "What do you expect to find in the wireless room?" he said.

"Messages are usually taken down in duplicate, Captain." Valcour opened the wireless-room door. They went inside. He closed the door, and said: "I believe that the man who did this would realize that too."

There was no duplicate. There was no pad of message-blanks on the table in the wireless room at all. In the rack were some new pads that had never been used.

"What substitute have you for the wireless operator?" Valcour said. "We must have that message repeated at once."

The pit of Captain Sohme's stomach was unhappier than ever. His thoughts would not coördinate. "What message, Valcour?"

Valcour explained the bit of paper found between Mr. Gans' tight-closed fingers. "I believe that message contained the description from Headquarters of the man we're after," he said.

"He killed Gans to get it?"

"To prevent me from getting it."

The immaculateness of the early vision was somewhat soured. "We must go to Mrs. Poole and demand that she tell us who this man is. I will not have a murderer loose on board this ship."

Valcour blocked the door. "Would it offend you if I were to ask that I handle Mrs. Poole alone? I dislike dramatics, but we are dealing with quicksilver. You have perhaps tried to pick up a piece of quicksilver, Captain?"

It was no moment for metaphysics. "Yes, yes, but surely there is something to do?"

"If we can get a repeat on that message, which I think Gans had in his hand when he was killed, I believe the affair can be closed at once. You haven't told me yet who your substitute wireless man is."

"We have none."

AGAIN it was about him—this fog which had so impalpably blanketed the case in strangeness. Valcour felt blinded in it. He wanted innumerable things: the resources which would have been offered by the police system had he been ashore—experts, instruments of precision, trained underlings, records. "Then we are cut off from communication with land," he said.

"Yes, Valcour, we are."

"We can of course communicate with passing ships by means of the international flag-code?"

"That is a laborious business. I think, however, that Mr. Swithers knows how to blink."

"Then he may understand wireless. If he's familiar with the blinker, he must know the Morse code—if he could get a message through at all."

"I will ask him at once." Captain Sohme's eyes were harried. "And if he can't, Valcour?"

"We still have Mrs. Poole."

"But should this crazy letter mean nothing to her?"

Valcour was exceedingly grave. "There's liable to be more trouble, then," he said.

Chapter Five

Lat. 33° 53′ north
Long. 64° 39′ west

VALCOUR stood near the doorway after Captain Sohme had gone. He looked reflectively around the empty, brightly lighted wireless-room. His reasoning was simple: the man who had strangled Mr. Gans had done so in order to destroy the message which Mr. Gans had been on the point of delivering. Of that much he felt certain. It was reasonable to suppose that the man had become aware of the contents of the message and had suspected their menace to himself. He could not have read the message on the unlighted deck. The most logical place for him to have read it was right there in the wireless-room. Mr. Gans would hardly have handed it over for him to read; therefore he probably had read it while Mr. Gans had been taking it down. That would have placed the man alongside of the swivel chair clamped to the floor before the table.

Valcour stared at the determined spot. He walked over and closely inspected the surface of the table. He regretted that he had none of the implements necessary for the proper detection of fingerprints.

There was a small bottle on the table, half filled with red ink. Its label was discolored where ink was smeared across it. It looked as if the bottle had been upset, stained and then wiped dry. Valcour picked the bottle up and felt the label. It was still, very faintly, damp. A slight trace of red came off when he rubbed his finger across the smeared part of the label. He put the bottle back on the table and examined the table's surface. One part seemed recently wiped. The ink-bottle could have been upset there.

A wastepaper basket under the table contained numerous torn and crumpled scraps of paper, but no rag or handkerchief stained with red ink; nor were there any stains of red in the basket or on any of its contents. He shoved the cork carefully down, wrapped the bottle in a piece of paper, and put it in his pocket. His back was to the door. He did not start when a voice coming from behind him said: "You are searching for clues, sir, by means of which to solve this crime?"

IT was a soft voice, tinged with an indefinable Latin accent—very precise, very well modulated. Valcour turned around.

"Yes, Mr. Dumarque," he said.

Mr. Dumarque, with the heels of his shoes quite slender and very tall, and with his fine black lisle stockings showing between the shoetops and his plain gray soft woolen knickerbockers, stood motionless in the doorway. Mr. Dumarque smiled slowly with his lips.

"Crime has always interested me," he said, "—especially should the crime be bizarre."

Valcour smiled back at him. "There is nothing bizarre about this one, Mr. Dumarque. I think that that poor devil out there was simply strangled."

Mr. Dumarque did not precisely sigh, but suggested the effect of having done so. "So I have been given to understand," he said. "On the other hand, one finds traces of the bizarre in the crime's entourage."

"You have reference to the people who surround it, rather than to its physical setting?"

"Yes." Mr. Dumarque gazed with sleepy eyes out onto the deck and then back again. "Mrs. Poole is bizarre. That very young, dark-eyed, rather beautifully featured Mr. Force is bizarre. I," he concluded, accepting one of the cigarettes which Valcour offered him, "am bizarre."

Valcour continued smiling above a lighted match. "Why do you include young Force?" he said.

"Have you remarked his hands?"

"Not especially."

"Ah. Sometime you will remark his hands."

"Perhaps you have met Mr. Force previously to this voyage?"

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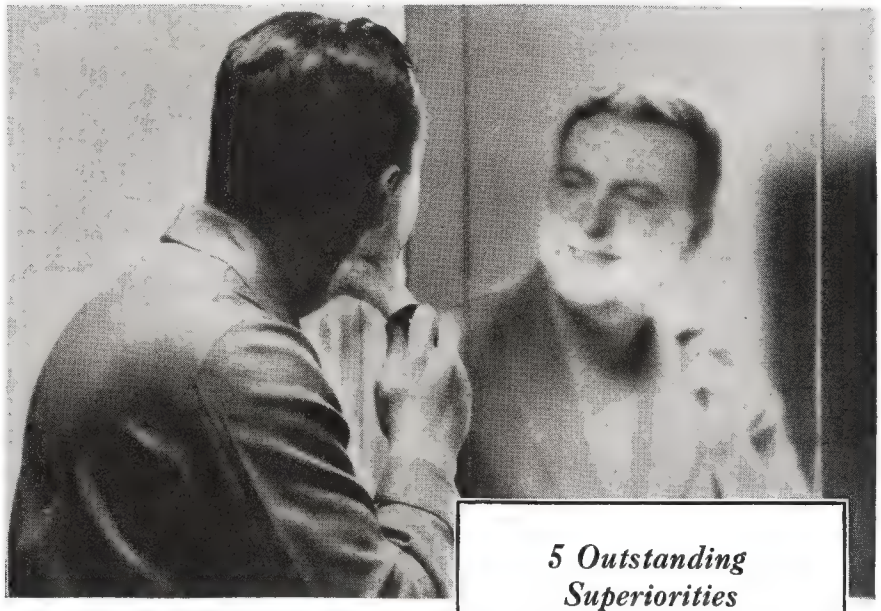

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GENTLEMEN: When we perfected our new shaving cream, we decided upon a daring course. Rather than attempt to force men into buying it through eloquence or printed argument, we staked our whole case on a trial.

We told men, as we tell you here: "Don't buy—yet. Let us prove our product's outstanding merit by sending you enough for a fair test at our risk. *You* be the judge."

Millions took us up and Palmolive Shaving Cream is today the world's largest selling. For 86% of those who tested it found what they had long sought. They became wedded to this remarkable new shaving cream.

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We are large soap manufacturers. 67 years' experience stand behind our laboratories. Palmolive Soap, one of our products, is outstandingly a leader of the world. So, we felt, a shaving cream bearing our name must excel all others.

Our great laboratories tackled this difficult problem, worked on it for years. In all 129 formulas were discarded before success came. Then we found we had a product with 5 major superiorities. Read them above.

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So we ask you to mail the convenient coupon for your test. Even if you usually do not send coupons, please mail this one. We promise you great things. But *we* take the risk of convincing *you*. Clip it now.

5 Outstanding Superiorities

1. **Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.**
2. **Softens the beard in one minute.**
3. **Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.**
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Mr. Dumarque trailed a thin line of smoke elegantly through the air. "On the contrary, it has not been my pleasure, or pain, to have met any person on board here previously to our sailing. In addition to being bizarre, I am a recluse who observes, dissects, but does not mingle. I have come to dread the inevitable erasure of casual acquaintanceship's soft patina by prolonging such chance meetings into friendships." Mr. Dumarque inhaled deeply. "There should be no such thing, Mr. Valcour, as friendship. It is nothing but an institution for the coupling of compatible bores with whom the rest of the world has grown fatigued."

"I'm inclined to agree with you. When one thinks of *Damon* and *Pythias*—"

"Let us not." Mr. Dumarque's eyes shot fleetingly toward heaven. "One dreads to think on what subjects they conversed after the first six months. You are somewhat iconoclastic yourself, Mr. Valcour."

"Not exactly; it's just that I've been emptied of illusions."

"Ah—those." Mr. Dumarque lightly touched his lips with the manicured tips of soft and very slender white fingers. "I would give one thousand pounds at this instant for the repossession of one single little illusion."

"I say, Valcour,"—Captain Sohme had returned to the doorway,—"Swithers says he only knows how to blink. He says if he could find somebody to run the damned set for him he probably could send and take down messages slowly, but he doesn't know which of the damned switches to pull. And what about the deceased? We can't let him lie out on deck all night. I don't want the men and passengers looking at him any longer than is necessary. It is bad business."

"Coming right along, Captain."

Mr. Dumarque stepped out onto the deck. "We must continue our discussion later, Mr. Valcour," he said.

Valcour took the key from inside the wireless-room door, closed the door from the outside, locked it and put the key in his pocket. Then he stared almost absently for a moment at Mr. Dumarque and said: "We will."

YOUNG SWITHERS was alone with the body of young Gans. Swithers, who was totally unacquainted with death, did not like it, and with no audience any longer present, his expression betrayed it. It was discomfort that he felt, rather than fear: a prickling, chilled discomfort.

But there was an audience. Gans' body with its strained staring eyes was an audience. Silly nonsense not moving the poor devil to his bunk. . . . .

Captain Sohme and Valcour were coming along the deck, and Swithers started aft gratefully to meet them.

Valcour took a small flashlight from his coat pocket and knelt beside the body. He examined the thin cold hands and could find no trace of red ink on either of them. He removed a handkerchief from the jacket's breast-pocket. It showed no stain; nor were there other handkerchiefs in any other of the pockets.

He examined the bruise-marks on the body's neck, and felt reasonably satisfied that the man had been standing behind Gans when he strangled him. It was probable that Gans had been leaning against the rail, staring, perhaps, at something that the man had pointed out to him. There was, on the skin of the neck, no trace of red ink.

Gans' uniform was not especially mussed. Valcour decided there hadn't been much of a struggle. He gently felt the body's upper arms. These were weak and pipelike, with not much force in them to put up a struggle. Gans wouldn't have had much of a chance against even a moderately strong man. Funny that the strangler hadn't thrown Gans' body overboard. . . . . Interrupted, of course: that Sidderby woman's approach just before her scream. . . . . There was nothing of interest on the surrounding deck, or on the near-by sections of the rail.

"I WONDER who was the last person to be with him," Valcour said.

"I guess that I was, sir."

Valcour looked at Swithers' worried, unhappy young face.

"When was this, Mr. Swithers?"

"Well, I was with him in his shack up to two bells."

"Talking?"

"Talking." It was incredible that shortly over a brief hour ago that poor flat thing there on the deck had been talking.

"About anything special?"

"Just a lot of bull, sir."

"How did he seem?"

"Seem?"

"Yes, was he natural—not nervous, or depressed, or ill or anything?"

"Just natural, sir. We were"—young Swithers, because of a nasty thick feeling that was bothering his throat, found a momentary difficulty in pronouncing the words—"just talking. Same as usual."

"And when you left him at nine o'clock he was quite all right?"

"Yes." Monosyllables were easiest.

"Did anyone else come into the wireless-room while you were there with him?"

"No."

"Do you know of anyone who went in later, after you had left?"

"No."

"See anyone hanging around outside of it when you went out?"

"No."

"Where did you go?"

"Turned right in and went to sleep, sir." Damn' pig, to sleep—while Sparks was out on deck in darkness being made dead!

"Mr. Gans kept the wireless-room door unlocked, didn't he? I notice there was a key in it. Did he ever use it?"

"Only in port, sir."

"Then anyone could have gone in after you left who wanted to?"

"Yes, but who would? No one ever did. Except me."

Valcour said carefully: "People didn't like Mr. Gans?"

"Oh, sure—they just didn't bother. Except me."

"Mr. Gans had no one on board who actively disliked him?"

"Hell, no."

"Thank you, Mr. Swithers." Valcour's voice was very gentle. "It is a detestably pitiable thing."

"You think he was killed, Mr. Valcour, don't you, sir?"

"Yes, Mr. Swithers, I do."

Young Swithers thought hard for a moment. "It's a good thing," he said.

Captain Sohme was startled into a snort, and Valcour said sharply, "What?"

"It's a good thing," young Swithers repeated, trying to focus his eyes a little more clearly on that flat white splash on the deck, and not being able to, "that the louse who did it can't get off the ship."

Chapter Six

Lat. 33° 54′ north
Long. 64° 38′ west

MISS SIDDERBY was still too excited to taste the essence of her shock. Her younger sister was with her in the lounge, securely fringed by the limelight, and Mr. Stickney had had the initiative to collar a steward and procure for her a lemonade laced with rum. He too was beside her and graciously fringed by the limelight.

The Pooles and Sanfords were in near-by chairs, and young Mr. Force was somewhat enveloped by Mr. Wright, whose pudginess overflowed from the arm of Mr. Force's chair, on which he was resting. Lieutenant Valcour, they knew, was out on deck and busy. It did not occur at the moment to any of them that, with Valcour's exception, Mr. Dumarque was the only other absentee from their list. Later, of course—

Perhaps to vary the monotony of repetition, Miss Sidderby discovered several new reactions and effects on her third recounting of her experience. Valcour stood just outside the open doorway of the little lounge and listened. With the exception of Mrs. Poole, everyone was looking at Miss Sidderby. Mrs. Poole wasn't. She was looking at Valcour, where he stood out there on the fringe of darkness; and Valcour, although listening to Miss Sidderby, was looking at Mrs. Poole.

Miss Sidderby brought her third version to a close with her scream, and Valcour tabulated two inconsequential (inconsequential because of their necessary obviousness) grains from the chaff: the faint sound of something falling—Gans' body, of course—and the equally faint impression of running footsteps, which might naturally have been the strangler clearing out when startled by her approach. Valcour felt that there was no value to her tale, except for the slender confirmation that it gave of things which he already believed must have been.

His nod to Mrs. Poole was barely perceptible; his suggestive indication of the deck was equally so. He left the open doorway and walked a bit along the dark still deck. The wind seemed fresher. It beat more keenly against his cheeks, and the ship's rolling had become more noticeable. He heard the murmur of voices and saw two figures carrying off a third between them. He joined Captain Sohme, who was talking, with stolid matter-of-factness, to young Swithers. ". . . . laid out decently," he was saying. "Please gather and make out an inventory of his effects, and keep them in your locker until we can turn them over to his kin ashore. Have Chips prepare the necessary canvas and sew the body up. We will have the burial at four bells on the last watch."

That would be, Valcour knew, at six on the following morning.

"Wouldn't it be possible to have it later, Captain, when the passengers are up?" he said.

"It is because I do not want the passengers to get any more nervous than they have, Valcour, that I do not want them up."

"We will lose the value of their expressions."

"The what?"

Valcour moved closer to Captain Sohme and said quietly: "I believe that the man who did this would be there while the body was going over the side."

Captain Sohme nodded. "After breakfast, then, Mr. Swithers. Say at three bells."

"Yes sir."

CAPTAIN SOHME stared vaguely after the two figures who were, so easily, carrying off a third between them. "It would be fitting for somebody to sit up with the deceased all night."

"I'm sitting," said young Swithers.

Valcour turned and headed back toward the lounge door, and quite suddenly out of the darkness Mrs. Poole, in her white evening dress, was beside him. She touched his arm and started walking aft. She stopped at the deserted green table, and they sat down.

"I feel as if we were engulfed in privacy," she said.

He caught the accuracy of her meaning: nothing living, nothing of life, seemed near them at all. The top-gear swung black spindles across hazed stars while the cold strong wind and hurrying waters pursued their noisy businesses, divorced with a blind indifference from the affairs of men.

"The ocean," she said, "doesn't care. If we get where we're going, all right; if we don't, all right. It's all the same to the ocean."

It wasn't the ocean, Valcour felt, that she was talking about at all. It was any number

of things: life, God, herself, her curious lack of satiety concerning husbands, and what he considered her genuine emotional sincereness, no matter how volatile or impermanent it was, or how infinite its variety—from all that he had heard about her.

"I'm going to deliver a letter, Mrs. Poole," he said, "that was addressed to you."

She sat quite still, very lovely, very beautiful in the night's vagueness, and tested the sentence's curious implications: going to deliver a letter—that was addressed—

"You've read it," she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Poole."

"Why?"

"It was found on the scene of a crime that occurred over a week ago in New York City. A man was killed, and we think that the letter was lost there by the man who killed him."

"This letter was addressed to me?"

"Yes, Mrs. Poole. It was addressed to Mrs. Victor Barton."

SHE didn't say anything for a minute. She accepted a cigarette from Valcour's case and waited until he had lighted it. Then she said. "It's interesting, isn't it?"

Valcour smiled and bowed slightly. "I'm not being so absurd as to suggest that you were in any way involved in the killing. But it seems logical that you must at some time have been involved—that's probably too strong a word; I should have said *acquainted* —with the man who did it."

"Why, yes—if he wrote to me. What is his name?"

"The letter wasn't signed. There was only your name and address on the stamped envelope. The message inside reads: *'Death comes again and again when one is young, even though the body does not die. I know where you are, and I am coming to you because—'* The message stops there. There wasn't, as I say, any salutation or any signature." His voice almost drifted off into the singing wind. "Does it mean anything to you?"

"Nothing."

"Who knew that you would be in Bermuda, Mrs. Poole?"

"Everybody."

Valcour laughed pleasantly. "I see." He hesitated for a moment, and then said: "I hope you wont mind my becoming personal, but have you known your husband for any length of time?"

He could feel warmth radiating from her, from some private and inner glow—gently radiating toward him through the harsh cool breeze.

"It wasn't necessary," she said.

He couldn't, of course, agree with this too strongly—on the basis of what must have been her catholic and accurate fund of experience in the selecting of husbands. Mr. Poole, he knew, was her fifth. The other four had been spectacular either in their divorces or in their demises. He wondered whether young Mr. Poole would be spectacular too, if one took it for granted that the present marriage would terminate after three or four years, as her previous marriages had terminated.

There was one novel feature that puzzled him about the present incumbent: to the best of Valcour's knowledge, young Mr. Poole was unknown, either socially or otherwise, and there were none of the signs about him that go with the possession of wealth—none of the subtle signs, and none of the blatant ones.

It occurred to him that she might have married young Poole for love or (more probably) from infatuation. The others, in the orderly sequence of their several exits, had either settled upon her or bequeathed to her a totaled fortune of millions. But Valcour believed that young Mr. Poole could do nothing like that.

"Before I show you this letter, Mrs. Poole, and ask you to try and identify the hand-

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RESULTS ARE IMMEDIATE!

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White is the natural color of Linit and there is no needless coloring or odor. Pure starch from corn is its main ingredient and being a vegetable product contains none of the mineral properties found in many cosmetics today.

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writing, I wish you would consider our five men passengers, excluding your husband. Have you ever come in contact with any of them before?"

"No."

Her answer was quite certain. There was no hesitancy about it at all. He looked at her steadily, trying to clarify her vagueness of features in the darkness.

"In that case we must consider the possibility of a stowaway, because there is some one on board this ship, Mrs. Poole, who at some time during his life has known you, and whom you have known. I am going to ask you to try and identify this handwriting."

VALCOUR took a flashlight from his pocket. From another pocket he took a stamped and addressed envelope. He drew his chair closer to Mrs. Poole's and turned the beam of the flashlight onto the envelope. Mrs. Poole looked intently at her former name, and at the address to her city house.

"It is not familiar," she said.

Valcour drew a sheet of notepaper from the envelope, and she stared at the unfinished message: *"Death comes again and again when one is young, even though the body does not die. I know where you are and I am coming to you because—"*

"It is the same handwriting as that on the envelope," she said. "It is not familiar."

"Not even vaguely familiar?"

"It doesn't mean anything to me at all." Her voice hardened a little, and Valcour could sense a creeping arrogance in it as she added: "Why should it?"

"There are lots of reasons why it should, Mrs. Poole. The way we consider it at Headquarters is that the man who wrote it wanted something from you, something which he felt belonged to him, either—"

"Nonsense!"

He cut methodically through her impatience. "People often believe things are theirs, or that they have a right to things, even though from another's point of view they believe so wrongfully. We must divorce ourselves from the idea that the writer of this letter was an ordinary crank."

"I don't see why. It seems to me the insane sort of letter that a crank would write."

"That is true, Mrs. Poole. But if it were the action of an ordinary crank, I think it would have stopped right there, with the letter; at most there would have been some later letters. But this man didn't stop with letters. He robbed and killed a man, and seriously injured another man, in New York City.

"We think at Headquarters that he followed you down here, to get in touch with you. I believe that he killed Mr. Gans tonight, and I think that he did it to prevent the delivery of a wireless message that contained a description of himself. I should like to convince you that we are dealing with a killer, Mrs. Poole, not with a crank. I wish you would tell me whether anyone within the past few days, or since our voyage started, has attempted to get in touch with you."

"No one, Mr. Valcour, in the sense that you mean, has attempted to get in touch with me."

He gauged her veracity, her sincerity, and it did not occur to him to doubt either. "It is that aspect which puzzles me so," he said. "Why should a man who wants to obtain something from you fail to make himself known? It's foolish, unless something happened during the last day or so since his arrival at Bermuda to make him change his plans. What could have?"

"Well—what could have?"

"Has anything unusual occurred to you?"

She said a bit acidly: "My marriage—although one wouldn't call that unusual."

He hesitated for a minute before saying: "But wasn't it?"

"Well!" She laughed somewhat harshly. "I did expect a little more *savoir faire* from you."

"I'm not trying to be impudent, Mrs. Poole. I'm not even trying to be nosey. In a curious case such as this one, there is little to do except feel one's way blindly, frequently stupidly."

She swung off at a wide tangent. "Why are you mixed up with it all? I didn't know that important members of the New York police went so far afield."

"We don't usually, except in cases involving influential men."

Her interest quickened perceptibly.

"This one did?"

"Yes, Mrs. Poole. The man who was robbed and killed in New York last week was your first husband."

(This absorbing murder-mystery will evoke steadily mounting interest, in the ensuing chapters—in the next, the March, issue.)

EUROPE NEXT SUMMER?

(Continued from page 78)

been there for three hundred years—apparently the same ones! You will not be able to believe the crown jewels exhibited there are real. But don't say so! Westminster Abbey looks exactly like its pictures. The Houses of Parliament are dignity personified, and Buckingham Palace is waiting to be looked at. . . . . The East Coast route from King's Cross to Scotland will spread England before you, while you enjoy the comfort of the world's most famous train, the Flying Scotsman. When you reach Edinburgh and Princes Street with the Castle on high, you will cable home that business will detain you in Scotland all summer. . . . . Here are some suggestions for those who are in no hurry: Far, far to the north is Trondhjem, Norway, a city of Viking sagas, where in Middle Ages, miracles attracted pilgrims to the shrine of St. Olac. . . . . It is better to go up the Rhine than down, from Cologne to Mainz, as the slower voyage against the current gives you more time to look for the Lorelei and enjoy the castles. Nuremburg is a medieval town, engaged in modern toy-making. It is unbelievably quaint.

KEY NUMBER 34

SICILY offers something for each member of a large family, no two of which have the same tastes! On this island you will find luxurious hotels or small ones, Etna to climb, "the little paradise of Taormina," ruins of Doric temples, Arab and Norman remains, and Spanish palaces. . . . . Do you love old castles? The center of Holland, toward the south, contains many not as well known as those of Germany and England, such for instance as Twickel, Weldam, Ruurlo, de Voorat and others. . . . . If you want to be happy when sick or simply to go where people are enjoying life, the gay French spas are the places for you. Especially fashionable are Aix-les-Bains, near the Lake of Bourget; and Evian, more modern, on Lake Leman. Saint-Gervais, at the foot of Mont Blanc, is the center of a flourishing group of high-altitude resorts: Combloux, Megeve-Mont d'Arbois, Chamonix-Mont Blanc, and Argentières. Vichy, near Riom, is equally famous for fashion and for springs. . . . . If you are limited in time, settle down in Dives, near Deauville. It is inexpensive and quaint, with Norman architecture that you will love. Don't miss the inn where William the Conqueror stayed before leaving for England. . . . . If the office or the family don't make you come home, go from Vienna, Austria, to Budapest, Hungary, by steamer on the Danube and settle down in Budapest for a week or a month. There are excursions in all directions, and the city itself is gay and friendly and beautiful.

KEY NUMBER 35

YOU will find sand-beach-salt-water bathing, golf, tennis, bowls, yachting, tail-less cats and the scenes of Hall Caine's novels at the Isle of Man, off the English coast. . . . . Balmoral Castle, the Highland home of the English royal family, is not far from Aberdeen, Scotland. If you can be in the autumn at Braemar, near by, you can see the Muster of the Claus, where the Scottish athletes toss the caber, play the bagpipes and compete in other national sports. . . . . A visit to the Lake of Garda, Italy, is interesting summer or winter. Orange and lemon trees grow here in the open air. There are very fine hotels in the little towns all along the lake, and an eighteen-hole golf course at Bogliaco. . . . . A motor-trip through Belgium will never be forgotten. . . . . Luchon is the gayest and most fashionable French resort in the Pyrenees, and the scenery is exceptional. Other spas are Le Boulon, called the Vichy of the South, and Font-Romeu, in the Haute Cerdagne, where the Grand Hotel, built at a height of nearly six thousand feet, has every possible comfort. . . . . Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, is almost as gay as the other city built on islands, and is called the Venice of the North. Its open-faced sandwiches are delicious. . . . . If your trip must be short you can't do better than spend it at Deauville where sea, sand and society lure the sophisticates.

KEY NUMBER 45

IN Coppet, Switzerland, is the gorgeous castle where the famous Necker and his daughter, Baroness Anne-Louise-Germaine de Staël-Holstein, entertained Schlegel, de Bonstetten, Sismondi, Barante, Benjamin Constant, Mme. Récamier and Prince Augustus of Prussia. The Baroness wrote "Corinne" while she lived here in retirement, owing to the resentment of Napoleon. . . . . The cathedrals of Holland are less well known than those of other lands, but well worth your attention: Cathedral of St. John, Bois-le-Duc; the Cathedral at Maastricht; New Church, Delft; Martini Church, Groningen; not to mention the Cathedral at Utrecht and Haarlem. Or if you prefer architectural ruins, go south to Maastricht. In Valkenburg, near by, are remains of Roman architecture and the most curious modern constructions in the world, a reproduction in Holland of some of the most remarkable of the Roman catacombs. . . . . Running down the middle of the southern half of France, roughly speaking from Tours to Toulouse, is a section which deserves to be better known. . . . . Visby, on the island of Gotland, south of Copenhagen, Sweden, is surrounded by a thirteenth Century wall, but they will let you in. . . . . In Dumfries, Scotland, the house of Robert Burns is kept as a shrine to his memory. Sir Walter Scott utilized the history and legend of this city in "Guy Mannering" and the "The Heart of Midlothian." . . . . If you can remain for a long while, you might enjoy the summer courses for foreigners held in Faenza, near Florence, celebrated for ceramics. These give particular regard to history of the ceramic art.

KEY NUMBER 123

DO not think because you have seen so many picture postcards of Marken, Holland, that you can afford to miss the island. Tourists have not spoiled it. Yellow curls, gay costumes, silver buttons, quaint houses, attract artists from all parts of the world. The hotel Spaander at Volen-

dam has a collection of paintings by the greatest artists who have visited Marken. . . . . Why not a tour of the French race-courses? You'll have stories to tell your friends which they will never hear in a travelogue. . . . . San Sebastian, on the Bay of Biscay, is the most famous watering place of Spain and the summer residence of the royal family. Fashionable hotels front on the promenade of La Concha, and on their terraces one can drink tea and watch the gay crowds. . . . . Everybody goes to Lucerne, on Lake Geneva, from every country. Some to look at the old bridges, some to see Thorwaldsen's Lion of Lucerne, some for the marvelous scenery, and some just to have a good time. . . . . "The City" of London is about a square mile of impressiveness with St. Paul's Cathedral in the center. "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" (the Bank of England) is here; the residence of the Lord Mayor, with his gilded coach; the Monument where Dickens' lovers were always meeting; Fleet Street of newspaper fame, with Dr. Johnson's Cheshire Cheese still serving luncheon near by. There's an ancient Roman bath just off the Strand that tourists sometimes overlook.

KEY NUMBER 124

WE hope you can spend a long time in Europe, for you will never get tired of it. . . . . Mont Blanc, in France, is the highest mountain in Europe, not too high for you to climb with your eyes as you sit in comfort at its foot. You'll want to see Chamonix, St. Gervais, Combloux and Megeve; Arvais Pass is a fine climb, and maybe you will want to "do" a glacier or two. . . . . If you want to see one of the most beautiful churches in the world (or rather two superimposed churches, one Romanesque-Gothic and the other French-Gothic), you must visit the Basilica of St. Francis at Assisi, Italy. . . . . Among all the fjords in Norway, Sunelvs Fjord and adjoining Geiranger Fjord are unique, for hundreds of waterfalls come down the cliffs like silver ribbons and misty veils. . . . . Can we sell you Turtagro, Norway, a scrap of a town up in the mountains where you can live economically but well? Its features are coolness, wonderful views and air that makes you skip like a young lamb. . . . . Geneva, on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, is where the nations of the world meet to settle world problems. Incidentally one can enjoy sailing on the Lake of Geneva. Naturally you will visit the Castle of Chillon. . . . . If you must go home after a few weeks, confine your trip to England. It is fortunate you are a walker, for one appreciates Oxford, England, more afoot than from a motor. Start at Carfax, the center of the town, and as you stroll along High Street, called the most beautiful street in Europe, you will see five of the colleges. The Bodleian Library is a famous collection of books in a famous building.

KEY NUMBER 125

IF you land at Liverpool, take time to visit the art-gallery before you go on to Chester. There you will walk around the city on the top of its old wall and shop in the quaint streets with covered passages called "rows." . . . . The famous Leaning Tower of Pisa is not the only glory of that Italian city. Go see the architectural treats that await your eyes! . . . . Amersfoort, Holland, is a town you will love to recall, with its old watergate, called the Koppelpoort, and its splendid Gothic tower. Fine roads and lovely scenery radiate in all directions. Hoorn is another quaint, pretty town with an old tower called "Hoofdtoren," and a fine old gate called "Oosterpoort." From the dyke one gets a magnificent view of the Zuider Zee. Stay over a Saturday to see the market. . . . . Berghaus, ten thousand feet high, near Interlaken, is the highest

When you scan the menu with disappointment . . . a tired digestion is warning you of

INTESTINAL TOXICITY

ENO
THE WORLD-FAMED EFFERVESCENT SALT

SO MANY of us greet the approach of meal-times with displeasure. A feeling of discomfort informs us that we may be hungry. But we don't look forward to eating with healthy appetites. And one glance at the menu satisfies us that the world is a dreary place at best!

Take care! A tired digestion probably is warning us against intestinal toxicity. Accumulated poisons in the digestive system are doing their treacherous work, causing headaches, bad breath, constipation —stealing appetite.

Don't risk the priceless gift of health through faulty intestinal hygiene. Such a condition is rarely a case for drastic cathartics. For these, while they may bring temporary relief, also frequently shock the system, and too often tend to cause undesirable habits. A balanced diet (with green vegetables and roughage) — exercise *in fresh air*—plenty of water—work wonders in keeping you fit and eager. As an added precaution, ENO taken regularly, often gives just the extra assistance needed to maintain a healthy eliminative system.

And ENO is so unlike the ordinary "bitter" salts, so pleasing in taste, so gentle, yet thorough in action, that it never leaves you "all dragged out"! And ENO is helpful in certain cases of acidosis too.

Try ENO for a week—regularly morning or evening. You'll give it a regular place on your bathroom shelf once you have experienced the keen, clear-eyed health that is possible to those who have repulsed the attacks of intestinal toxins.

This famous effervescent salt is available at all druggists at 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Prepared by J. C. Eno, Ltd., in London, England; Buffalo, N. Y.; Toronto, Canada; Paris; Berlin and Madrid. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Avenue at 34th St., New York.

"Just pour it in and drink—it stirs itself"

ENO—health aid—will cost you less than 3c a day

When you get up, take a generous teaspoonful of ENO *in a glass of water. This sparkling saline, taken regularly, helps keep you fit and eager through the hardest day. For a business headache, take a glass of* ENO. *At soda fountains everywhere.*

France

SPRINGTIME in France! ... no tourists, no trouble securing reservations ... the smartest people ... a chance to catch the summer fashions first ... weather for gods. Biarritz, a gorgeous beach, a setting of the utmost chic for every scintillating hour ... St. Jean de Luz, where mountains meet the sea ... Hendaye for golf ... the Pyrenees, skyhigh between France and Spain, with winter sports that carry the ultimate thrill ... Marseilles, the greatest port in France, with moving-picture streets and ships from Africa ... the Riviera, abloom with flowers, ablaze with jewels ... Cannes, Antibes, Juanles-Pins, Nice, with motors flashing the international set from one gay party to the next ... Monte Carlo, newly smart, the magnet of the world that plays for dizzy stakes. Return through the Chateau Country ... and find history come alive in silken gardens, rooms that echo dancing feet of long ago ... enchanted miles roofed with a dazzling sky, threaded with roads where common sense is the only speed limit ... yours to love and linger in till Paris calls ... center of elegance, of wit, of cookery and charm, endlessly changing ... the perfect mistress for the wandering heart!

Information and literature on request

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Photo by Daily Mirror

The lights of London are recalled by many when they hear the chimes of Big Ben broadcast

hotel in the world. . . . . If you can spend time to your heart's content, look into the Nile tours.

KEY NUMBER 134

IF your time is limited, spend most of it in one place. To see interesting people, go to Brittany. Go, if you can, to the Pardon of Sainte-Anne d'Auray or Roumengal, Loeronan, or Sainte-Anna-la-Palue. Visit the delightful watering-places. . . . . If time is no object, travel from Naples to Bari by rail and from there along the Dalmatian Coast to Trieste. Stop over at the old town of Zara and the Islands of Brioni, where the hotels provide golf, tennis, swimming and polo. . . . . Heidelberg, Germany, is known to Americans as the scene of "The Student Prince" and the seat of the oldest university in Germany. It is famous for its old buildings, music and beer. The Heidelberg Festival Plays take place during the summer months in the courtyard of the Castle. . . . . If you wish to see a terraced mountain vineyard nine miles long, you will find it in Lavaux, near Lucerne, Switzerland. . . . . The inland spas of England combine history, smartness and health in varying proportions. Bath has an Abbey, monuments, stately streets, traditions and present pleasures. Other notable resorts of individual charm are Cheltenham, Malvern, Droitwich Spa, Leamington Spa, Church Stretton, Builth Wells, Llandrindod Wells, Llangammarch Wells, Llanwrtyd Wells.

KEY NUMBER 135

THE ITALIAN ALPINE CLUB has provided comfortable refuges along the trails and organized the guides. You will find delightful comrades among mountain climbers. The passes best known are the Little and the Great St. Bernard **and** the Simplon, and others are traveled by motor roads. Decide the height to which you wish to climb and choose one to suit; all sizes are all about. . . . . When in Oslo (Christiania), the capital of Norway, do not fail to see in the Open Air National Museum the thousand-year-old Viking ship in which a queen was buried. . . . . Along that section of French coast facing the North Sea are several delightful watering-places frequented by the English. Malo-les-Bain is a popular resort. You will find English visitors at Boulogne, Wineveux, Hardelot and especially at Paris-Palge, in the Forest of Touquet. Whenever the chalk cliffs are broken by a beach, a port or watering-place is found. . . . . Wiesbaden, on the Rhine, is full of people of all nationalities engaged in having a good time. . . . . Are you in a hurry? Stay in England. Around Piccadilly Circus, particularly along Shaftesbury Avenue, London, you will find the newer restaurants and theaters. Soho, near by, is cosmopolitan and a bit bohemian. You can see more interesting things in London in a week than you can anywhere else.

KEY NUMBER 145

IF you want a wishing well, you will find it in Anglesey, on the west coast of England, where the fairies still have power. Be sure to visit the village of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwillandsiliogogogoch, for the sake of its name. . . . . For picturesqueness try Sion, Switzerland, full of history and beauty, and situated among eight thousand acres of vineyards. . . . . Abnizzi, Italy, where a small territory includes the highest peaks of the Apennine Mountains, is yet almost undiscovered by tourists. Aquila is the capital, and Sulmona is the birthplace of Ovidus. . . . . "A fairy village" is the name accorded to Giethoorn, Holland. Go by train to Meppel, thence by motor or bicycle to Wanneperveen. From there in a punt, used by the inhabitants as the sole means of conveyance. The canals are overshadowed by trees and crossed by innumerable arched bridges making each house a tiny castle surrounded by its moat. . . . . In Staphorst, near by, the handsome women and men all wear a costume peculiar to the place. . . . . The great Lion, sculptured by Bartholdi, is in the Tronée de Belfort, a gap between the Jura and the Vosges mountains, at the threshold of Alsace. Alsace has quaint villages, and Strassburg, its capital, has a fine cathedral. Nancy, the capital of Louvaine, is one of the gayest towns in France. Vancouleurs and Domremy are famous through Joan of Arc. . . . . If this is to be a short trip and you are looking for quiet, stay at undiscovered Lancieux on the north coast of Brittany.

KEY NUMBER 234

CAN you get away to Europe early enough to attend the festival held in Orleans, France, on May 8th, to commemorate the deliverance of the city by Joan of Arc in 1429? You will wish also to visit the Chateaux of Chinon, for here, in the throne-room of the Middle Castle, Joan had her interviews with Charles VII. . . . . Princess Street, Edinburgh, is one of the loveliest streets in the world. You'll want to visit Holyrood, Edinburgh Castle and other haunts of ill-fated kings and queens. . . . . Amsterdam, the capital of Holland, is renowned for tobacco and diamonds; so you had better buy one or both according to your sex or money. If you can, time your visit to at-

tend one of the numerous festivities for which the city is famous, and you will find yourself taken back into the period of Jan Steen, the famous painter of the Seventeenth Century. . . . . Are you interested to hear that every town in Holland offers its own special delicious cake? . . . . You would like Antibes in France and Gstaad in Switzerland. . . . . If you have time, make Budapest your headquarters and go on daily autocar tours through places most tourists have to miss.

KEY NUMBER 235

WHILE there are no pirates in Penzance today, the lure of them still hangs on. The great coast crags of Cornwall, with the noisy surf and the brave little villages, are entrancing. The Scilly Isles, off the point, warmed by the Gulf Stream, are great flower gardens for the London market. . . . . If time is no object, why not the Austrian Tyrol with its cosmopolitan visitors at all seasons? Innsbruck is a good excursion center and has plenty of music, mountains and sports. . . . . Brussels, the capital of Belgium, has a gay and cosmopolitan atmosphere. Its broad streets and avenues, large shops, theaters, cafés and variety of amusements make the fashionable upper city of today, while monuments, art galleries, museums, churches and religious houses of the lower section lead back to its ancient history. Waterloo is ten miles away. The Museé du Congo at Terveuren shows the life of the African colony. . . . . In the Chateau of Chambord, in the Forest of Boulogne, France, are double spiral stairways so arranged that one person may go up and another down without meeting. . . . . Milan, the capital of Lombardy, Italy, contains in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper"; Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, the most fashionable place in Milan, and Milan Cathedral.

KEY NUMBER 245

YOU can stand more hours in picture-galleries than the usual art-lover, for you know what to look at and how to see. When you reach Holland, begin with the Boymans Museum in Rotterdam, containing pictures by Hobbema, Frans Hals, van der Helst and others. You will find your Rembrandt favorites in the Rijkmuseum, Amsterdam and in the Mauritshuis at the Hague, beside the others by Jan Steen which hang upon the walls of a delightful 18th century house. In Haarlem are Frans Hals' pictures of civic banquets. . . . . If ever a country offered art, natural beauty and history in combination, it is Italy along the Bay of Naples. A motor ride on Amalfi Drive overlooking the Bay of Salerno, combine ease of body with delight of soul, and Naples itself is a gem. . . . . Zurich, Switzerland, is a comfortable city, revealing more and more delights as you stay. The Lake of Zurich is charming. . . . . The Rhone rises in Alpine glaciers but flows through France for the benefit of travelers who can appreciate a mighty pale-green river. Its cities are storehouses of history and ancient architecture. . . . . Other tours are for those who have little time and want to taste every minute. If you like the northern countries, you would enjoy the tour that takes in England, Iceland, Spitzbergen, also the North Cape, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, the Rhine and France.

KEY NUMBER 345

COPENHAGEN, the capital of Denmark, is a city of outdoor cafés, charming villas and the sophistication of Paris. It is the center for delightful drives. . . . . Old Warwick is an English village worthy of the impressive castle it surrounds. The castle, begun in the Thirteenth Century, has been beautifully preserved, and much of it is open to the public. It is a true castle with everything in keeping, even to the peacocks. . . . . Few travelers realize some of the pleasantest seaside-resorts of Northern Europe are in Holland along the North Sea. They furnish a safe beach for the children, with plenty of sport for the grown-ups, good hotel accommodations and chances to motor through countrysides with quaint villages and picturesque towns. . . . . If your trip must be short, you might hunt palaces near Paris. Take Versailles or choose among Saint-Germain, Rambouillet, Chantilly, Pierrefonds and Fontainebleau. The forest of Fontainebleau contains fine trees, strange gorges, peculiar freestone rocks, and tracts of desert sand, the ensemble being curiously picturesque. . . . . Courmayeur in the Italian Alps at the foot of Mont Blanc is most suitable as a center for excursion in the Alpine region.

KEY NUMBER 1234

WHY not Vienna—that second Paris? You can take a course at the University, hear music with your food, study modern education, or go to one of the Danube bathing beaches and also visit a musician a day. . . . . Along the banks of the River Loire, the kings of France, from Charles VII to Louis XIII, built magnificent homes which have given the section the name of the Chateaux Country. . . . . To the east of Genoa, Italy, is the Riviera di Levante, with wild, rugged indented shores, wild flowers and woods. To the west of the city the Riviera di Ponente runs to Ventimiglia with sandy shores, gorgeous gardens and olive groves. San Remo especially prides itself on its hotels and villas. . . . . Unter den Linden and adjacent thoroughfares are the center of Berlin gayety. You will get excellent music and interesting theatrical developments in this city. . . . . Blackpool, on the Lancashire coast of England, is an amusement resort with a five-mile shore-front. It boasts of being able to house and entertain two hundred thousand visitors even on a rainy day when no one loves a beach.

KEY NUMBER 1235

THE hotel life of Ostend is famous the world over. The summer residence of the Belgian royal family is here. Visitors occupy themselves with swimming, tennis, golf, walking, dancing, concerts, gaming and dining. The Wellington Hippodrome, where some of the greatest horse-racing events in Europe take place, is equally famous for beautiful women in marvelous costumes. . . . . Llandudno and Colwyn Bay, North Wales, compete as beautiful, popular seaside resorts. . . . . Munich, Germany, is the home of painting, esthetic dancing, dramatic art and beer. You can hear Wagner and Mozart all summer. . . . . Vevey, Switzerland, is a spot in which to spend a day or a lifetime. The ancient Festival of the Vine-dressers is held here. . . . . If you must be back home on time, you might prefer a tour—perhaps one to Gibraltar, Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, Italy, France and England.

KEY NUMBER 1245

STEEP, winding, narrow streets, beautiful ancient palaces, exquisite carvings, marvelous frescoes and beauties innumerable are to be enjoyed at Siena, Italy. . . . . Would you like to ride in a *"stalkjaerres"* among the crags of Norway? Take Gudvangen as a starting-point. . . . . Crocuses bloom near Haarlem, Holland, in February; later come the famous tulips and other bulb flowers till the late gladioli in August. A flower-garden trip through Holland is recommended to you. . . . . Or do you prefer the goose and granite of Brittany, France? Will you go to Saint Malo or Dinard or Saint Lunaire or Roscoff or a spot that lies between? Each has its special loveliness of pink granite or Gulf Stream warmth or surf or sandy beaches.

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In bygone days only the wealthy could travel, and they didn't enjoy it. The traveler needed lots of money, lots of time, lots of energy and an iron-clad constitution.

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Photos by A. M. Bailey

SAVAGES ARE PLEASANT PEOPLE

By Vilhjalmur Stefansson

THE explorer, Stefansson, has had many extraordinary experiences; one was unique—when he discovered a village of Eskimos who had never seen a white man before—and yet he could talk with them for he had learned their language from another branch of their race! He tells of this and other amazing experiences in a fascinating article—in which he draws startling conclusions:

"We are civilized and glad of it," he writes. "There are savages in the world, and we are sorry for them. . . . . But explorers are nearly unanimous that most savages are nature's gentlemen, and that their lives are happier than ours, that they are pleasanter to deal with on the average than we. We have more things, but are not more content. To begin with, savages are not savages; and to end with, they are very much like us, our superiors in a few important things, our inferiors in many not so important."

Would we find happiness in a return to the simple life? Read this deeply interesting article and judge for yourself—

IN THE MARCH

Redbook

Photo by International Newsreel

Tourists and some A. E. F. men are familiar with Andernach, near Coblenz.

. . . . In London you will be entranced by the Temple, off Fleet Street, where lawyers live in a maze of old-fashioned houses divided into "rooms," which is English for "apartments." . . . . Since you can stand lack of comfort for the sake of beauty, take in Spain. One quick tour covers Gibraltar, Spain, France, the Chateau Country and England.

KEY NUMBER 1345

THE King of Denmark has a residence at Skagen, the topmost tip of Denmark, and here is also an artists' colony. The beach is backed with sand-dunes. . . . . Stresa, on Lake Maggiore, Italy, is the favorite summer resort of Italian nobility, and Lake Como near by is worth more than a day's time. . . . . Flemish art centers in Antwerp, Belgium; and when you weary of pictures, climb the cathedral tower or take a boat ride on the Schelde. . . . . In the Chateau of Chaumont, France (on the Orleans to Tours line), Catherine de Medici shut herself up in a tower to practice magic, and the Chateau of Villandry (on the left bank of the Loire) has gardens restored to their original Sixteenth Century design. . . . . If a short trip is all you can manage, don't forget that the English Lake District in the northwest corner of England contains sixteen lakes whose beauty is extolled by painting, poetry and photography. You will want to see the ruins of Kendal Castle; it was the home of Katherine Parr, the only lady who survived a marriage with Henry VIII; Lake Windermere with its scenic golf-course; Ambleside and Rydal, where Wordsworth wrote; Grasmere where the famous Grasmere sports are held in August; Keswick, the home of Southey; and Derwentwater—an example of perfect beauty.

KEY NUMBER 2345

JOIE DE VIVRE and a mild climate are guaranteed in the Channel Islands, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney and Sark, off the coast of England. . . . . "The Garden of Ireland" is near Dublin, the section around Wicklow where you will find coast scenery, bathing, golf, fishing, and delightful walks. . . . . The Hague, Holland, attracts all kinds of travelers. It is lovely, historic, renowned in art, and the center of peace congresses, international courts of arbitration, and other world movements. . . . . Saumur, in Anjou, France, is an excellent sight-seeing center, besides being the center of the wine industry. The cellars of Sain-Florent, a mile away, are hollowed out of the hill. . . . . You are going to have the time of your life in Rome, for you will find there food for every side of your multiple personality; the pagan ruins of the Forum and the Palatine will delight your historic interest; St. Peter's and St. Paul's and other churches will rouse your artistic appreciation; the gay social life will intrigue you; and comfortable hotels will offer you rest after the fatigue of sight-seeing. . . . . If home ties shorten your time, take the tour that covers Sicily, Italy, the Italian lakes, France and England. Looking back on it, this two months' trip from America to America will seem like half a year.

KEY NUMBER 12345

BADEN-BADEN, Germany, is a world-famous resort for smart folk and invalids. You can take medicinal baths, or dance or listen to music as your taste inclines. If you take a walking trip through the Black Forest, see the Rhine Falls near Schaffhausen and visit the quaint Stein-am-Rhein. . . . . The French Atlantic coast, north of the Pyrenees is called the "Silver Coast" from its miles of sand. A fine summer resort has been built at Arcachon, with winter residences on the pine-covered dunes. Pau, inland on the heights, is also a winter resort. But Biarritz is the smartest of all seaside resorts along this section of the coast. Other bathing resorts are Saint-Jean-de-Luz, Hendaye, Banyuls and Callioure. . . . . Florence, Italy, is a city both of the present and of the past. A delightful American and English colony contains writers and artists. You can see Michelangelo's house. The Uffizi and Pitti Galleries contain masterpieces. . . . . Ober-Ammergau, Germany, is a favorite summer resort, and once every ten years the Passion Play is given here. The inhabitants are chiefly wood-carvers. . . . . Swiss Federal Railroads offer various forms of season and combined tickets which much reduce the cost of travel in that lovely land. . . . . Cambridge, England, is worth visiting, for even during holidays the college buildings are beautiful, the winding Cam is lovely and the rural surroundings "sweetly smiling."

YOU GOT WHAT YOU ASKED FOR

(Continued from page 55)

refusing to marry; and when they marry, they send their wives out to work.

"In the factory where I now direct a department, there are over three hundred girls. It's pitiful to see them handling machinery eight hours a day, getting a few minutes of daylight at noon in the crowded streets of lower Manhattan. Most of them are working in the hope that they will soon be freed by marriage from what they now call the 'daily drudge.' They don't realize that men are turning the tables on us and inviting us to be completely independent—that is, to work outside the home after marriage as well as before. That's the joker in emancipation: we are free to work in factories and offices forever. Once a girl was ruled by her mother and her father; now she is ruled by the pay-envelope, which never scolds, but never smiles. Once a woman's life was filled with the trouble of children; now it is emptied with the routine of machinery. Man still runs the world, and woman is still his slave."

"You mean the unmarried woman," breaks in a young athlete who has been listening. "After marriage it is the woman who rules, nine times out of ten, in the classes to which we belong. Look at them: forever prodding their husbands on to more work, more income by hook or crook, in order to keep up with the Joneses (who are trying to keep up with them) in automobiles, chauffeurs, fur coats, first-cabin travel, mechanical refrigerators, mechanical music, new furniture every year, new stockings every day (with dresses to match), and a home in the country for the summer. When I see my married friends, I hesitate even to think of marriage. And I hesitate, too, when I see the modern girl. She is all sex appeal: she offers me, as if she thought it the greatest gift in her power, just that which I can get from any chorus-girl on Broadway."

"You fool!" cries the ex-hostess. "Don't you know that we must flaunt our bodies before you because you've lost the decency to be led to marriage by anything else?"

"Nonsense! That never makes us think of marriage. It makes us think of sex alone, which ought to be only a small part of marriage. Marriage isn't above all a matter of sex; it's a matter of children and a home. But does the modern girl make a man think of a home, of home comforts, of home cooking, or of children? She knows nothing of all this; some silly book has told her that these things are old-fashioned, that they are slavery. When women behave as if they could be decent mothers, men will not hesitate to marry them."

ANOTHER man speaks—a business-man, apparently, quiet, imperturbable and courteous.

"Don't you think," he suggests, "that in considering the matter only from a psychological point of view you are overlooking economic conditions that are at the root of the situation? If men don't marry as early as they used to, it isn't because they are wicked and women are immodest; it's because they don't feel themselves financially in a position to marry. Back of all these problems is the city. When we lived out on the farm, we could earn our living as easily at twenty as we could at forty; there was no financial reason for delaying marriage, and every reason for welcoming it. A wife, in those simple days, was a helpmeet; it was wiser to get her labor free of charge by marrying her, than to pay others to do it. As long as you have the present industrial system, with all its uncertainty and brutal competition, and all the complexity that makes a man of thirty still economically immature, you'll have that deferment of marriage which is leaving so many women lonely, and is destroying our moral code. And as long as our industrial system continues, you'll see women drawn out of the home into the factory, because the factory has taken work out of the home, and the manufacturer, compelled by competition, seeks the labor of women as cheaper than the labor of men. We're free today from moral restraints, but we're not free from economic forces. You ask women to give you a home, but where can they make a home in the city? Land is dear in the city, and inevitably apartments take the place of homes. There's no use talking about the difficulties of mating or marriage unless we change the economic basis of our lives. I'm a business-man, but I'm frank to say that it's business and industry that are today 'destroying the home.' I think it's in such terms as these that we ought to look at the problem and seek a solution."

"BUT you too," protests the lady of learning, "offer only analysis, and no remedy. Don't you know that as a result of the rebellion of men against marriage, we women face a crisis in emancipation—that all our freedom is mere poison to us if we can't fulfill ourselves as Nature would have us do?"

"I can't solve the problem, my dear lady. I see only a few angles of it; I can't get into the hearts of other men, much less into the hearts of women. It's a matter for a commission, as Mr. Hoover would say; and he would be as right as he usually is. But let me learn from you. You say that women must be permitted to fulfill themselves as Nature would have them do. Do you mean fulfillment through motherhood?"

"Certainly. I think that for nine women out of ten life without motherhood is a disease. A 'career' can be added to motherhood, but it can't take its place. I should say the same thing for a man's life without parentage."

"Splendid! Let us take that as our starting point, then: we want an economic system that will encourage, not discourage, the natural impulse to family life—by which I mean the association not merely of a man with a woman, but of a man and a woman who are bringing up children. The man or the woman who does not desire a family life is either a genius or a degenerate; and it is easier to be the second. The Stoics were right: unless, in essentials, we are true to nature, true to our profoundest instincts, we shall know many pleasures, but no happiness—not to speak of the extinction of our group.

"I think the supreme obligation of statesmanship today, next to the organization of peace, should be to restore health to the family; to empty these attics and tenements and apartments of a promiscuous and neurotic population, and send them out to the countryside where it is possible to have homes and to rear children. Perhaps hydro-electric power will make this feasible; it will supply energy everywhere, and enable industry to decentralize itself and cleanse itself, so that it may thrive without disharmony or disfigurement in the midst of gardens and fields. We must live where land is cheaper, so that we may build on it; and perhaps, if we are to be very happy, grow things on it, in our leisure, that we may eat, now and then, the good things that our own hands have sown and reaped, and that our family has labored over together.

"I would have dowries. The young can't afford to marry; let the parents help them in the old way, and more generously than ever, so that we may make amends to our children for that complex life which they inherit from us, and in which it takes them so long to find a secure economic place. We lavish money on medicine and education, to cure the effects of unwise living, and to impart yesterday's science and the languages of

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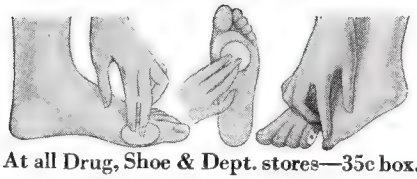

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antiquity—while all the time our moral life goes to pieces because the financial immaturity of our sons compels them to postpone marriage to an unnatural age."

"You don't think, then," asked the young athlete, "that women are at fault in this decadence of marriage?"

"We are all at fault together. Some men are so sick in soul as to prefer wantons to children; some women are so near the wanton as to offer men only their perfumed flesh; some parents are selfish and narrow enough to let their children run the gantlet of disease instead of meeting the enthusiasm of their first love with encouragement and material aid. Instead of giving dowries when these are needed, they cling to their wealth and bequeath it when their sons are old; they condemn their sons to promiscuity, and soon their daughters too. You see that we're all in the mess together, though I think it is we parents who are most to blame. The industrial revolution has flung us into chaos, and only the wisest guidance can lead us back to order and peace. To restore health to the family and happiness to our mated lives will be the greatest task of the next generation."

WE emerge from the tea-room into the fury of the city crowd and the clash of advertisements shrieking in the sky. A thousand faces pass us in a moment on the vast nocturnal tide; and we wonder where each of these stray souls is going, and whether it will find any happiness there. The automobiles crawl by, symbol of a speed that has defeated itself.

Far away in the northern end of the State, in a little village called Champlain, an old man of eighty years sits on the porch of his cottage beside his wife, aged seventy-eight. Around them stretch their fields, and the undulating corn that their sons have planted. The tinkle of bells comes from grazing cows, and from the barn the neighing of horses as they champ their feed.

For sixty years they have lived together, rearing two generations of daughters and sons; at their golden wedding half a hundred children and grandchildren came to honor them. They have not had much time to quarrel; life has kept them too busy with healthy toil; no wealth has come to divide them; and every new child, even every trouble shared, has bound them closer into one. They have never thought of separating, for every day they have been indispensable to each other. They do not utter many words, for they need no discourse or argument to express themselves; they have learned that only actions speak, and that life slips out beyond the reach of words. The old man smokes his pipe, and the old woman sits quiet after the day's absorbing work. Behind them the round-globed lamp shines in the window, filling the cottage with soft light.

"Come, *ma vieille,* my old one," he says, "it is time to go to bed."

LEADER OF THE HERD

(Continued from page 53)

"My God!" exclaimed the general manager. Wildly he glanced toward the boss bull-man, but that individual only yanked at his cap and shrugged his shoulders. "When is the parade?"

"Tomorrow. Two o'clock. I figured that was the best time, since there's no first-day matinée."

"Well, we've got to cancel it. Anyway, cancel the bulls. You beat it back and cool him down on those elephants. No, wait. We'll get the machine, and I'll run in with you. Maybe he isn't set on the elephants as much as you think he is."

"Ever see his gallery of circus kodaks?" asked Newspapers. "He's got more pictures taken with elephants than Jack Dempsey."

"I'll get the circus car," the general manager repeated as though he had not heard. "We'll stop downtown and send him a wire that we're coming."

THEN they hurried out, leaving the boss bull-man alone before the picket-line. For a long time he merely stood with his hands in his hip pockets. Finally his eyes squinted with heavy thought. Then at last, he moved forward, and stood until matinée time, just petting the dolorous Old Mom. The next noon, after the show had been unloaded and the eighteen elephants had been led to their picket-line following their long incarceration in the cars, he again stood beside Old Mom, petting her and talking to her when the general manager, swabbing a handkerchief at the sweatband of his hat, moved into the menagerie.

"Got to go through with that parade," he said. "We've had a hell of a time. How're we going to handle those bulls?"

"I don't know," answered the boss bull-man.

"You don't know? Why don't you know? You're the boss bull-man!"

"Who, me?" asked the head bull-keeper vapidly.

"Cut the comedy. We're stuck—got to use the elephants. This parade's liable to jam up the whole town unless we're careful. Rajah, there's, always scared of those hoot-hoot whistles on trucks; they allow 'em here. He'll panic in a minute. Get out every chain we've got and cross 'em, front leg to back; tighten 'em up so that no bull can take a full step. Understand?" he asked anxiously. "We're lashed to the mast here."

Then he rushed on, to the assembling of performers, the giving of orders to the boss hostler for the denuding of the horse-tents, so that enough draft- and ring-animals might be congregated to fill out the procession. Soon Newspapers had hurried through the menagerie, followed by a quartet of color-splotched sign-painters, bearing armfuls of cloth banners to be placed upon the parade paraphernalia. A bugle blew; wind-jammers assembled and began testing their air with runs and trills and tremolos. Bosses hurried about; harness clanked; heavy wagons truckled in and out of the tents. Performers rushed to their trunks, hastily changed their street clothing for tournament costume, and rushed forth again, inquiring their places in the pageant. But at the elephant line there remained only inactivity. Assistants lolled about; elephants remained at their picket-pins, and the boss bull-man sat seemingly half asleep on a bale of hay when the general manager at last steamed in that direction.

"What's the matter here?" he asked excitedly. "We've got to get going!"

The boss bull-man blinked his eyes.

"Who's *we?"* he asked. Then: "I been thinkin' it over. I don't guess I'll go on no parade."

"You'll go, or else—"

"Yeh, I know that," said the herd-boss sadly. He hooked his arms over his knees, meanwhile regarding Old Mom. "Yeh, I know. But what's a job if you can't use it? You wouldn't let me have my way about running these bulls."

The general manager gasped.

"I'll let you *own* the bulls, if you'll only get going!" he said. "Do what you want to with 'em, only hne 'em up and get 'em through these streets without an accident!"

"No butting in?" asked the boss bull-man. "No clamping down on Old Mom?"

"Hang Old Mom! Get this herd to moving and keep 'em safe. That's all I want."

The boss bull-man came to sudden life.

"All right, men!" he shouted, swinging to

his feet. "Out with them chains and leg-irons. Shake it up!"

WHEN the general manager passed through again, he saw a doubled crew at frenzied work; a half-hour later the boss bull-man trotted out of the menagerie with his bull-hook caught lightly in the trunk of Old Mom, whom he swerved to a position at the foot of the viaduct leading to Main Boulevard. Shouts and commands came from the menagerie tent, the screaming and trumpeting of elephants, the barking of the bull herd-dog and the shrieking of cat animals, frenzied by the excitement at the elephant-line. The general manager, edging out of the tangle of wagons, horses and performers for a moment, ran toward the bull-boss, and shouted an order:

"Say, you!" he commanded. "Where's Old Mom's leg-chains?"

"In the wagon!" snapped the boss bull-man. Then, cupping his hands to his mouth, he shouted toward the menagerie: "All right, boys! Bring 'em out, the first six!"

The side-wall lifted. Out came six elephants, in pairs, cross-chained on the legs and with neck chains connecting them together by twos—Rajah and General, Alice and Mazie, Pojo and Sahib, a quiet elephant and an agitator chained together in each instance, all of them protesting against their bonds, their trunks moving about curiously, their eyes distended until the whites showed. This was something unusual; they didn't like their bondage, and they liked less the way they were being hustled about. And all the time the boss bull-man stood at the foot of the runway, Old Mom placidly by his side. The first six moved forward. Then, around the side of the big top came a circus tractor, cut-out open, valve whistle shrieking, and a half-dozen empty five-gallon lard cans tied on behind. It clattered and screeched and roared its way forward, while the six elephants began to fret and shiver; it whirled suddenly and with the throttle wide open came straight at the six, not veering until it seemed within inches of the rearing Rajah and his fretting chain-mate. The other elephants were struggling now too, one against the other. The boss bull-man jerked his hook into the trunk of Old Mom.

"All right, old gal!" he shouted. "Take him!"

He prodded her forward, toward the rearing, plunging Rajah. "Take him!" he commanded. "Pick 'im up!"

It was a call Old Mom had known for a quarter-century, to pull a wagon out of the mud, to straighten a pole, lower her head against a freight-car, to whack the daylights out of a recalcitrant member of her herd. She swayed uncertainly, her long trunk blasting eddies of dust as it ran along the ground. Her eyes rolled, and she gave a queer, chirruping call, almost a whimper. The boss bull-man hooked her again.

"Pick 'im up!" he commanded. "Pick 'im up, you old fool!"

He pushed her forward; Old Mom moved grudgingly—she knew that she was being forced into battle against six beings, any one of which was better than she physically. Again she whimpered. Again she blasted and swayed, while the six recalcitrant bulls tangled and plunged, only their chains and the fact that one was pulling against the other, saving them from panic as the assistants crowded about them, striving in vain to hold them quiet. In the background, horses milled and drivers shouted, performers ran to places of safety, and the general manager cursed under his breath. But the boss bull-man only drove his hook deeper and repeated his command:

"Pick 'im up, there! *Mom!* You! Pick 'im up!"

The old call had begun to bring back an old spirit. There was a different tone to Old Mom's chirruping now. Her trunk raised. The eyes whitened. Then she trumpeted, a command with a roar to it. The elephant gave no heed. Again the boss bull-man urged her forward; and this time Old Mom obeyed. A swift yet careful movement, she swept to the side of Rajah and lashed at him with her trunk. It was a gingerly blow, struck almost fearfully; Old Mom was retreating even as she delivered it. But it struck nevertheless, and Rajah recoiled from its force. He blasted furiously and strove to lunge at her. But the weight of his chain-mate interfered. And then Old Mom understood. She had something on him! She could attack him, and he could not fight back!

"Pick 'im up, Mom!" cried the bull boss. "Pick 'im up!"

There was little need for the command. Again she had come forward, this time with more assurance. Behind her blow was the strength of full power; again Rajah winced; again he strove to retaliate and failed. A wild cry of challenge surged from the open throat of Old Mom. She swayed and bellowed, her trunk literally racing along the ground. She moved forward and back, like a general surveying his field. Then she suddenly swerved. Her great head lowered and her neck-muscles bulged. Then while horses tangled and men shouted, while chained elephants milled and screamed and strove to evade her, she came forward, a four-ton battering-ram, head-on into Rajah.

THERE was a crash like the collision of railroad trains, the grinding of rough hides, the roaring and bellowing of six distraught animals, accompanied by the louder trumpeting of an elephant in triumph. Out of the cloud of dust Old Mom at last emerged, surveyed her enemy and lashed forward again, this time whipping out with her trunk in swift blows, moving to the right and left and back again, trumpeting and shrieking elephantine commands which six recalcitrants understood. Now there was no resistance, only the effort to get away; the feeling of command had permeated elephantine brains. This old bull was free, to lash them or beat them as she chose. She was supreme; they could not combat her. Rajah straightened and stood whimpering, his partner beside him. The second pair did likewise, and the third. The boss bull-man shouted anew:

"Hey, Red! Come back with that tractor."

Up it clattered again, shrieking and snorting, cut-out roaring, tin cans rattling, while Old Mom, with the boss bull-man at her trunk, moved to and fro before her charges. Again Rajah fretted; instantly she was upon him with lashings of the trunk and furious commands. At last he stood trembling while the truck shrieked its whistle against his very ears. The boss bull-man grinned.

"You got 'em, Mom!" he shouted. Then to his assistants. "Take 'em back and mingle 'em."

Back into the menagerie went the six chained elephants, at last to come forth again, spaced at intervals between the chained pairs of the rest of the herd. Again the tractor came forward, again there was panic. But again the bull-hook sank in the trunk of Old Mom, and the command of "Pick 'im up!" sounded from the throat of the boss bull-man. The excitement in the background had lessened perceptibly now, for the battle was all but won.

Here and there, forward, then back, to the right and left, Old Mom swept with a speed which seemed impossible. Now she lowered her head and went plunging straight at a resistant pair, again she merely stood and cajoled, smoothing the shoulders of a trembling beast with her long trunk, like a parent with a frightened child. Or she marched and bellowed, hoofs lifted high, her

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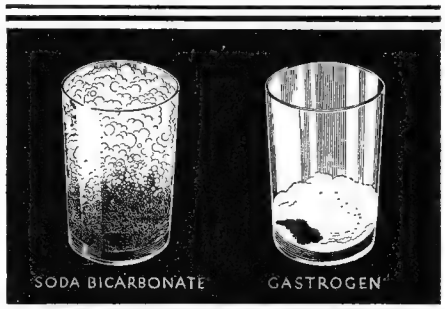

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trunk arched, her red throat voicing commands beyond understanding to the humans who watched, but which were full of meaning for the tremendous, frightened hulks whom she strove to subdue. Gradually a factor came to her aid, the steadying influence of six elephants, their lessons learned, their spirits cowed by a sudden show of superiority which they had not been able to combat. Those who had revolted and had gained minor leadership were now, against their will, throwing that leadership to the banner of a greater leader than they.

Up and down, up and down, went Old Mom, a new note in her trumpeting, a note of assurance, of peace. At intervals it was answered; pair by pair the long string calmed; here and there a whimper sounded of abject submission; others merely stood passive; the deep-seated necessity which an elephant herd feels for a true leader at last was having its effect. Some had been conquered, some had accepted leadership; four, at least, of the old herd had welcomed her and three agitators had been turned to lesser captains.

The boss bull-man squinted.

"All right!" he shouted. "Tail 'em up!"

Bull-hooks leaped to action, accompanied by the shouting of assistants:

"Tail up, there! Tail up! Tail up!" With it went the trumpeting of Old Mom, the command for trunk to go to tail, that a herd of elephants might settle down to the business of moving along with no attention for anything on the sidelines. One elephant demurred. Instantly Old Mom was upon him. But the trunk halted in mid-air—Bosco had changed his mind; piggy eyes rolling, ears flat, he had lowered his head and shot forth his trunk to grasp the tail of the bull before him. The herd stood ready.

"Let's hear the band!" shouted the boss bull-man.

A whistle sounded. A very pale general manager swung to his horse and waved an arm. Bands began to play. Horseflesh tightened against traces; wagons truckled forward, while at one side stood Old Mom and her hulking gray army, stolidly awaiting its place in line.

"Mule up! Pick 'em up, Mom!"

She relayed the command in unison. The great, shuffling, gray line moved forward. Over the viaduct and into the rushing maelstrom of Main Boulevard, only swerving in its rush to let the parade go by, to Lawrence and onward went the procession, Old Mom and the boss bull-man moving at the side of the great herd, which, ears still flat, eyes still wiggling, watched and listened tremulously to the roar of a city's business district—but marched nevertheless. With the roar of sound, trunks began to break from place and chains clattered with sudden movement while curbstone crowds scattered and policemen reached futilely for their revolvers. It was only momentarily. Old Mom had swung into action again, with bellowing and snorting and blasted commands. Her trunk had lashed swiftly; squeals and hurried resumption of a place in line had resulted. The band played on.

UP to McGee Street and into its wide thoroughfare they went, while sidewalks ganged with spectators and the windows of buildings sky high, grew clustered. Onward, still onward, with the music of the bands, the grinding of heavy tires upon pavement, the clattering of hoofs and the voice of one elephant, Old Mom, as trunk high, she shrieked her displeasure at the slightest deviation of her herd from its routine. Still onward, past that beloved spot of the press agent's heart, the Busy Corner, while traffic halted and the crowds moved out from the curbing. What had started as pandemonium had become a well-ordered thing now; a herd of elephants had ceased to look upon this trumpeting, irascible old bull as a tormentor. She was their friend, their leader, their protector; she was holding them safe in the midst of many dangers; as long as she led and was satisfied with what went on about her, then they would be satisfied also. And no longer were Old Mom's cries those of angered command. There was a different note in them, as of assurance. At last, she lowered her trunk and allowed her ears to wave—a sure sign of elephantine contentment. The parade moved on and the bands played with fewer breaks in their music. For all the fear had not been in the hearts of elephants.

To City Street the cavalcade proceeded and to the blocking of the heart of the entire downtown district. A command sounded and the parade halted, horses and wagons, people and elephants. A lesser bull-tender moved into the great rounded archways of the City Hall with white-eyed little Billy Sunday, on the way to deliver a great message to the mayor of a great city.

But in a moment, a courier flew with exciting news.

"He's yelling for you in there!" said the messenger to the boss bull-man. "A big crowd rushed into the rotunda. That elephant's all excited, and he wont do anything."

The bull-boss gave an anxious glance at his tremendous herd of chained elephants, standing side to side now in quiet submission.

"They'll hold," he decided. Then he raised his hook. "Come on, Mom!"

SHE went through the wide double doors on her knees, eased onward by the quiet urging of the bull-boss, while in the semi-dimness of the great rotunda, a half hundred policemen shoved back the crowd that had flooded in to see an elephant go up an elevator. But Billy Sunday, already excited by the noise and rush about him, had put one foot on the elevator floor, felt the give of the lift, and had backed up, defying all comers. The boss-man yanked at his cap, slippery now with sweat. Then he raised his hook.

"Try it out, Mom," he commanded.

Old Mom pushed a foot through the open door of the elevator. She felt the resiliency and whimpered. The boss bull-man sweated anew, pushed Old Mom back and brought Billy forward, only to meet resistance at the door. Once more he turned to Old Mom and had her test the lift. Then he moved her back and brought Billy forward. Then he pushed Billy to Old Mom's side and going into the elevator, jumped up and down there in a vain effort to convey his thoughts. After that, he brought Old Mom forward anew and then Billy. He did it a dozen times, he did it a score of times—at last Old Mom understood. Gingerly she went forward. She put one foot upon the lift and hefted a portion of her weight there. She sent the other forehoof beside it, and pressed gingerly, squealing and grunting. At last she moved as much of her body within the door as was possible, and stood there, blasting querulously, meanwhile raising and lowering her shoulders with a queer, jumping motion as if to put as much weight as possible upon the strange-feeling flooring. She raised her trunk and ran it curiously over the entire cage. Then suddenly she trumpeted, stepped back, gave Billy Sunday a whack with her trunk and pushed him squealing within. Instantly a half dozen bull-men leaped into the lift, their hooks hard about the trunk and ears of the baby elephant. The frightened elevator-man edged forward to his post.

"Don't stop at the top!" shouted the bull boss. "Keep running him up and down until he gets used to it. We don't want to get that punk on the fifth floor and not be able to lower him."

The door closed. The lift shot up, bearing a squealing baby elephant. Trip after

trip was made. Then a bull assistant shouted:

"Hey, boss! Guess we'll take him out this time. Likes it now—he's purring like a kitten."

"Come on, Mom," said the bull-boss. "Mind your knees at the door, old gal."

That night, the trainmaster, wandering over from his car on the first section, had a great deal of difficulty in locating the general manager. There was a turn-away crowd on the lot of the Grand Amalgamated; the arms of ticket-sellers had long passed the aching stage; they were numb now. The air was heavy with dust, raised from the tramping of thousands upon thousands of feet. At last, the trainmaster found the general manager over at the horse-tents, where he was bossing a gang of roughnecks, carrying straw for the meager comfort of overflow crowds that would jam even the ground of the hippodrome track. And after a time the general manager asked the trainmaster what he wanted.

"Well, it wasn't much," said the trainmaster. "I'll be seeing the dispatcher in the morning, and he'll want to know how long a stop you'll need at Fort Wayne. You said something about doing some unloading there for winter quarters."

The general manager grinned and waved an arm, to flag five more roughnecks to the job of carrying straw.

"That's cancelled," he said.

KING'S CREW

(Continued from page 73)

I suppose, when it squirts out of your eyes. I pray for strength to stand it."

Stanley really put a little power into his embrace.

Señor Rodriguez gurgled and put his own two hands together in the customary gesture of prayer.

"Baby wants to talk?" Stanley asked—and released him partially.

"Hasten, because I haven't much time to spare."

Rodriguez finally mustered enough wind in his aching esophagus to blurt out monosyllabically: "Rosario—across Gulf of Cortez—beyond Tiburon—bayou—big house."

"Sounds reasonable enough." Stanley intercepted a look of craftiness in the eyes of the captive of his thumbs and forefingers. "I suppose the drawback is that I couldn't find it even if I was standing on a hilltop looking straight at it?"

Rodriguez nodded his head as well as he could—considering where his neck was and how stiff it must certainly have been by that time.

"That's probably a lie that you're telling to save your own life, but I've got to take it at face value."

Stanley released his hold on Rodriguez' neck, and the latter dropped weakly to the ground. He had enough strength left to crawl away to a safe distance, where Stanley could not reach him through the wire mesh.

"Thanks, brother," Stanley told Cummings. "Here's your blow-torch that I borrowed when you weren't looking. Better put it back in the jewel-cache where you keep it. Hope I didn't spill any."

"Nope; I drank it all up before you got it."

RODRIGUEZ listened to this conversation between the two American men with questioning eyes. "You are both *loco*," he decided.

"Like a couple of foxes," Stanley agreed and then turned to Cummings and requested him seriously: "Kick that animated taillight into the middle of next October. It annoys me to see him crawling around."

Rodriguez got the hint and did not wait.

Cummings looked at his incarcerated comrade admiringly. "You sure got his number and tuned in on it plenty. But I don't see what good it's going to do you to know where his boss lives."

"Maybe not any," Stanley replied thoughtfully. "You mean I'll be bumped off before I can use the information. The chances are you're right. But you're a better risk, as the insurance agents say, and you know the address of Don Rosario, too. There's a few other facts about him you don't know but I'm going to tell 'em to you just as soon as you get your ears pried open."

As rapidly as he could, because it did not look very well for Cummings to be hanging around the prison stockade for any length of time, Stanley sketched for the Texan an account of the happenings which had transpired during the last few days and his own conjectures as to the whereabouts of Duveen and her captor.

"First of all, ask the commanding officer to give me a hearing. If I can't convince him of anything, then you just naturally go A. W. O. L. and see if you can find this kid sister of mine anywhere. If you can't do anything else for her, a rifle-bullet in her heart might save her some trouble. She wont whimper and we'll all thank you afterward, she and my brother and I, when we meet swinging on the gates of hell—or aren't you going there?"

CUMMINGS went first to secure an audience with General Huertar, who was in command of the western flank of the Sonora-to-Sinaloa Expedition.

Contrary to Private Cummings' expectations and even a little to the surprise of Stanley King, General Huertar decided to review the prisoner's case himself. Perhaps the fact that the message Stanley had sent him mentioned financial profit had some bearing on the General's decision.

At any rate, the mountain strolled over to Mahomet accompanied by a couple of khaki uniforms, slightly like those worn by the American army, decorated with several unofficial medals and a few gold stripes, notable chiefly by their inappropriateness.

From outside the stockade General Huertar appraised the prisoner. "Because you have been an American citizen," he began, "it has pleased me to answer your request to speak to me before your execution. But my time is valuable. You will please be brief."

Stanley wondered why the General's time was valuable, because no one thereabouts seemed to be going anywhere, but he forebore and answered with military curtness.

"Your Excellency," Stanley began, "I have some information which it seems well not to have perish with me."

"Yes?" The General lent an attentive ear. "Is it about the fortune of Rosario?"

"Your Excellency has not achieved his reputation for cleverness without reason," flattered Stanley.

"You admit, then, that you were employed by that pig?"

"Were? Couldn't you be a little more considerate about speaking in the past tense before tomorrow?"

"But you were Rosario's chauffeur?"

"No use to deny it," said Stanley, shrugging. "I was one of them. Don Rosario has many cars."

"Then you know that the sentence which has been passed upon you is a quite justifiable war measure?"

"Oh, yes," Stanley dismissed that casually, "if you're going to count as a war a conflict like this which Your Excellency seems to have won already by merely expressing his wishes to the people. But it seemed almost

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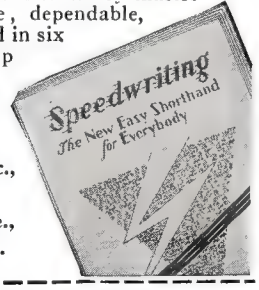

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too bad that the secret of Rosario's treasure should perish with me."

"Are you intimating that you would tell me the location of your master's treasure-stronghold?"

Stanley nodded.

The General seemed to consider this. "How do you know where his gold is hidden, anyhow? Surely Rosario would not tell his servants that."

"No matter how I know," Stanley assured him, "but I know. It has taken me months to find out. I was only working for him in order to locate it and appropriate it for my own use. It's quite true that I am not a *revolucionario* but at the time I took employment with Rosario there was no revolution. At least I am not unfriendly to the brave men who have dared to defy the government, and certainly I am not a friend of Rosario. He is a pig, a dog, and even if I die I should like to see him deprived of the wealth which he has gained by treachery and ill-treatment. Your Excellency, of course, is justified in suspecting me of being a friend of the government. But you are wrong. You have no way of knowing that my hate of Don Rosario would make me hate also anything with which he was connected. I sympathize with Your Excellency. I admire you and your uncompromising tactics—and therefore, I would help you."

"Yes?" The General was genuinely interested now. There was no question that this young man was, even though probably not so altruistic as he appeared, at least actuated by a hatred of Rosario which might make him give up valuable information. "Then where is this treasure-cache located?"

"The gold is buried in copper kettles on the banks of a bayou not far from his house over beyond Tiburon Island."

"No doubt," said the General skeptically. "But you have to be more definite than that. How many feet is it from some definite point and exactly in what direction?"

"Alas," replied Stanley, apparently confronted for the first time with a practical difficulty which he had not thought of, "I can go to it without trouble because I have followed old Rosario there myself—but I never marked the spot nor noticed that it was near some particular tree or rock. I'm sorry. I suppose that spoils everything."

General Huertar acted as if he thought it spoiled everything, too. It certainly would ruin a perfectly good execution because now he could not kill this young man who had a secret in his mind doubtless worth several million dollars.

The General went away, but after a while, he sent word to have Stanley brought to him.

At that time he gave him into the charge of a newly created sergeant, Cummings by name, who, it seemed, was already under orders to take a detachment of men by the most immediately available transportation down the west coast of Sonora to Hermosillo and thence cross over to the hinterland of the Island of Sharks and, led by the treacherous chauffeur of Don Rosario, investigate the secret depository of the Don's wealth.

The General himself gave no further instructions to Stanley but delivered him personally to Sergeant Cummings with an injunction to keep a strict watch over him and to kill him if he did not find the treasure or to give him the grade of Corporal in the Revolutionary army if he did.

This was toward late afternoon, and Sergeant Cummings' detachment was all lined up ready to go.

STANLEY looked along the front rank. There was Pedro Rodriguez in uniform carrying a rusty bayonet. He grinned cheerfully at Stanley.

"I thought you'd need him to help find the place," said Sergeant Cummings under his breath, "so I drafted him. You can follow in the other squad so he wont have a chance to stick you with that rusty hacksaw of his while you're marching. At night I'll have a guard posted over you and if you don't try to get away from them, you might have a chance to see your sister alive. *Quien sabe?*"

Stanley found himself in the midst of a skeleton squad of six men of whom two had rifles. That was about the regular percentage in the Revolutionary army, so he was not conspicuous by his own lack of weapons. He would sooner or later be able to pick up something that would either shoot or cut.

"'Tenshun!" said Sergeant Cummings. "Right by squads! March!"

The Mexicans did not know how to execute that command but they started anyway, and by following where their sergeant led them they managed finally to arrive at a somewhat decrepit camion, into which they were loaded.

It drove off in the general direction of Nogales over a place where there should have been a road.

"We'll get a train there," Cummings told his prisoner. "The train wont run any faster, but it wont be quite so bumpy."

Chapter Eighteen

IN the hour or so between her return to her quasi-prison and early breakfast, Duveen, quite naturally, did not make any attempt to catch up on her beauty sleep. There appeared to be a new and forbidding tension in the air.

It seemed likely that Rosario's men would soon apprehend and return the lovely and rebellious widow of Boyd Tremayne to the arms, so to speak, of the wealthy international malefactor who had gone to so much trouble to try to step into the bedroom slippers of the late husband. There was little chance that Hélène would be able to elude the pursuers who were on her track.

Duveen wondered if she would ever learn of Hélène's adventures when the latter came back. Probably not, because Rosario, if he had any strategical acumen, would scarcely be apt to leave them alone together. . . . .

Rosario sent for Duveen to come to him for coffee. She was of a mind to disobey but thought better of it. It is impossible to know too much of the enemy one is facing; moreover, the best knowledge is first-hand, and to obtain it implies contact.

Besides, Duveen needed coffee. She even hoped there would be more—at least rolls. Her system craved stimulus and nourishment. David had taught her, along with other lore of the crew: "When in doubt and danger always eat a little something. What you do afterwards is apt to be wiser and saner."

Rosario, greeting her on a reed-screened porch, had changed costumes again. He was now the tropical white-clad planter and no longer the booted *caballero*. There was a colorful sash that ornamented the midriff which proclaimed the foreign locale. Otherwise he might have been Colonel Cuthbert E. Calvert of Savannah, Joejuh.

There were rolls and eggs!

Rosario made her welcome with a slightly exaggerated courtesy.

"Rosario regrets to have interfered with your plans," he murmured.

Duveen regarded him steadily. "And I am not in the least sorry to have interfered with yours."

Rosario laughed. "It is not serious. Another day, another plan."

"But you did exchange a very alluring woman for one who is nearly a—I don't quote you because the words are foreign to my vocabulary. But I imagine that my surmise is correct, which is that you intended to let me escape and to hold Mrs. Tremayne."

Rosario nodded smilingly. "But in the absence of Señora Tremayne, you shall serve to amuse the master of the house. Besides, your friend, she will be back."

"No," countered Duveen, "she is safely in David's hands now."

"She may be in those hands like you describe, but I should not theenk that she would be ver' safe. These country hereabout all belong to Rosario. His men all over. They bring her in soon—and these David you spoke of, they bring him in also."

Duveen laughed a little scornfully. "You have not met David yet. He will protect her from everything and anything."

"Perhaps." Rosario shrugged his shoulders. "He do better perhaps if it not be so that Rosario have all the bullets from his gun." He exhibited the cartridges from his pocket and spread them on the table. "Rosario's men, they steal all that poor man's bullets and leave wax ones in his gun instead. Ver' good joke. Your brother he shoot. Pop! One leetle piece wax hit Rosario's soldier in chest. He fall dead because Rosario tell him to. But later when that brave brother from you get inside the gate, all Rosario's soldier ver' mooch alive really, and then we play no more with those wax bullets."

"But he wont come back." Duveen wanted no more breakfast. She rose.

"Not for his leetle wildcat seester?"

"He knows I can take care of myself."

"What you bet with Rosario? He tell you. Make fine wager. If your so gran' brother, David, not come for you, Rosario make you free anyway, *pronto*, right away tomorrow. But if he come, then you stay willingly. Never try to go back. What you say?"

"It's utterly ridiculous." That's what Duveen said. "Of course I wont make such a bet."

"You might as well. If he come here, David will have to stay himself."

"Why?"

"The dead always stay. So you ver' foolish girl not to take wager with Rosario. He not come for you, you go. He come, you stay."

"No," said Duveen.

"Then you stay either way. Rosario is satisfy. You like him. You wish to be near him always. But still Rosario take the precaution for a few days—until you get tamed for positive. Rosario likes tame women who have only fire for him."

SO instead of letting her go back to her room alone, he himself escorted her upstairs, around a balcony and then up two more flights into a sort of tower. The single room in it was rather barren.

"Not for long you stay here," he assured her. "Just until that brother David is dispose of. Then you go any place you like—if Rosario like, too."

He went down the steep stairs that led from the trapdoor in the floor, and his hearty laugh floated back after him even through the planking in the floor.

Duveen went to the trap and attempted to lift it. She had not heard anyone manipulate a bolt, but it was fastened.

So she investigated the windows. They were all open but barred. She looked down.

There was the grisly rifle-range in the courtyard below. To the east was the bayou leading to the gulf. The western panorama was mountainous.

Toward the north was a road, a good road, evidently recently cleared and paved. Along it were stationed several posts of armed men—she could see rifles. They were not hidden from Duveen who was in their rear, but in each case they were behind shrubbery or cover of some sort which concealed them from anyone coming toward the house.

And in the distance headed that way were two men.

One of them was David—she'd recognize that dog-trot of his anywhere.

Her David was coming to fight for her against a formidable and unscrupulous foe. Her girl-child bosom swelled with the pride of being so high in his heart.

He was coming to fight for her. But his only weapon was loaded with wax bullets!

DUVEEN had the sensations of a half-waking nightmare—seeing enacted before her eyes a scene in which she was powerless to interfere but which, if it was allowed to continue, must lead necessarily to destruction.

She screamed a warning. But that was useless. David was out of earshot. She went to the barred windows and shook the iron rods. No percentage in that, either. The metal was set in a hardwood frame, the round ends apparently having been sunk into holes in the timber before the latter were put into place.

David was on the way toward those armed ruffians who, according to Rosario, would only pretend to fall if he shot at them, and later close in to take him alive to be tortured in accordance with Rosario's slightly medieval ideas of amusement and retaliation.

Duveen shouted and screamed again.

"How feminine are you?" she asked herself, convinced of the futility of noise under the circumstances.

"Quite feminine," was the answer, though she did not speak it aloud. But she knew it, as she tried to steady her pounding heart and make her brain run in chilled channels, the way she knew David's did when an emergency arose. The more excitement there was around him, the calmer he always seemed. The greater the physical commotion in his neighborhood, the fewer useless movements he made himself. With David, in danger, every muscular effort counted for something. He made no gestures. His motions were either punches or blocks.

But Duveen was frankly the victim of panic. There seemed no logical thing to do, and she went around clawing at the walls. The furniture—a chair, a table and a bed—was heavy. She could move the individual pieces, but she could not lift even the chair above her head, though she tried to do that, with the idea of dashing it against the bars in the hope that one of them might be weak enough to break.

There was nothing she could lift but the heavy wine-bottle on the table. That, she knew, would break if she beat it against the iron. Still she lifted it speculatively by the neck. It would not make a bad weapon if there were only a head to swing it against.

She looked out the window.

The two men were much nearer—approaching the first outpost, in fact.

A puff of smoke from the bushes announced that the most distant picket had fired a shot across their bows.

David hesitated only a moment. Then he came on.

Probably Rosario's men were only firing over David's head.

But were they? What reason had Duveen for believing what Rosario had said? She must get out.

FRENZIEDLY Duveen turned from the window to the trapdoor. It was outlined by cracks in the floor, but they were not wide enough to get her fingers into, and there was nothing to pry with.

She beat upon the trap with the heavy bottle.

"Let me out, damn you, let me out!" she cried.

The bottle broke in her hands, leaving only half of it, jagged and splintered, clinging to the neck. Its contents, apparently a native wine, spilled on the floor.

"Open this door! Help!"

Duveen dropped to her knees in an agony of helplessness.

The young Mexican on duty at the foot of the steep stairs that led to the trapdoor grinned as he listened to the cries of the

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prisoner above him. They almost always acted that way—the women whom the Jefe found it expedient to put on ice for a while in the tower room.

This one now was a little wildcat. She made strange cries, half terror, half fury, not very unlike a trapped animal.

"Cesa!" he ordered roughly.

There was a sort of a crash, a final scream, and the noise above stopped.

"Bueno!" The sentry was considerably relieved. He had been wondering just what he should do.

But all was not exactly *"bueno,"* at that.

The silence upstairs was suspiciously prolonged. It would have been more natural if the prisoner had regained her strength in a moment and begun prowling again.

There was no sound.

The sentinel strained his ears.

Pat-pat-pat-pat!

There began to be a slight tapping.

But it was not above him. It was on the floor at his own feet. He looked down. Drops of something dark and ominous were splashing on the boards.

He looked up once more.

The source of the trickling liquid was the outline of the trapdoor at the top of the stairs.

The obvious explanation galvanized the young Mexican into action, and he started up the ladderlike stairs.

A dead woman would be no use to El Jefe; and probably he, Roberto Gomez, humble member of Don Rosario's military household, would be blamed for the loss and obliged to pay for it with his own life before he would have any chance to explain.

So, driven partly by fear for his own hide, young Roberto mounted the steep stairway, slid back the spring catch on the trapdoor, poked the door part way open with the bayonet of his rifle and cautiously raised his head above the level of the floor.

He saw practically nothing—unless you count stars.

There was enough of the heavy bottle left to make a terrible bump on the top of his head, and the splinters cut through the scalp and ripped an ear in passing.

Roberto promptly slid backward down the ladder—but his rifle stayed behind.

Duveen had instinctively seized it as he fell.

Then as she pulled it clear of the trap, the heavy lid fell into place once more with a click.

It was locked again.

For a moment Duveen was tempted to cry over the loss of the opportunity which her unintentional strategem had placed within her grasp. The bayonet might do to pry open the trap. But when she tried that, it proved too flexible. There was no hope of using it for a "jimmy" unless she could locate exactly the spring catch, and there was no time for that.

She realized this condition more poignantly as she heard in swift succession perhaps a dozen rifle-shots.

No human being could have stayed longer away from the window. Duveen flew to the opening to see what was happening.

NOTHING had changed much. David and George—she recognized George now—were nearer. They were well past the first ambush.

The two men who had comprised that outpost were lying on the ground as if dead. But even while Duveen looked, they scrambled to their feet and started cautiously to follow David and George, who were approaching the second picket.

One of the men in that second party leveled his rifle at the approaching David. And—for the first time Duveen realized that she had a loaded weapon in her own hands.

There was not much time for accurate aiming, but she rested the rifle-barrel on the window sill and sighted experimentally at three hundred yards.

Her eye was good. The man fell, his own rifle leaping up into the air as if he had thrown it there as a gesture of celebration.

The second man fired before she could wing him, but another bullet stopped him immediately thereafter.

To Duveen, the thing that had happened was merely a dream. She had no feeling that the rifle she held in her hand was the one with which two men had been shot, killed perhaps, wounded certainly. That she had aimed deliberately and pulled the trigger did not occupy her consciousness. The only thing she thought of was David's danger.

SINCE Duveen had come to the window David had not fired a shot from the revolver which he carried in his hand. Probably it was that fact which caused him to hesitate a moment and turn off the road to find out why two men who had been shooting at him should suddenly change their minds and lie down for an abrupt siesta. Followed by George, he investigated swiftly but cautiously. Apparently there was no trick about it. The two guards were either dead or badly hurt. David and George appropriated their rifles and came on.

The men in back, the first outpost, had gained in the interval; and now, when David and George resumed their progress, they knelt to shoot them in the back.

Duveen stopped them both. David and George did not even know what had happened.

"Bravo!" said a voice behind Duveen.

She turned. Rosario was there, smiling.

"It is fun, is it not?" he asked. "Louis Quatorze, an unintentional ancestor of Rosario's, first discovered the pleasure of shooting unsuspecting targets from his window. But Rosario himself have never tried same." He advanced toward Duveen. "With Mademoiselle's permission." He offered to take the rifle.

Galvanized at last to a sense of defensive activity, Duveen finally presented it to him, bayonet first.

"Keep away from me!" she ordered.

Rosario shrugged his shoulders. "As you wish. Perhaps you are a better shot. Perhaps not. Fifty pesetas Rosario wagers that you cannot hit the sniper in that pepper tree at the right of the gate."

Duveen did not turn.

"See!" continued Rosario. "He aims now at your handsome brother. He is genuine pre-war imported sharpshooter, and he never miss, you can believe Rosario."

In spite of herself, Duveen had to look.

David and George were just entering the gate. There was no sharpshooter in the tree beside the gate. There was no tree. But—the rifle was knocked from her hands and fell clattering out the window onto the tiled roof and down to the courtyard.

A startled yell from somewhere under the eaves announced its unexpected arrival among the defenders of the hacienda. There were several shots, a lot of shouting and then a muttering interlude of unintelligible sounds that acted as a sort of synchronized accompaniment to an unseen hand-to-hand struggle.

Duveen herself managed to elude the arms of her host on his initial attempt to drag her away from the window. She looked around wildly for a way out.

The trapdoor! Rosario must have come up that way.

But it was closed again now, and Duveen knew that it locked itself.

ROSARIO saw her glance and smiled. "She open only when Rosario speak some magical formula—like Ali Baba who have ancient Arabian speak-easy password from forty bootleggers."

The noise in the courtyard increased a

little. More shouts announced the participation of fresh combatants—gentlemen who had a little breath to spare as yet.

And then above it all came a loud hail.

"Gangway!"

Duveen answered it.

"Hello below!"

"Where away?"

"The tower."

That was all she could get out before Rosario leaped toward her, in real earnest this time. Given more room in which to maneuver, Duveen might have eluded him for a considerable time. As it was, the quarters were too close and Rosario bulked too large. He moved swiftly, too, for a man of his size.

In a moment he had captured her and held her struggling in his arms.

Suddenly his manner changed. Duveen could not say exactly in what way his attitude was different—perhaps it was only a psychological metamorphosis; but there was undoubtedly an entirely new element injected into this struggle. He was at once less brutal and more strong.

"So," he said, sensing it himself, "you have also the feminine allure, but so deep concealed that even Rosario, who is considerable expert on such matters, have been fooled." His hands that held her strayed caressingly over her figure, lingered on her bosom. "It is more fascinating *comme ça*—oh, much more; and Rosario thanks his Maker that He have given him this novel experience."

His beard against her face was horrible, and the red lips that came out from their decorous hirsute shelter to kiss her were moist.

With a sudden access of strength Duveen pushed him away.

"Hello below!" she wailed despairingly—uselessly too, of course. How could David help her?

"Coming through!" Maybe he had not heard her voice, but he was answering her need anyway.

His heartening hail was far away, but it was what she needed. Duveen aimed her two thumbs at Rosario's eyes and pushed as hard as she could.

HE averted his head in time to save himself from being blinded, but as he turned, she clawed her fingers and scratched a handful of deep welts across the part of his cheek which was not landscaped.

"Fortunately," commented Rosario, pausing a moment to see if there was any blood on his face,—but there wasn't,—"fortunately Rosario likes his women to be good fighters, good haters. Such talent can later be trained to be more interesting."

Deliberately he reached over, and taking hold of Duveen's collar, ripped the entire neck and shoulder from her dress.

"Ah!" admired Rosario. "As I have said, you are merely wonderful woman beneath mask of hard-boiled boyish exterior. Rosario's god is good to him. After all, he have made Rosario keep the right one. Rosario so lucky he no doubtless would fall in ocean and come up with mermaid in his arms—perhaps Venus herself. The destiny of Rosario is ver' interesting. You shall share it—for a time."

With that speech he started to enfold her again, but Duveen was on guard and put up a lively and creditable fight. But there was no doubt as to the outcome. Rosario was a very strong man. Duveen had only skillful technique. She might have boxed him or fenced with him, but in a crushing contest she was no match.

He held her in his arms finally—half nude, crying and panting, her strength exhausted—and kissed her. . . . .

"Gangway!"

It filtered through faintly to Duveen's rapidly ebbing consciousness. She tried to respond, but there didn't seem to be any use. David couldn't find her. He couldn't do anything about it even if he did.

"Damn you!" A man had pulled himself up by the bars of the window. His bruised and bleeding face moved in the curses he hurled at Rosario.

Rosario paid no attention, save a glance to make sure that the speaker was outside.

"Later," he assured Duveen, "there shall not be so much publicity. For now it cannot be helped."

The man outside had drawn himself up to a crouching position on the sill. It was David. He shouted incoherently as he reached down for something.

Another face appeared. Another figure dragged itself up.

This one looked in, gave one incredible cry, scarcely human, and laid hold of the iron bars with both hands.

There was no hesitation. Perhaps if he had wasted words, if he had waited to wonder if he could do it, George would never have been able to accomplish what he did.

As it was, the iron bent slowly, slowly, reluctantly under his terrific strength, and then all at once the two bars that he held came out of their sockets.

They fell clattering to the tile of the roof just as the rifle had before them.

David caught George with one arm so that he did not fall too, steadied him a moment, and then pushed him through.

PERHAPS Rosario did not realize what had happened. Otherwise he might have been in a position of defense. As it was, George caught him by the throat and dragged him from Duveen.

Duveen and David stood just where they were, watching fascinated as George's tremendous fingers bit into the thick throat of Rosario. Neither of them moved as Rosario's eyes glared wildly in their sockets, as his face turned purple and his gasping mouth opened to let his tongue swell out.

And then, while they watched, something happened.

George's grip relaxed. Rosario fainted, and he slipped slowly to the floor.

George stood looking at his hands. Then he looked up at them—at Duveen. He smiled pleadingly.

"I couldn't do it. Something stopped me. I couldn't kill him."

Duveen went to him. "Oh, my dear boy, of course you couldn't kill him that way, no matter what he'd done." She laid her hand gently on his arm. "If you could, you wouldn't be one of us."

George understood and accepted the accolade as Sir Galahad must have received his sword from the king.

He looked at her and smiled. Duveen knew he was seeing only her face, although half of her apparel was scattered in fragments around the room.

"Now," said Duveen briskly, "if one of you will give me your shirt, we'll endeavor to make the party more conventional. Not that either one of you has much to spare in the way of clothing. Still, you had more to start with than I, and—"

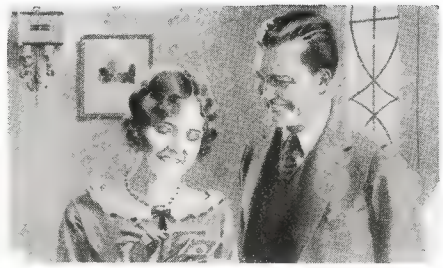
She looked at both the proffered shirts critically. "I'll take George's," she decided. "He doesn't seem to have bled on his quite so much."

"That isn't our blood," David offered defensively.

"No matter." Duveen buttoned herself up in George's voluminous haberdashery and rolled up the sleeves.

She smiled at herself. It was the least she could do for George—to take his shirt. He was so proud and tender to think that she was willing to.

"Reporting for duty, Skipper," she told David with a burlesque salute. "What'll I do now?"



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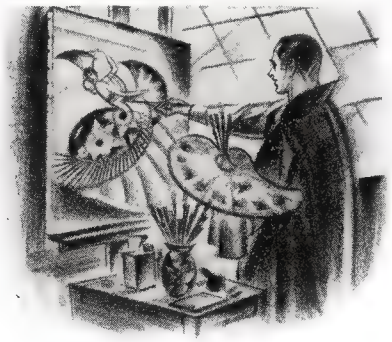

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David grinned at her. "Run over to the corner drugstore and get about a quart of iodine—"

"You're not really hurt?" Duveen was all concern at once.

"No, but you look rather like the tail end of a freshman flag-rush yourself."

"Nothing damaged about me but my disposition. That man irritated me to the point where I almost lost my temper."

DAVID flashed her a look of smiling appreciation. That was her way—he had taught her the method himself—of telling him that she had come through a tough experience unscathed. That was the customary procedure in the closed circle of the Crew. Not to dwell upon past difficulties, to bury anything unpleasant swiftly and, fortified with the realization that down deep everything was really all right, to face the future undismayed: that was their way to get the most out of life.

"I suppose, then," declared David, "that perhaps we had better evacuate this position while the marines still have the situation in hand."

He went over to the window and looked out.

The thud of a bullet in the window-frame and the simultaneous crack of a rifle in the courtyard below made him draw back his head swiftly.

"Apparently the marines are greatly overrated."

"Hear! Hear!" from Duveen.

"The regular army will shut up. Either the marines are greatly overrated, or else some of those drug-store toreadors down there failed to stay dead as per contract."

"I don't think that any of the ones that I was playing with would be able to line up for a second half," mused George.

"Must be reinforcements, then."

Duveen told him that apparently there were a good many roustabouts and ruffians of one nationality or another in Rosario's employ, and that in all likelihood the ones they had encountered in the courtyard were only a sort of corporal's guard on duty while the others slept.

"It looks as if it wouldn't be safe to crawl out of the window before dark," David decided cheerfully. "We'll have to think of something else."

"DO not give yourself so much bother, señor. It will be a pleasure for your host to arrange everything for you."

It was Rosario's bull neck which had no doubt saved the master of the house from permanent injury. As it was, he spoke at first with slight difficulty, as if his throat were sore; but aside from that, he made no acknowledgment of pain. He would not admit the mastery of anything, not even agony.

David and George both turned their attention to Duveen's late assailant. George started as if to resume his recent grip around the neck, but David stopped him.

"That will scarcely be necessary, George," he said. "Besides, I'd like to have a little conversation with Mr. Einmetz while he is able to talk."

"Einmetz?" Duveen repeated. "That's Señor Rosario?"

"Good," David approved. "Einmetz the Teutonic Russian renegade, or Rosario the no-caste Spaniard, as you will. I don't like either of them, and it's a pleasure to find they are one individual."

"It may be a pleasure," said Rosario slowly, and scowling meanwhile, "but it is very troublesome both for you and for me."

"Troublesome?"

"Perhaps Rosario should have said 'dangerous,' in so far as the remark applied to you. A better word even yet would be *fatal*. You see, you are the only person in this wicked and suspicious world who knows that Mr. Einmetz and Señor Rosario look somewhat alike. Think how annoying it might prove to Herr Einmetz if, at some time, some one, even a stupid policeman perhaps, should mistake him for Rosario in a country where Rosario has, let us say, bent up the laws a little."

"Shall I do it now?" suggested George, who, in his undershirt, stood like a gigantic executioner beside the man whom he had only recently reprieved.

"No," decided David thoughtfully. "This *hombre* may be more useful to us alive than dead. For one thing, I am curious to know why our friend started this thing."

Rosario shrugged his shoulder sarcastically. "Ask your seester. She knows."

David turned inquiringly toward Duveen.

"He means," Duveen answered, "merely that I understand his theory of life, which is that, in the ordinary span of existence, fate fails to provide continuous excitement, and therefore he cooks up trouble just for amusement."

"For others as well as Rosario, he trusts," the smuggler chief added.

George growled menacingly.

"A man after Rosario's own heart." Rosario approved. "Life to the large gentleman here is ver' serious, what? Personally, I think not so much of it, but I admit it is more interesting to sit across from gentlemen like these who play for keeps. To you, Monsieur David, Rosario's thanks for your acquaintance even for a short time. Rosario have for long time wish to know for why some women should prefer you to him. Always there is something in life for even a past master to learn. Now for the little while that you shall further exist, you will explain to willing pupil how you go about to charm women like Mrs. Tremayne and your leetle sister here, more than Rosario, who is much bigger and more interesting man in every way."

IT was a curious setting for such a discussion—a room that was practically a prison, the furniture knocked about from the hand-to-hand fighting which had recently taken place there, the occupants, every one of them, scantily clad in torn garments, bruised and bloody—the hot sun of forenoon beginning to make an oven of the place.

David regarded his interrogator sourly.

"How you do same?" Rosario persisted.

"I don't do anything," David replied very shortly.

"That is probably the secret of it," Rosario mused. "In that game of women, you do nothing. It must be difficult when one is quivering with eagerness and—"

David stopped him. "For heaven's sake, lay off. I don't play any game of women."

Rosario laughed. "You do not admit same, maybe. It is the hypocritical attitude of those Anglo-Saxon. It is the principal diversion of the male sex—that game of defenseless women. Men train their women to be weak, and then train themselves to be strong so they can defend them. It is much like those game of cricket. You set up a so easily toppled-over wicket, and then stand in front of it, defying anybody to knock it flat down. Otherwise love he would be much too uninteresting. Some men, like you, are always at the bat; and others like Rosario always bowl that little round ball which so much delights the naughty wicket when it knocks it over. The bowling is much more fun, and, Rosario might say from personal experience, it is more often successful. Those weak little wickets are so eager to fall down. Rosario, you think, is cynical; but so is any man who has been acquainted with more than two women.

"But Rosario forgets. You have had no breakfast, and it is one long time till dusk and the firing-squad. We must wait patiently until sunset, because Rosario's men are ver' tired—they must have their siesta. Please to make yourselves comfortable in

these poor quarters until more suitable ones can be dug."

NO one had seen him give a signal, but now suddenly the trapdoor rose.

Rosario was on the side of it away from the others, but in such a position that he could step into the opening and down before they could reach him.

George tried to hold the trap open, but it seemed to be actuated by power of some sort, and slipped relentlessly through his fingers and closed noiselessly but firmly.

The three of them had rushed toward the open trap, and they now stood in a little frustrated group above it.

"Elusive feller, what?" commented David dryly. "But I hope he has only gone to fry a couple of dozen eggs. Are you hungry, George?"

"Hungry?" George snapped out of a waking reverie. "I don't know," he replied in some confusion. "For the first time in my life I don't believe I am."

David looked at him knowingly, started to say something, checked himself and threw an arm around Duveen instead.

"Well, kid, at last you've had a new kind of a part—the heroine in the power of a villain." He squeezed her and dropped his arm again. "How did you like it?"

Duveen smiled shyly. "I think I liked most being rescued by the hero."

"Hoots and catcalls from the audience," sneered David. "Step forward, George, and let the leading lady reward you with a kiss for saving her life."

"No, no, audience," Duveen corrected, "not my life, but my honor."

"Which is dearer than life itself," David completed. "But even if it had been merely a comparative trifle like your life, I think George would still be entitled to the union scale with time-and-a-half for reporting before breakfast. Go on, George, give her a slight smack!"

Both George and Duveen were embarrassed.

"Well, would you," urged David, "if I washed off a clean spot on her face?"

THEY all laughed, and it brought George up to the bantering level.

"I'd rather get that kiss just when I'm nearly dying, because then it would bring me back to life again."

"You're Nature's sweet restorer, kid."

"It was a nice speech," said Duveen.

"I didn't think he was capable of it myself. But then, I didn't dream he could bend those iron bars, either. I couldn't."

"You could have if that lady, Mrs. Tremayne, had been in here," explained George naïvely, and then blushed.

"Oh, I see. Perhaps you're right. Biology is thicker than water." To Duveen he said: "And George is a very remarkable stout feller. Wait till I tell you what he did last night."

They sat on the floor, the three of them, just over the trapdoor, ready to jump like cats if a whisker appeared at the rat-hole, and David told Duveen their story.

She was leaning against his shoulder, and before he had finished she had slipped down to the crook of his arm and had gone to sleep.

David was talking when he noticed it, and he continued in the same tone of voice as if he were still narrating their adventures: "The poor kid probably didn't get any rest last night and then the row this morning and the heat and everything. Hold her a minute, George, while I stretch."

George sidled over, and David toppled the burden his way. George acted like a conventional bachelor uncle forced to hold his baby niece, but when David had strolled around the room a few times and, coming back, offered to take the girl off his hands George protested with silent lip movement

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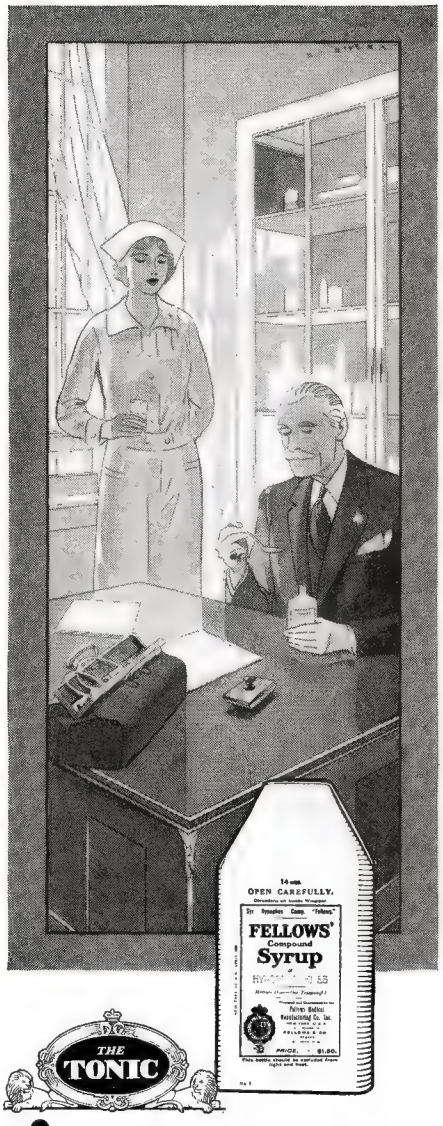

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that he could do that for years on end without tiring.

David laughed right out loud. "You needn't be especially quiet, old horse. With a cushion like you, the kid would sleep right through an artillery barrage. Put your other arm around under her knee and then lean back against the heavy table. You might as well both be as comfortable as possible."

That was probably the nearest to heaven that George Porter ever got.

He was very reverent about it.

So much so that David, watching him unobserved, wondered faintly why the ghost of a tear came up and made him blink a trifle, and gulp.

George affected you that way somehow.

And dogs whose masters have come home after long absences.

(The climax of this fascinating novel occurs in the next installment—in the forthcoming March issue.)

HIS SIDE OF IT

(Continued from page 48)

"You don't have to do things the usual way."

"It's in the plan," she said, and gazed about her again; "it's the idea. Even the architect and plumber know. I don't wonder women feel caught—or that they get silly or discontented. Or sodden. I don't wonder that marriage fails. Or that it keeps going on. It's certainly got organization!"

"Well," remarked Jerry, crestfallen, "of course I don't know what all this is about."

She laughed and ran her arm through his, pulling him close to her so that he turned as if at a signal to her embrace.

"I understand that," he whispered.

BUT later, with her hands on his shoulders, she tried to make it clear.

"It's like living in a mirror. Don't you see? We'd seem, in a house like this, only a reflection of all the other marriages up and down these blocks. I'm sure the very streets run red with gossip. Not the pleasant villagey kind. But the suburban kind, all money and new cars and snobbery. I couldn't bear it. Here you'd be expected to belong to certain clubs, to have dinner-parties just so often. I know. I've been too often with Lois and Henry not to know how strong the combination is. One trouble with marriage is that they don't leave it as a matter which has to be handled by two individuals. It's made into group stuff."

It was in his mind that she shouldn't be always looking for what was wrong with marriage, because it led her in a false direction. He wanted to assure her, out of his deep conviction, that there was a privacy, a deeply personal quality about it, which nothing and no manner of living could possibly destroy. No two marriages could ever be alike.

But what he said, with just a touch of commonplace swagger because he felt turned down, was: "That's just talk, Fanny. When you get right down to facts, a lot of people find genuine happiness in places like this. I can't see exactly what's wrong with it. It's within our means. It has every modern improvement."

"You have a linoleum-percolator-breakfast-nook illusion," said Fanny. "You've been gloating over advertisements in three colors. You want to stand with me proudly beside a very white electric icebox."

"Right. You bet I do."

It was not exactly that, and yet he did want the commonplaces of marriages as well as its ecstasies. He had thought of Fanny pouring his breakfast coffee, doing simple little things about the home which they were to make. He couldn't help feeling like that.

"I'll disappoint you," she warned him. "Do you really want a house like this, Jerry? This house?"

"I only mean," he argued, "that it has its points. Nice and clean and tasteful and fairly new. It's not so easy to get a good place to rent. And renting, until we're sure we've found what we like, is the best way. We could get this for a hundred and seventy-five a month. Or buy it for something around twenty thousand. Pay down what we like. It's good value."

"I suppose so," she said, "if you value it."

"But if you don't like it, that's all there is to it. This place is out of the picture."

She stood stroking the quasi-mahogany stair-rail.

"It's because I can't bear to have us fail," she said; "but I feel horrid to thwart you."

The cloud passed, when she said that.

"Don't be a silly girl. Don't you know I could be happy with you anywhere? In a cave? Fanny, you must have what you like—the place I seem least commonplace in. That's all that matters. We'll tear up Pearson's list. You said you had an idea."

"But it's not like this."

"All the better, if you don't find this what you want. What's your plan?"

She hesitated and began with explanation.

"It seems to me that if we don't plunge into all this welter of domestic stuff, we'll do better. I thought we'd get a place to live where we could do as much of that as we like, and yet not be ridden by it. You're used to a club, Jerry. You're going to miss it in lots of ways, and you're going to want to go back to it pretty often. I want you to. We've got to keep being together, and living together, voluntarily."

He didn't believe that. There was something else. But he let it go.

"What's your idea?" he repeated.

"You know the old Minton house? That's been made into two apartments."

"Oh! But that's so far downtown."

"It's near your club," she said. "We could eat there sometimes. And near a lot of other places. And it's an interesting house."

"Pretty old."

"Come and see it."

IT was Fanny who took the initiative now and showed the delights and merits of the old Minton house. A queer, flat-faced frame house, it stood in its half-block of grounds, with cleaners' shops and garages coming almost up to its old iron fences. It had never been sold, in spite of the value of the land on which it stood, because it was held in trust by the Minton estate and, after the last of the direct heirs died and of necessity relinquished the income from its rents, a hospital was to be erected on the site. It was a landmark of the older city, out of which the newer and larger one had come. But as a place to live, as a place to start housekeeping, it seemed to Jerry a queer place to choose. And so he said.

"Wait until you see the inside," said Fanny.

"Does anyone else live here?"

"Oh, yes. Dr. Meredith has the apartment on the left."

"He's a queer bird. But maybe it's all right for a doctor," remarked Jerry doubtfully.

"Look at that door!"

They were in a hall which went straight through the house and cut it naturally into two parts. On either side, an old white oval door, opening in the middle, made an impressive entrance.

Fanny went to the basement to call the janitor, and he came laboring up a flight of steps to let them in. They found a big room, half-paneled in wood and papered above the paneling. There was a fireplace at either end of the room.

"Imagine them both lit," said Fanny, "and we'd put mirrors on those other walls. Old mellow mirrors. Don't you like it?"

Jerry thought it handsome. It was one of those old places, like his grandfather's house, built when they thought they needed a lot of space, and when labor and building materials were cheap. You couldn't call it cozy. It was a bare, big, high room, and then you'd said it.

"I like it if you do," he promised. "What's the rest of it?"

The rest was hardly so good. There was no dining-room.

"The original dining-room was on the other side of the house," Fanny explained. "This side was the drawing-room, and the room behind it, which must have been sort of a study, has been made into a kitchen and pantry. But the big room is so huge that you could have meals on a table at one end."

"Bit sketchy," said Jerry.

"No, it isn't. Who wants a dining-room? And it makes quite a big kitchen. There could be a bright table under this window. And this door goes right out under the trees."

He agreed that the back yard was fine.

"Unless there's soft-coal smoke."

"Don't be an old maid," Fanny told him.

The staircase was an improvisation in an alcove between the big room and the pantry. Upstairs there were four bedrooms and a remodeled bathroom. The back room was obviously a servant's; the next one they looked at more carefully.

Plenty of room, thought Jerry, and wondered if she too considered a nursery.

The two front bedrooms were side by side, with a door connecting them as well as leading into the hall.

"Those could be our rooms," said Fanny.

"Two," answered Jerry, "that way?"

"Oh, yes, Jerry. It's the only civilized way. This sharing a bedroom seems horrible to me. Messy."

"Well—" began Jerry. Then suddenly he said, "Speaking of a man and wife having two rooms—" and told her a joke.

It was not a very salacious joke, though it lacked delicacy. But he thought it might amuse her, since she felt that way. The joke was on the man, all right. . . . . He was quite unprepared for the rush of color into her face, and her anger.

"Don't you ever dare tell me a story like that again!" she blazed at him.

"Look here, Fanny—you brought the subject up."

"Not that way."

She was down the stairs already. It was at the bottom of them that he caught her.

"Dearest, I didn't mean to make you feel like that. Fanny—turn around. Please—I am sorry. Forget it. It's a grand old place, this, Fanny. That's honest marble in the fireplace. What do you say to deciding on this?"

But it was quite a while before she would look at him.

Chapter Four

LOIS POLLARD was sorting piles of freshly washed clothes and linen. They had been carefully dried and aired on the racks in the basement laundry overnight, and now the maid had brought them upstairs to be put away. It was one of Lois' pleasures to do that herself. She liked to pile the clean smooth sheets on top of one another, to slip them into the bands of wide satin ribbon—her device for identifying their quality. The rose-colored ribbon held the embroidered ones for the guest-room, the blue one those of less fine linen and plainer monograms which Lois and Henry commonly used on their bed. The green ribbon bound up cheaper cotton ones for the servant. There were bath-towels in pairs, some with green borders and patterns, some with blue, some with mauve. Colored edge met colored edge, and fold squared with fold. The piles on the shelves grew higher. Lois loved to look at them, to know that they all belonged to her and were well cared for.

There were silk underclothes, not quite so new as they had been a few months ago. Lois went over those too, picking up a needle and thread now and then to fasten a bow more tightly or check the slightest rip in a piece of lace. They lay in the big drawers of her chiffonier so delicately, sachet in gauze squares among them. Lois loved her things. They were so satisfactory, responded to care, were so much more substantial and yet more delicate than people. They filled her mind as they did the broad shelves of her linen-closet or the deep drawers of her chiffonier.

Henry's soft shirts were there too. She laid aside those from which a button had been lost. She slid her hand into the foot of a sock, and then some thought seemed to catch her unawares, for she withdrew her fingers almost distastefully. But that was only the movement of a moment. Then she rolled the sock with its mate, folded over the edge of the roll, and put it with others that needed mending.

THEN a wedding-present clock, gift of one of Henry's friends, told her with a tinkling chime that it was ten o'clock and reminded her of her carefully planned day. Looking down the vista of its hours, she could see no waste, no confusion. She knew almost exactly what she would be doing whenever the clock would chime today. It was all anticipated. There were first a few arrangements to make for her dinner-party of Thursday. She had not finally decided on either the meat course or the salad one; and since Simon Mackail was coming, she wanted the occasion to be especially successful. He was very important to Henry, and it would be his first visit to their house. He wouldn't be an easy guest. He was past middle-age, opinionated and intolerant. He interrupted everyone. But he held a future for Henry in the hollow of his hand. If Henry succeeded in getting even a part of the Mackail legal business now, he would get it all in the end. Henry was like that, tenacious.

So Simon Mackail must enjoy himself and resultingly approve of Henry and his wife. He must find their house and entertainment adequate and pleasant, but without the display that might make him resentful of extravagance. Beef tenderloin with mushrooms would be the thing; molded cucumber salad with cream cheese went well after that.

She had just finished her notes when a gardener brought some seedlings she had ordered, and as she stood beside the narrow garden border with its soft rich loam ready for the planting she was directing, she had again that extraordinary sense of well-being that possession could give. From the suburban flower-beds her thought reached out pleasantly to bigger gardens, to great masses of flowers through which graveled walks were laid. When Henry got on, they would have a larger place than this. She could imagine the pleasure of more possessions, almost feel herself already the careful and adequate mistress of them.

There was time after that to help the maid hang the new linen curtains in the sun-room. When that was done, she dressed for a bridge-luncheon she had promised to attend. Her beige *crêpe de chine* would be the thing to wear. It always looked well, and today it was so hard to tell whether rain or fair weather would win out. Besides, she might as well get some wear out of that dress while she could. Again thought brought her to a full stop, and she turned to the nearest mirror, looking at herself with panic in her eyes as if to see what physical change had

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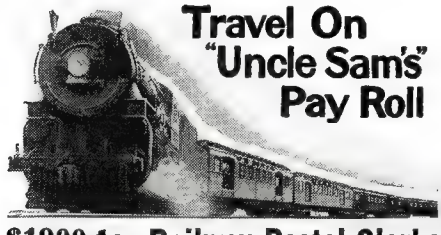

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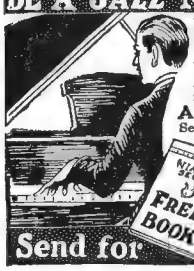
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already become visible. No one could tell yet, she assured herself—not possibly.

Henry's picture on the wall, framed in mahogany, seemed to be staring a little owlishly at that shadow of fear on her face. Henry's picture on her dressing-table, framed in silver, stared with a different, more jocose expression. He had given her both photographs, and she had put them where she knew he expected to see them. She looked at his pictured face, with the chin that seemed cleft just a little, the broad forehead, prominent eyes and the neat part of his hair which she knew was so often lightly dusted with dandruff. She knew so much about Henry now, knew what pleased him, knew the silly little secrets of his habits, his three kinds of tooth-paste, his preference for lightish blue ties. She knew the ways in and out of his selfishness, knew that in his tenacity was a vein of cruelty and a touch of something else from which she had tried to keep her thoughts drawn away since those early weeks of marriage.

There was a stain on Henry's mind that domesticity might overlay and hide forever but could not quite eradicate. He had told her about the shabby ways of his early life, about women, and she had said that they must both forget. They had agreed to forget in that sane, wise and kindly hour. There was nothing else to do. They were married, and they had their future to consider. But though they talked no more about it, neither of them kept that bargain. Sometimes Lois could feel Henry's mind slinking away from her deliberately to remember. She knew already that watching him was going to be part of the task she had assumed, and that if passion failed to hold him, pride and fear must be woven into fresh bonds.

Suddenly, as she brushed the fair hair that she was letting grow because Henry liked it better that way, Lois dropped the brush and flung herself on the wide bed, shuddering.

But she got up after a little, because she could not forget that the bedspread was silk and would crumple easily, and also because she might be late for luncheon. With hands that immediately became capable, she smoothed the wrinkles from the coverlet and pulled the beige crêpe dress over her head. The schedule ahead steadied her. And as she looked at Henry's picture again, she remembered that he was her husband and belonged to her, and the tenderness of possession returned.

FANNY'S voice sang through the house.

"Are you here, Lois?"

"Here—but I'm going out in just a few minutes. I'm sorry."

"That's all right. I wasn't going to stay."

There was a kind of careless radiance about Fanny today. She wore a knitted green dress and a tweed sport-coat of the same color. Beside her Lois looked too dressed up, for all her simplicity.

"Where are you going?"

"Sailing up the river with Owen. He has his boat out of drydock."

"Owen Jones?"

"He's the boy."

"Doesn't that look rather queer, Fanny?"

"What? This hat?"

"Don't be silly. I mean—is Jerry going?"

"Not that I've heard of."

"Well, isn't going off with another man on sailing trips when you're about to marry Jerry rather extraordinary? Especially when Owen was in love with you—and may still be?"

"Those all seem such good reasons for doing it," said Fanny.

"Of course," said Lois, "I don't think I'm old-fashioned. But still, Fanny, you ought to consider Jerry."

"You can't marry a man without considering him to some extent. By the way, that's what I came to tell you. We've decided to be married on Saturday. Want to come?"

"Fanny—not this Saturday!"

"It's a half-day at the office for Jerry."

"But you aren't ready."

"You'd be surprised. My fraction of the Minton house begins to look just like home sweet home."

"I still don't see why you took that place."

"It's beautiful. That's why."

"Have you told Mother about your idea of Saturday?"

"It's not an idea. It's a fact. Yes, I told her, and I think both she and Father were relieved. It wont cost much of anything."

"I don't suppose," said Lois, "that you realize that you wont get presents if you go off like this. And presents are very useful when it comes to silver and china. But people can't send you things if they don't know you're being married."

"We don't want presents. And we don't want people to know about it. This is our personal marriage."

"Are you going away?"

Fanny nodded. "Jerry was set on it."

"Is it a secret where you're going?"

"No. Chicago."

"Oh, Fanny, that's no kind of a wedding-trip. Five hours away! Why don't you go West—some place like Lake Louise—"

"The Niagara Falls of the well-to-do," said Fanny. "That was Jerry's idea too—that, or going off into a deep woods. He'd read about the joys of that, and I had to remind him that this was the mosquito month."

"You shouldn't be so casual about your wedding-trip."

"Is it such tremendous fun?"

Fanny shot the question at her.

A flush came into Lois' cheeks, spreading quickly and hotly until she tingled all over. Fun! No, not anything like that. It was all the strangeness in the world. It was all the loneliness and the crowding. Nothing was as you imagined it would be, and every step took nerve. "It's a milestone in a woman's life," she said; "it's a time you don't forget."

"I don't suppose one would. But it seems to me so much better not to get too isolated. The strain on your feelings might be too steady. And I can't bear to be at the mercy of Jerry's sentimentalism. There'll be theaters and things in Chicago. Music to hear. Besides, it's the busy time of the year in the grain trade, so Jerry shouldn't take a lot of time off. You see, I'm practical."

"I'm glad you are. You'll want to be. I want to see Jerry succeed. And you'll find, for all your talk, that his success will be your first thought after a little while."

"I wonder."

"You love him, don't you?"

Fanny stretched her arms out.

"I'm a madwoman! That's how I am."

A quiver of jealousy ran through Lois. She had never felt like that. Not then, not now. There had always been so much life in the things Fanny felt, in everything she touched.

She said: "You must let me get your house linen ready for you."

"Please don't, darling. It's grand of you to offer. But I'll pick up a few bath-towels."

"You'll need more than that."

"Then I'll buy more. Jerry earns plenty of money."

"You ought to take marriage more seriously, Fanny."

"I can't believe that my marriage is the axis on which the world turns."

"Your world does."

"I haven't a world of my own. I want to get married the way a man does, Lois. It's a major episode, but it's not going to close the gate. Things go on in spite of the fact that I've chosen a man, and everything I do isn't going to be colored or warped by that."

Lois looked wise and informed and contradictory.

"You like it a lot, don't you?" asked Fanny.

"There's nothing quite as nice as having a

home of your own," said Lois, "and the things that go to make it up."

"Things? You mean Henry and your baby?"

"Things and people," said Lois.

"I suppose it's a good deal like liquor," Fanny remarked; "it affects different people in different ways. Well, do you want to come and see me pull it off?"

"Naturally. But tell me what I can do to help you."

"Could you lend me that small trunk of yours?"

"Of course. But don't you want one of your own?"

"No. Unless I take my big wardrobe trunk, a hat-box and suitcase usually do me for trips. But this time I'm going in style, and yet I don't want that big ark. And I'm frightfully poor, because I have two divine new evening dresses."

"I'll have the trunk sent over," promised Lois, "and you must let me come and help you pack. I've got to go along now, or I'll keep everybody waiting. But Fanny—"

Her tone was serious, and she put her pretty hand affectionately on her sister's arm.

"There's nothing I can tell you, Fanny dear? Nothing you want to know?"

Fanny looked more mischievous than embarrassed, but she gave her sister a swift kiss, her cheek cool against Lois' still flushed one.

"Better let me find it out for myself. Besides, you'd be surprised at all the information I've picked up."

"Just the same," said Lois, retouching her face with powder and putting on her hat, "you shouldn't be going sailing with Owen Jones. Aside from the way it looks, sailboats are so tricky. Suppose something happened just now? And it's a queer kind of day."

"No fear. Owen's boat is as safe as an ocean liner. He has a motor in it too. And he needs to get out and sail. He needs lots of air, poor Owen."

BUT Lois thought of her sister rather nervously when the thunderstorm began in the middle of the afternoon. It was a sharp one, and Lois, who hated lightning and always felt as if it had a special grudge against her and would hunt her down, played her cards very badly while it was going on. She thought of Fanny out on the great, treacherous river. She wondered if her own maid had remembered to put down the upstairs windows as she had been warned to do in case of rain. If the water came driving in, it would spot the curtains and might go through the floor to the ceiling below. She forgot to finesse, and lost a trick and her chance for the prize. It was not a satisfactory afternoon.

The curtains were safe enough, as she found when she reached home. But Fanny was not back. Lois heard that, when Jerome telephoned about six o'clock.

"I thought she might have stopped off at your house, Lois."

"No. She did this morning. But she isn't here now."

"She's not at home, either."

"Oh, she must be quite safe," Lois assured him. "She said that the boat had a motor so they surely could manage."

"Unless something happened to the motor," answered Jerry with a rough edge of concern in his voice.

"I thought the weather looked bad. I said so to Fanny."

"Jones ought to know better than to take a girl out on a day like this."

"Oh, I'm sure she's all right," said Lois; but though she knew that was quite reasonable and undoubtedly true, and her husband had just given her three or four good reasons for not worrying, an apprehension that was colored with romance came over her.

"I know how you feel," she told Jerry; "but don't worry."

SHE did not know how he felt. There was no emotional power yet in Lois that could comprehend the black dread Jerry fought. Chimeras of fear rose in his mind. It might be weather—no one could trust a sailboat. But there was Owen himself to consider. Who knew what might have been going on in Owen's mind, what he might have been up to? Owen loved Fanny, and knew he was losing her. Suppose he was deliberately reckless—or suppose the whole thing was a put-up job, a trick? Suppose the fellow was drunk on that boat in the middle of a dangerous river? Fanny—and the need to see and touch her became so great that Jerome's whole being seemed one enormous impulse struggling with his fears. It was dusk now, and there was no world without Fanny.

He went to the yacht club from which they had started, and found no great concern there. The sailor who had seen Owen start out had great confidence both in the boat and in Owen.

"He couldn't sail in that wind that came up this afternoon. But he has his motor. Mr. Jones often stays out pretty late. No sir, he didn't say what time he'd be back tonight."

Fanny hadn't been definite, either. She had told Jerome when he telephoned this morning that if she got back in time, she would have dinner with him. But the reassurance only lasted Jerome for a few minutes. Then, as it grew later, he was ridden by fear again. He called up Fanny's father and Lois, and his worry began to communicate itself to them. He drove around to speak to Lois and her husband, and question as to whether something should be done, some alarm or search begun. But the weather had turned fine now, and a serene moon was brushing clouds out of her way. Henry Pollard said that they would have heard if anything had happened.

"I can't help thinking of Shelley," said Lois.

"What happened to him?" asked Jerome.

"They thought he was safe—and he wasn't. A fisherman saw what happened, but was too far off to help—I think," finished Lois, uncertain of biography.

"Now, sweetheart," protested Henry Pollard, "you know you mustn't get worked up." He gave Jerome a signal.

Jerome answered that he wasn't worried, and paced up and down the room a few times, disproving it. Then he drove at breakneck speed back to the Yacht Club. And there he saw, coming slowly into its little cove, with a delicate sail still spread, and its attitude as graceful and poised as that of a dancer, Owen's sailboat. His fears became absurd on the instant, flattened into nothing. But they left behind them a trace of anger.

"Look who came to meet us! Jerry, aren't you a creature of light? I'm sorry about dinner. But it's been simply heavenly!"

Jerry said: "Your family's been quite worried about you. Lois is quite upset."

"Worried?" She laughed. He could see that her hat had been splashed with rain or water, but she had emerged, as Fanny always did, all the more beautiful because of a rough encounter. "They should be," she said. "They might have lost their little Fanny. You should have seen the boat capering about in that wind this afternoon! But coming back has been too lovely. And we had a most elegant fish dinner at a place I'd never heard of, where they all think Owen is a demi-god."

OWEN finished telling the sailor something about the boat and joined them. He too looked wind-blown and happy, as if he'd had a particularly good time, and

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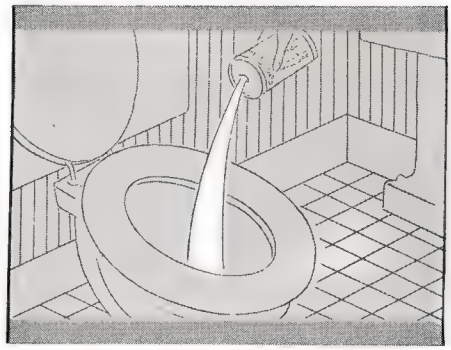

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Jerome had a flash of jealousy. Fanny was nothing to Owen Jones. Fanny was his.

"Risky business, I should think," he said to Owen, and his tone was stiff.

"There wasn't any real danger," answered Owen. "I had a little engine trouble as well as a rough wind. Sorry if it bothered any of you. We weren't near a telephone."

"Well, you're back. That's what matters, of course. You're coming with me, aren't you, Fanny?"

There was an insistent note in the question which bordered on telling her that she was. It seemed touch and go as to what her answer would be.

Then Owen decided it.

"Fine. I'll hang around here and take another look at that engine. Good night, Fanny. Thanks for coming."

"Beautiful party," she said. "Sha'n't forget it, my dear."

Even that casual endearment annoyed Jerry. He wondered what they had said to one another, what their confidences had been as they faced that bit of danger and were relieved from it. He helped Fanny into his car, wishing there were something more dramatic to do. His resentment was masked in formality.

FANNY pulled the mask away at once.

"Are you by any chance cross? Or sour, Jerry?"

"I don't know why the sudden fuss over Jones," he said.

"Don't be stuffy, please."

"I've been worried as hell. Suppose something happened to you when you were out with that fellow?"

"Suppose," said Fanny, something happened to me while I am out with this one?"

"It wont. Oh, Fanny, I'll be so glad after Saturday when I have the right to take care of you—to keep you always safe! When I needn't trust you to anyone else."

It was his tenderness and distress that were fumbling for expression, trying to tell her the blackness of his fear. But they were not articulate, not clear.

"Jerry, are you going to make a fuss every time I go out with some one except you?"

"I only want to take care of you."

"You know I simply can't bear it, if you're going to get all primitive every time I'm near another man or have a good time with one of them."

"I'm not being primitive."

"I want to go and come as I please," said Fanny, "and I expect you to do exactly the same thing. I'll be honest and fair, of course, and so must you be. But we mustn't have a lot of unnecessary ropes, Jerry. As for taking care of me, I know it's the phrase women are supposed to fall for. But isn't it really sort of nonsense? Don't all adult human beings have to take care of themselves? Owen and I were talking about that this afternoon."

He had tried to wrap her in his chivalry, to throw the cloak of his spirit round her body. But she would have none of it. It wasn't Owen he was jealous of. He liked Owen. But he was jealous of the fact that Owen had brought her through danger to safety, that he himself had not been given the chance and that she refused now to offer him a future right.

"Owen's a very clever fellow, no doubt," he said.

She laughed delightfully, fondly.

"Jerry, you do say exactly what-is-to-be-expected-next."

He stepped heavily on the brake and tried to appease the torn, frightened feeling within him the other way, the only other way he knew.

"You must tell me something else about myself before I let you go. Tell me."

"What?"

"That I'm the only man you could possibly marry on Saturday."

"Oh, that's quite true about you," said Fanny. "And since Lois is all stirred up, I suppose we'd better stop in and tell her that I'm not at the bottom of the river."

JERRY was coming to know the thoughts Fanny would laugh at, the ones which were better never shown, better discarded, written off. He was beginning to know what she would have of him and what she would not. If at Lois' wedding he had secretly dramatized the moment when he might lift the white veil of a bride from Fanny's face, he said nothing about that when she told him the kind of wedding she wanted to have. There would be no white veil. Fanny had been more or less taken by the idea of a civil ceremony, but her mother had made one of her rare gestures of interference; and so on one June afternoon Fanny was married in the Ransom living-room by the same capable minister who had officiated at Lois' wedding. There were very few guests, but Lois had given the room an amateur bridal air by putting tall vases of white flowers wherever she could. Mr. Ransom had a vague air of having come home from the office too early, and Mr. Pollard a preoccupied manner which seemed to intimate that he wished to be cordial but would like to get back to his. Fanny's dress was her traveling one, gray and cool-looking, and she had never been more beautiful, with her head held even more confidently and more eagerly than usual, and her eyes seeming deep gray pools at the bottom of which life itself lay. She carried the great bouquet of orchids and lilies which Jerome had sent, and was almost gay about it all, smiling at Jerome when he slipped the circlet of diamonds and platinum on her finger.

Old Mr. Lucas, seeming much out of place and declining Lois' repeated efforts to make him comfortable in large, soft chairs, watched Fanny and muttered once to Pollard, who was beside him: "There's a Spanish proverb that you can tell a woman by her walking and her drinking. Look at her."

But Pollard was too much surprised by the statement and too unsure of what it meant to do more than say hurriedly: "Yes, yes, indeed."

THEN it approached three o'clock and the time for the mid-afternoon train to Chicago. Owen Jones appeared at the railroad station for a handclasp that seemed as cordial as deliberately dispassionate. All the farewells had a trace of awkwardness, but Fanny moved in ease among them. Then the long train pulled out, and in a little room in it Jerome and Fanny were alone. Their luggage was piled on the floor, and several long, glossy florists' boxes which had been delivered at the train lay on top of the traveling cases.

Jerome closed the drawing-room door. A long line of freight cars clattered by, and the room was dark and hot. He kissed Fanny, but it was a caress that seemed to lack approach.

"Really my wife!"

"You look terribly fuddled about it. And a little beady on the brow."

"You look as cool as heaven."

"I'm not. My clothes are sticking to me. I wish that fan were movable. Perhaps an open door would be a better idea than emotion just now, Jerry."

He opened the door.

"And a cigarette," said Fanny.

It made a kind of pause.

"Are we going to have dinner on the train, or wait until we get to Chicago? We'll be there by eight."

"Let's have it on the train. It's something to do," said Fanny.

"I almost wish now that we'd decided to drive down."

"Might be hotter."

"Fanny—do you realize what has happened to us? That we're married—that this is our wedding-day?"

"You're determined to make an occasion of it, aren't you?"

"I wont have you laugh at me. Remember you're in my power now."

"Am I?"

"No, dearest—I'm in yours."

"Must there be conquest?"

He did not answer. He was thinking that there was no going back now. There was only going on. Things had to happen. Words didn't matter. He must be careful. So often, at times like this, men blundered. He felt very large and powerful and awkward and nervous, and as if he should be able to blend all those things into happiness. He wanted to reassure her, but that might not be what she wanted. He wanted to promise her that he would always take care of her, but as the words were almost formed, he remembered their previous rebuff.

So they were very casual. They talked a little of the wedding, and laughed at the combination of Mr. Lucas and Lois. They looked at the books which had been given them; and then Jerome for lack of something else to do, and to give Fanny a few moments by herself, strolled through the train and met some men he knew. They did not know that he was on his wedding trip, and suggested bridge and whisky, so Jerome was forced to explain and let himself in for congratulations. Fanny was watching the hot, sliding fields outside the window when he came back, and he told her something about the different kinds of grain. Then they had dinner, and he was amazed and a little embarrassed by being hugely hungry.

IT was twilight when they reached the hotel. The city clamored in their ears but paid no attention to them. A brisk breeze from the lake was cooling it for the night. No one knew them, and it seemed to Jerome that they hardly knew one another. He registered with a sense of complete strangeness, asked the clerk about the rooms he had engaged, and they followed the bellboys with their luggage.

"Shall I carry you over the threshold?" he whispered as the door was being unlocked for them.

"Don't you dare try any theatricals!"

The boys were opening windows and disposing of the florists' boxes and the suitcases. Jerome felt in his pockets for change and Fanny looked about her. It was a hotel she liked. The rooms were large and impersonally gracious. They entered a sitting-room with windows which offered a view of the lake. She went with the bellboys into the next room and saw it was a bedroom with one wide, soft-looking bed, and a vase of flowers on the dressing-table under the rose-colored lights. Jerome had thought of everything.

"There's another room beyond the bath," he said. "You take this one. It's larger."

She gave him a quick glance of appreciation, but he knew it was not for the size of the room.

The attendants had gone, and he took her in his arms at last, wrapped her in them, his passion mounting with their solitude, and yet under a control that sprang from other feelings.

"Fanny—dear Fanny—if you knew how good I want to be to you! How good I mean to be! I want to think only of you, darling. Do you know what I mean? Until you want me, until you want to be my wife, I'll not trouble you."

She was very still, and he waited, brushing her hair with his lips.

"There's no use in being too artificial." she said at length. "It's not going to do our nerves any good."

Her cool, sure voice did not need his tenderness. He was pushed away by it.

"Nice rooms," she told him. "I like them."

He thought that if she was as cool as all that, he needn't pick his way so carefully. An altogether different impulse came over him to break down that control of hers. After all, here they were, and married as fast as the law could make them.

"Shall I open these other flowers?" he asked.

"Yes. Though it's going to look like a wake in here. See who sent them too, will you?"

He opened a box of long, rough-stemmed yellow roses, and examined the card.

"These are from Hugh Bartlett."

Fanny took a look.

"Nice of him. They're my favorite roses. I'll telephone the floor-clerk for something to put them in."

Jerome had sent pink roses for her bedroom. Still, Bartlett might send all the flowers he liked, he thought with a sense of triumph. That was all the good it would do him.

"What next?" he asked.

"I'd like some air."

"I'll order a car."

"No—let's walk—or climb a bus."

Afterward he could not remember what they had seen on that walk, or exactly where the bus had taken them. There was all the time that pride growing greater and greater, the fever mounting in his blood. When at length they came back to the hotel, he said in a very masculine way: "Going up? I'll be along after a little while, Fanny."

She laughed with a touch of recklessness.

"Delicate to the teeth, aren't you?" she said teasingly, and he almost followed her. But he did not. He wanted more to stay and think of her awhile, to imagine his opening of the door, his going into the room where she would be lying, with her head against the pillows.

The lobby was not crowded. A few men sat there without apparent motive. A girl in evening dress, on the arm of a youth built like an arrow, went by, laughing. Boys stood at attention beside the elevators. Jerome wondered curiously how many bridegrooms those automatons had carried up to their brides. He smoked a cigar and loitered.

BUT when he went up, she was not on the pillows. The sitting-room was in semi-darkness, and sweet with the scent of flowers. Fanny stood by the window-curtains that fluttered in the breeze, still dressed as she had been, smoking.

"Isn't it silly to be so self-conscious?" she asked.

He wanted her to be self-conscious, shy, trusting. This was the hour for it. But he didn't say so.

"It's natural, darling. And you must be tired. Don't you want to go to bed? It's been a long day. You'd better begin getting your things off."

"That doesn't take me long."

"Aren't you tired?"

"No. Never been more awake in my life."

One of them had to break down that wall of reserve. But while she stood there, with that cigarette poised and glowing, it was so difficult.

Suddenly she began to laugh.

"What's so funny?" Jerome asked.

"It's like a melodrama," she said. "For all the world like it."

Her laugh ripped the reserves in shreds. It ripped his tenderness with it.

"I'm not so scared as all that," said Jerome. . . . .

It was not as he had meant it to be. In the midst of the glory, deep in the oblivion, he knew that.

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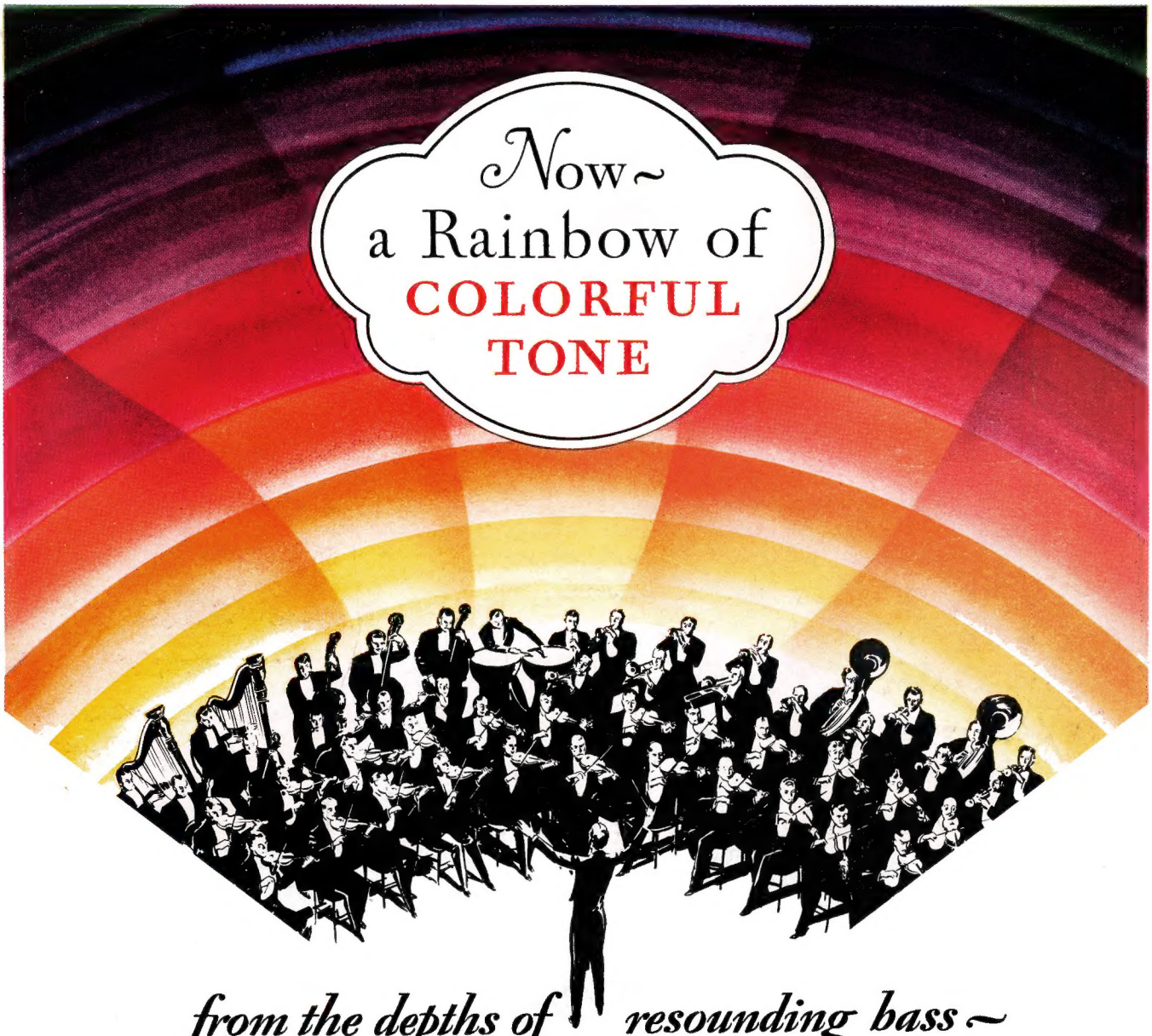

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You don't have to go to Paris to learn this: In 30 leading American cities, salespeople were asked which soap was safest for fine garments. *In every single city,* an overwhelming majority said, "Ivory."

IN PARIS TOO...

"But mademoiselle, one should always use Ivory for fine things"

A friend of mine who got back from Paris three weeks ago was hardly off the boat before she said, "I have something to tell you about Ivory." . . . And this was the "something":

In one of her favorite Paris shops she had complained: "Some of the underwear you made for me last year faded rather badly."

"Ah, mademoiselle, a pity!" was the answer, with a vivid French gesture. "But you could not have washed it properly. You should always use your Ivory Soap—then we know our lingerie will *not* fade."

(And this was Paris—where a cake of Ivory Soap costs 20¢ and a 10¢ box of Ivory Flakes costs 28¢!)

I thanked my friend for her story, but I added, "You didn't have to go to Paris to learn that. You could have got advice like that in any good store right at home."

She laughed. "True, darling, but I seem to be one of those unfortunates who always have to learn from painful experience."

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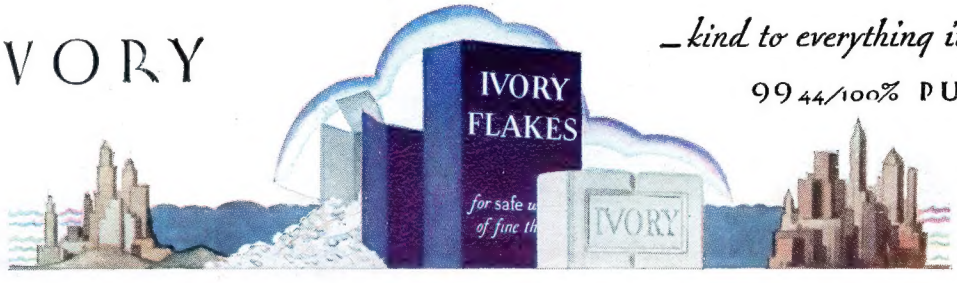
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